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Training Man's Best Friend

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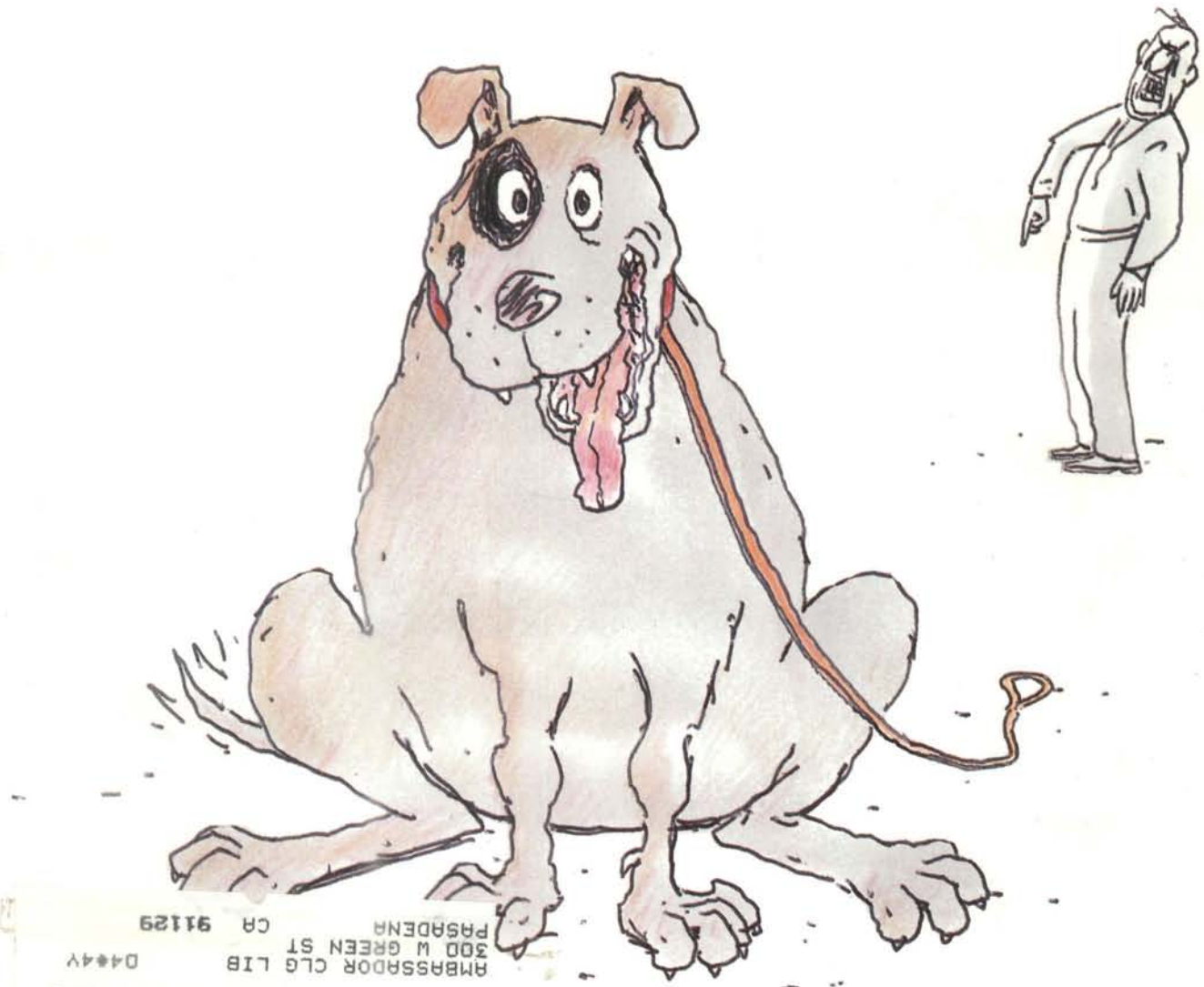

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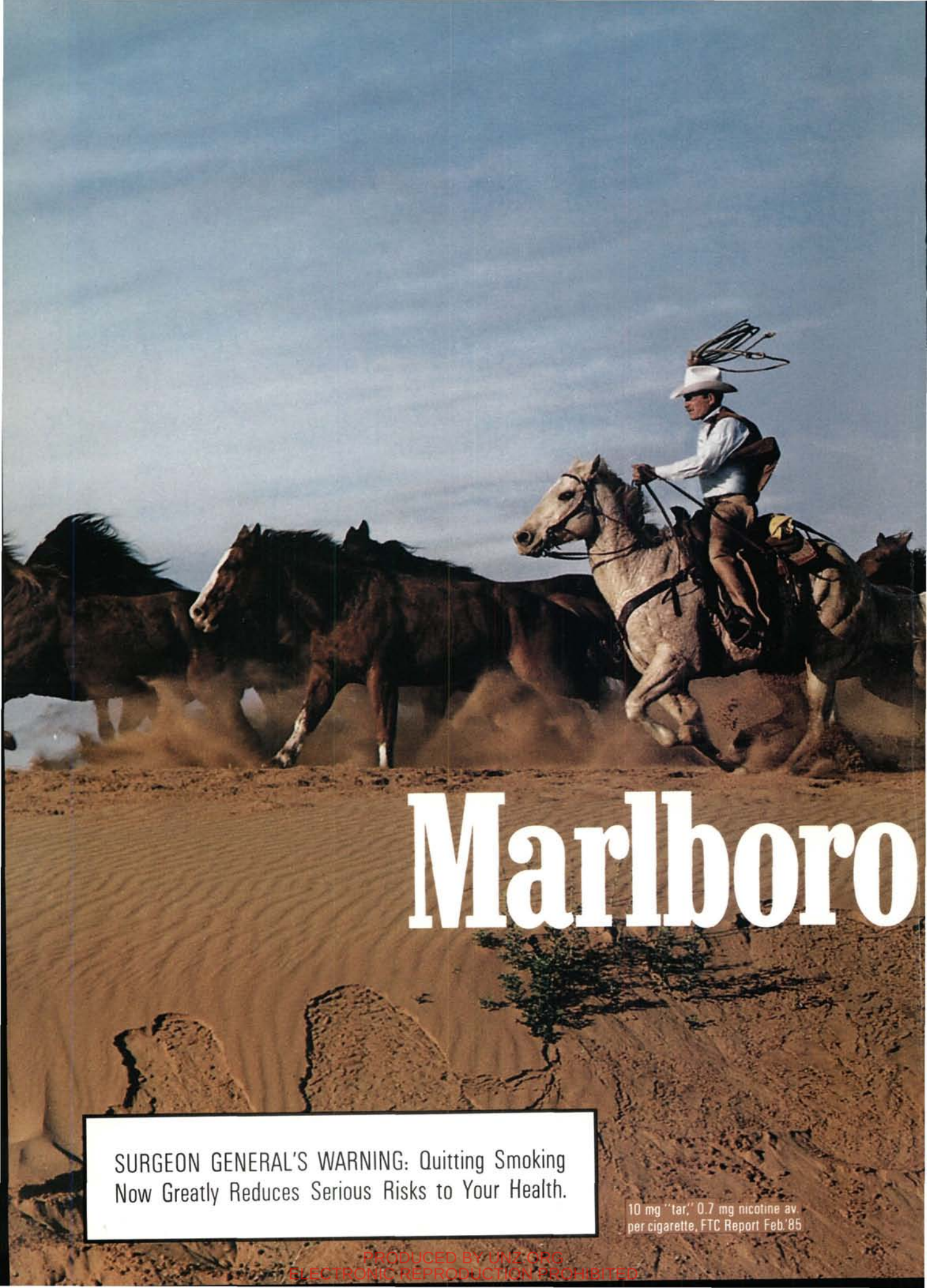

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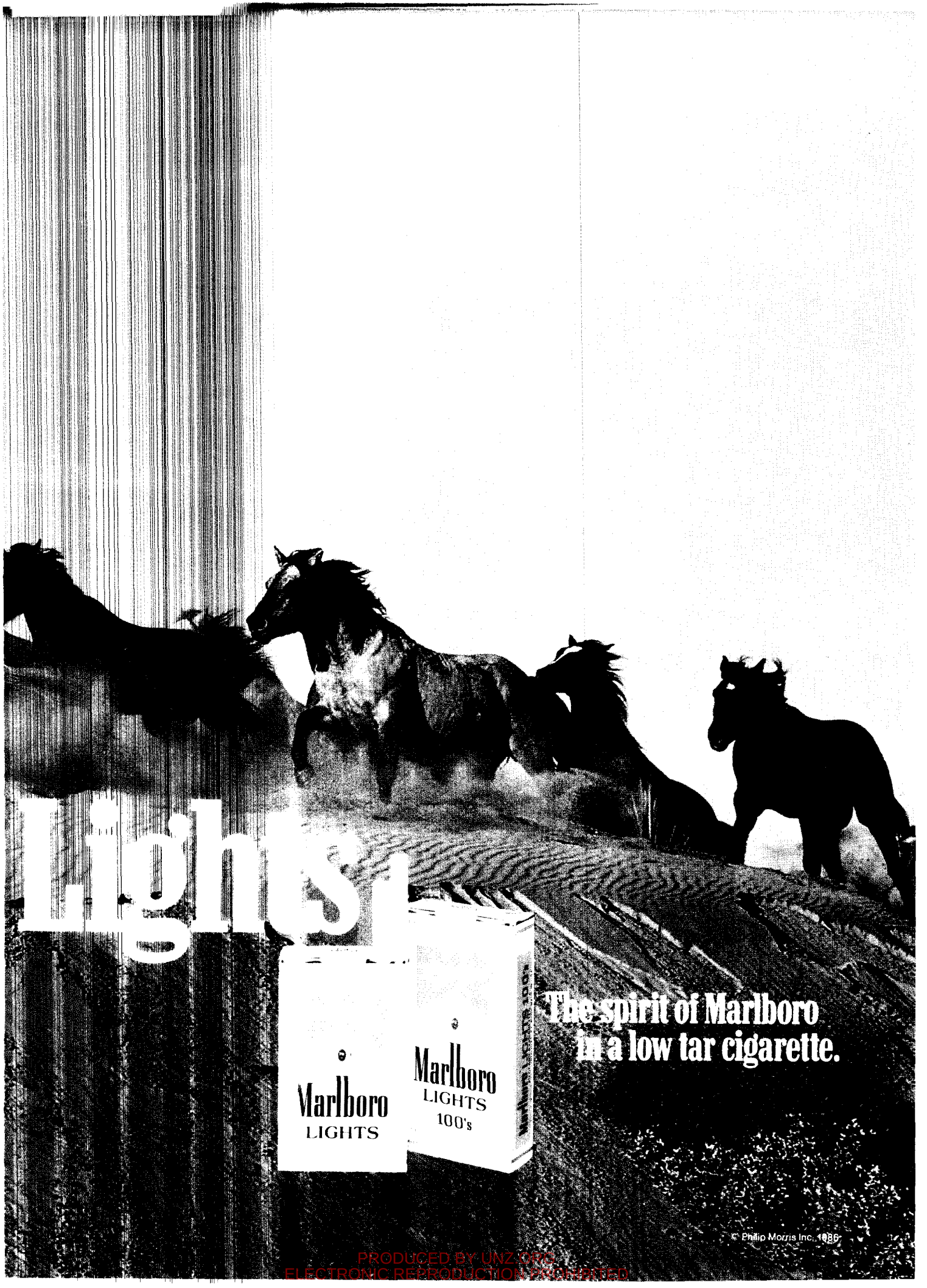

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VOLUME 257 NO. 4

The Atlantic

APRIL 1986

ARTICLES

35 FOUR WAYS TO WALK A DOG — **MICHAEL LENEHAN**
Canines are highly qualified for the position of man's best friend, though the on-the-job training takes time. Professional dog trainers disagree—sometimes bitterly—about which methods work best, and why. But all assume that where dogs are concerned, man can play God, and should.

100 DO WE NEED TO BE NO. 1? — **DAVID M. GORDON**
Not according to the author, who believes that the United States should shun foreign-trade policies designed to restore the nation's global dominance. Our goals instead should be economic self-sufficiency and a gradual disengagement from the capricious world economy.

REPORTS & COMMENT

14 NOTES:
WHY WE THROW FOOD AWAY — **WILLIAM RATHJE**
DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH — **JACK BEATTY**

18 PAKISTAN:
THE AMAZON OF PESHAWAR — **JOHN KEEGAN**

20 SUDAN:
A MICROCOSM OF AFRICA'S ILLS — **ROBERT D. KAPLAN**

24 PHYSICS:
THE GOSPEL OF STRING — **ROBERT P. CREASE AND CHARLES C. MANN**

HUMOR AND FICTION

32 AMERICAN FOLKTALES — **JOHN HARRIS**

109 MY MOTHER'S CLOTHES:
THE SCHOOL
OF BEAUTY AND SHAME — **RICHARD MCCANN**

117 BALLISTICS — **GUY BILLOUT**

POETRY

92 FROM THE RAPIDO:
LA SPEZIA–GENOVA — **JOHN FREDERICK NIMS**

114 FEATHER BAG, STICK BAG — **KIM R. STAFFORD**

BOOKS

122 THE MAN WHO
FOUND THE WAGONS — **BENJAMIN DEMOTT**
Franklin of Philadelphia by Esmond Wright

125 POOR MOM — **BARBARA EHRENREICH**
Women and Children Last by Ruth Sidel

130 BRIEF REVIEWS — **PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS**

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

4 CONTRIBUTORS

8 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

119 MUSIC: LAST OF A BREED — **FRANCIS DAVIS**

133 ACROSTIC NO. 9 — **DOROTHY OSBORNE**

136 THE PUZZLER — **EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON**

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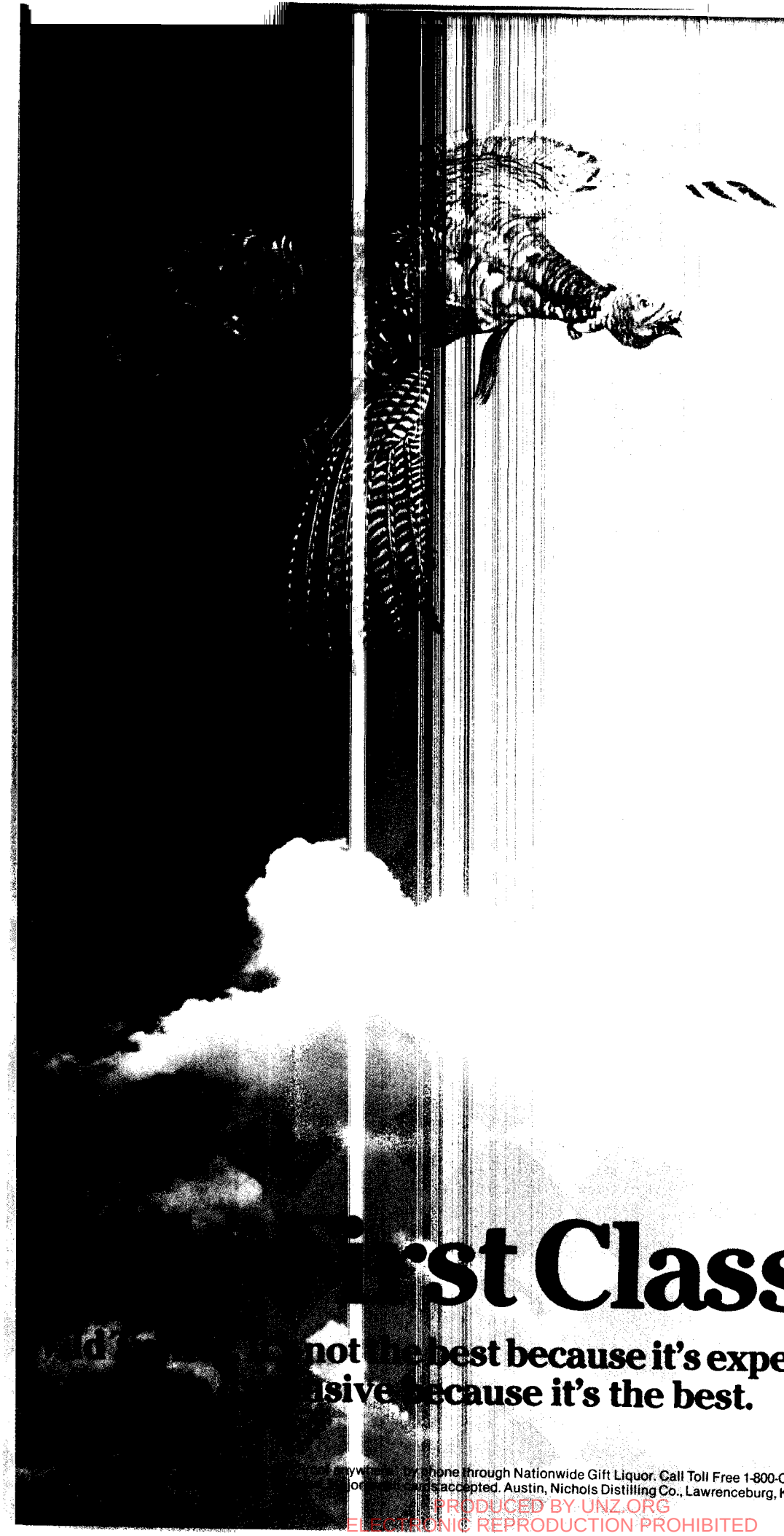

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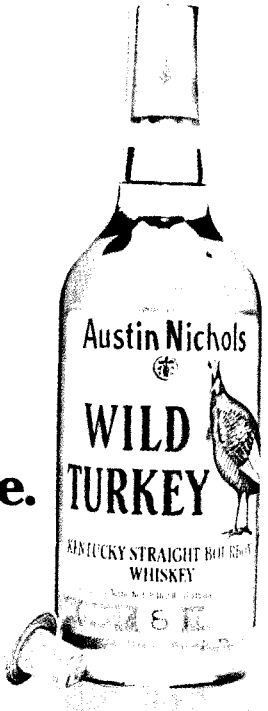

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EMILY COX and HENRY RATHVON ("The Puzzler") create crossword puzzles for several publications.

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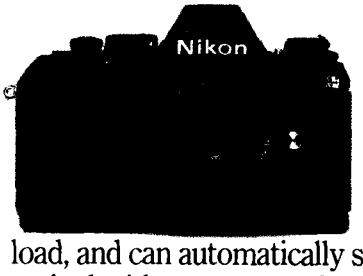

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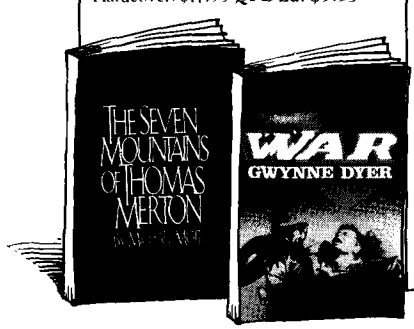

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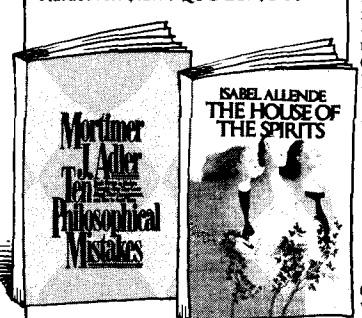

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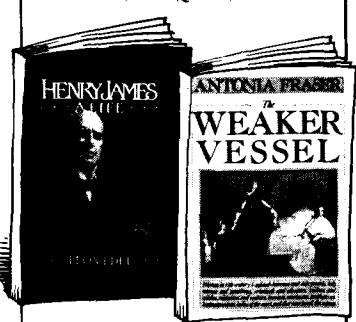

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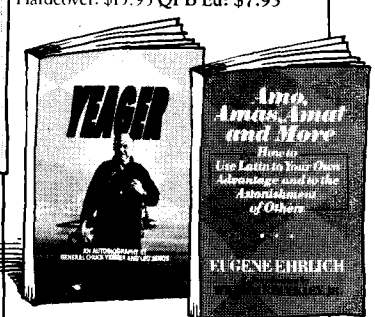

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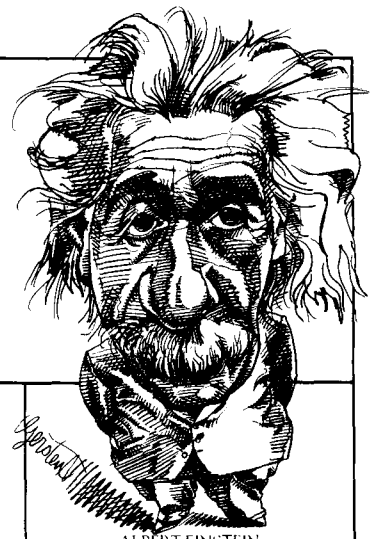

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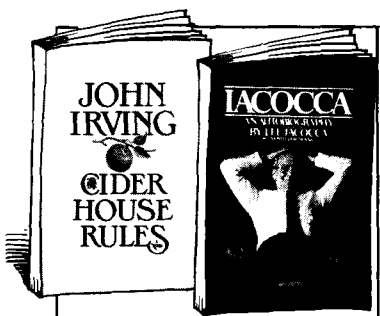

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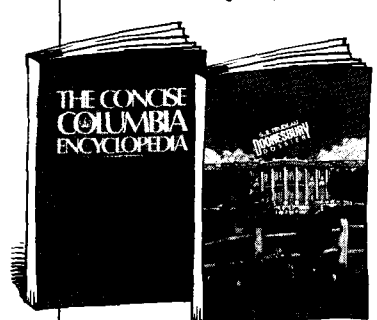

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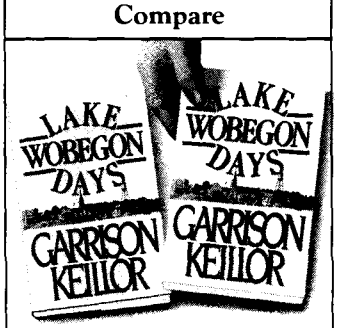

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IDEAS MOVE NATIONS

In his well-researched and interesting analysis of conservative think tanks ("Ideas Move Nations," January *Atlantic*) Gregg Easterbrook suggests that conservatives may "chortle at the idea of using tax preferences to support anti-government theorizing" and explains that through so-called tax expenditures the government "pays half the cost" of operating non-profits like Heritage. No one here is "chortling," because the theory of "tax expenditures" is not one that conservatives accept. "Tax preferences" allow an individual to keep more of *his own* money and have been enacted not only to encourage behavior presumed to be in the public interest but also to mitigate the unfairness of a too steeply progressive tax system. (The flat-tax proposals Easterbrook praises warmly would have the rich paying far lower rates than they do now.)

Thus a "preference" is *not* a government subsidy like an income transfer, which takes one person's income and gives it to another. Just one example should make that clear. If "tax expenditures" are government subsidies, the logical conclusion is that tax-exempt U.S. churches, the biggest beneficiaries of the charitable-contributions deduction, are state-supported. I'm surprised that the unconstitutionality of that has not yet struck the American Civil Liberties Union.

It is also unfair of Easterbrook to suggest that Heritage opposes tax reform because one of its papers shied away from a flat tax and because Heritage "benefits" from the tax deductions of donors. Heritage has recently published a whole spate of papers supporting tax reform and simplification, and it could live without the charitable-contributions deduction. Regardless of Heritage's position, the deduction is a sacred cow on Capitol Hill, as Easterbrook well knows, and Dan Rostenkowski's 1,379-page tax-reform bill is hardly a flat tax either.

ANNA KONDRATAS
Schultz Fellow
The Heritage Foundation
Washington, D.C.

Gregg Easterbrook's suggestion that references to George Kuhn's military-reform work have "disappeared, Kremlin-style, from Heritage literature" is a first-class bit of disinformation. George Kuhn's work, as Easterbrook correctly noted, was included in *Agenda '83*, part of the *Mandate* book series. *Agenda '83*, *The First Year*, and even the original *Mandate for Leadership: Policy Management in a Conservative Administration*, are no longer listed in our annual catalogue of publications because they are out of date. (On page 23 of Heritage's 1985 publications catalogue, however, a subsequent paper by Kuhn still *is* listed.) Publicity efforts for *Agenda '83*, incidentally, had ended long before Heritage received complaints about the Kuhn chapter. Like other publicity efforts, they ended when I decided that they had run their course and it was time to go on to something else. The same goes for subsequent military-reform efforts.

The impression Easterbrook was trying to create is that we bow to pressure from politicians and donors. He's way off base. We certainly are sensitive to their criticisms—just as we are sensitive to Easterbrook's. But I defy him to show us how we have bent in any significant way on the important issues of the day, whether military reform or what is probably the key business issue over the past few years: free trade. We have met with, listened to, *and agreed to disagree* with any number of donors, some of whom today can only be listed as "former supporters."

HERB B. BERKOWITZ
Vice President
The Heritage Foundation
Washington, D.C.

Gregg Easterbrook misinformed his readers regarding Hillsdale College, the Shavano Institute, and the Moral Equivalence conference that Hillsdale sponsored and paid for in May of 1985 at the Madison Hotel in Washington, D.C.

Mr. Easterbrook claimed that the Shavano Institute was "a think tank affiliated with Hillsdale College." The Shavano Institute is not a think tank but a series of seminars sponsored as a public service at various sites around the country. For example, a Shavano Institute seminar in late January in Denver fea-

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tured presentations by Lyn Nofziger, George G. Roche III (the president of Hillsdale College), and Joseph Sobran – hardly the activities of a think tank.

Mr. Easterbrook's next and most serious gaffe concerns his contention that Hillsdale accepted "$45,000 in federal funding" for the conference. Nothing could be further from the truth. Hillsdale College accepted *no* federal funds for the May Moral Equivalence conference in Washington but underwrote *all* costs of the conference out of privately raised college funds.

JOSEPH S. MCNAMARA
Associate Vice President for Public Affairs
Hillsdale College
Hillsdale, Mich.

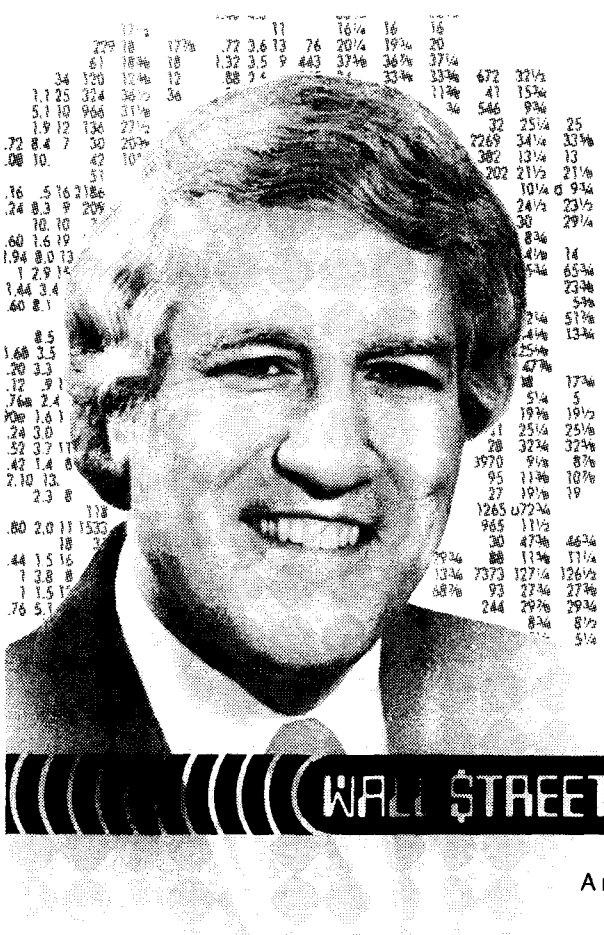
A logical lapse in Gregg Easterbrook's article obscures a splendid illustration of the hollowness behind the rhetoric of commitment to the "greater good" on the part of conservative think tanks. The lapse occurs in the analogy Easterbrook attempts to make between the behavior of the Heritage Foundation and that of the Brookings Institution.

Easterbrook notes Heritage's support of government spending on synfuels and goes on to imply that such uncharacteristic behavior was motivated by a desire to pacify those of Heritage's corporate donors who stood to benefit from the synfuels program. Easterbrook then defuses the impact of this example by citing an analogy with liberal think tanks like Brookings, which are said to be similarly staunch supporters of the government spending on which *they* prosper. But in fact there is no analogy: Brookings's advocacy of government spending is precisely in line with its welfare-liberal ideology, while Heritage's synfuels advocacy is a glaring *exception* to its conservative dogma of cutting government spending.

What this exception clearly shows is that Heritage is so completely a tool of its donors that it is willing to make liberal policy recommendations diametrically opposed to its own conservative conception of the "greater good." Brookings, to my knowledge, has never behaved in a manner *truly* analogous to that of Heritage—that is, Brookings has never advocated uncharacteristically conservative positions in order to ensure funding, either from corporations or from the newly conservative Administration.

THOMAS EAGLES
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Md.

Gregg Easterbrook lists the Hoover Institution as a conservative think tank. Given the extent of Hoover's publications, however, we are surprised that he did not say more about its activities. We should certainly like to point out that the vast majority of the Hoover Institution's publications have been academic rather than policy-oriented. A large number of the scholars who have written for us are also liberals, authors whom we have picked not for their political leanings but for their professional competence. To give just one example, drawn from the Hoover Institution's African program, with which we have been associated for more than twenty years, *Colonialism in Africa, 1870–1960* (Cambridge University Press, 1969–1975, 5 vols.), edited by Peter Duignan and L. H. Gann, contains some sixty different contributions. We doubt whether more than three of these con-



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tributors would describe themselves as conservatives.

PETER DUIGNAN
L. H. GANN
Hoover Institution
Stanford, Calif.

Gregg Easterbrook replies:

One Heritage writer praises the article as accurate, while the other assails it for inaccuracy—I guess this is proof that the Heritage Foundation nurtures a wide diversity of views.

Anna Kondratas makes the intriguing claim that tax favors to the right shouldn't count because "the theory of 'tax expenditures' is not one that conservatives accept." Perhaps we could eliminate the deficit by declaring that we refuse to accept it. I was very careful to draw the distinction between subsidies, in which the government hands out cash, and preferences, in which the government reduces the effective cost of doing something (in this case, funding Heritage) by conferring tax deductions. Subsidies cost more than preferences, to be sure. But as long as the federal government spends more than it has, every dollar deducted from one person's taxes must be added either to someone else's or to the national debt. There's just no getting around it.

Herb Berkowitz points out that one of George Kuhn's studies is still listed by Heritage. He doesn't mention the title: "In Defense of the Defense Budget." It is the one thing Kuhn wrote while at Heritage that would be sure to please defense contractors. Unless I miss something, this reinforces my point.

I thought I had a pretty good source for the statement that the federal government contributed $45,000 to the Moral Equivalence conference—it's in an information packet about the event sent to me by Hillsdale College. Another good source is the State Department, which says it supplied the money.

GOLD THEORIES

David Osborne ("The Origin of Petroleum," February *Atlantic*) mistakenly gives Thomas Gold credit for being correct on a point on which Gold was actually in error. This is the question of whether the moon's surface is covered with rock or dust.

Quite early in the space program Gold put forward the notion—in a talk, I believe, at Goddard Space Flight Center, in Maryland—that the moon's surface was covered with deep, very fine dust, sort of like quicksand. This turned out, thank God, to be quite wrong.

Nobody at the time doubted that dust would be found on the moon's surface. The prevailing idea, however, was that there was just a little dust, and this turned out to be right.

WILLIAM HINES
Chicago Sun-Times
Washington, D.C.

David Osborne's article on Tommy Gold's controversial theory of oil formation seemed a deftly balanced account of how it has affected thinking in this field. Unfortunately, the brief descriptions of Gold's other work were less well researched. Insofar as his argument for dust on the moon goes, it was his claim that there would be *kilometer* depths of dust on the moon which few believed. Such deposits were not found, although NASA was forced to support studies on the subject out of concern for crew safety.

Insofar as Gold's work on radio pulsars goes, a significant minority of astrophysicists independently postulated that pulsars were neutron stars. Indeed, Franco Pacini, in *Nature*, originally proposed that the central object in the Crab Nebula was a rotating magnetized neutron star (a pulsar as it turned out) *before* the discovery of pulsars was announced.

What was controversial was Gold's specific model for the way neutron stars behaved as pulsars in generating the observed radio-frequency radiation. This model was discarded more than a decade ago as being physically inconsistent (although, in fairness, it was not an uninteresting model). Consequently, the impression given in the article that Gold has gone victorious from one controversy to the next seems a minority opinion—and unnecessary. For important long shots like this one, it would be sufficient to be on target just once.

F. CURTIS MICHEL
Dept. of Space Physics and Astronomy
Rice University
Houston, Texas

Although the cost of the Siljan Ring well is not stated in Osborne's article, I would guess that drilling a 5,000-meter hole through igneous and metamorphic rock would cost $60 million, minimum. For that price you could drill a dozen deep exploratory wells in the Gulf of Mexico, or eight to ten deep wells in offshore Africa, or even a half dozen deep wells in the most remote regions of the Amazon jungle, and with substantially higher chances of finding commercial hydrocarbon reserves.

ERIC RUBURY
Coral Gables, Fla.

David Osborne's article on Tom Gold and the origin of petroleum is—well—a masterpiece.

LIONEL JAFFE
Marine Biological Laboratory
Woods Hole, Mass.

David Osborne replies:

Gold's opinion about the surface of the moon was distorted by the press when he first announced it, and the problem has plagued him ever since. Based on the way light reflected off the moon, he predicted that its surface would prove to be a fine powder. In some areas, he said, this powder would be shallow; in other areas it would be several kilometers deep. Many newspaper reporters jumped to the conclusion that a human being or a spaceship would inevitably sink into such powder. But that was not Gold's conclusion; as *The New York Times* of February 8, 1966, correctly reported after his announcement, he believed the dust had "probably been cemented together except at the surface."

In papers on the subject Gold explicitly stated that he could not say how compacted the moon dust would be or how deep it would prove to be. After his remarks were misrepresented in the press, he quickly wrote a paper denying that he believed the astronauts would sink out of sight. In it he pointed out that the Mississippi River Valley was made up of fine dust but that that did not mean anyone would sink into it.

Given the degree of uncertainty involved, Gold persuaded NASA to enlarge the feet on the landing craft and unsuccessfully argued that the astronauts should be tied on a line, because they might be on a glacier and hit weak spots. Gold also warned that everything in the landing craft should be dustproof, and indeed, dust created problems when the astronauts switched their lifelines from their backpacks back to the vehicle. The plugs had to be redesigned before the second moon mission.

Mr. Michel says that deposits several kilometers deep were not found on the moon. But no one looked for them. The astronauts used a drill to probe down to

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about two meters, but hit no bedrock. Likewise, if Mr. Hines is correct that "nobody at the time doubted that there was dust on the moon's surface," why were the astronauts trained on hard lava rock?

I was well aware that others had postulated that pulsars were neutron stars (although Pacini, who opposed this theory, was not among them). My point was that Gold was the one who correctly explained the mechanism: rotating neutron stars, to quote my article, "would fling off charged gases, creating beams of radiation that would sweep around like lighthouse beacons and be heard as radio pulses." This model certainly has not been discarded. One specific aspect of Gold's explanation—how the charged gases actually create radio noise—is still being debated, by Mr. Michel and others. But Gold's first paper is still credited in the textbooks as the original, and correct, explanation of the pulsar phenomenon.

Finally, the projected cost of the Siljan Ring well is only $15 million. Mr. Rubury's opposition to the expenditure on research, because the chances of finding oil are better in other areas, strikes me as shortsighted. If the Swedes find oil or gas, the discovery will fundamentally change the assumptions that guide our search for hydrocarbons, pointing us toward frontiers we have seldom dreamed of exploring. To argue that the Swedes should pass up such a test simply because the traditionalists would give them better odds elsewhere is like arguing that we should never have bothered with the trips to the moon because we already knew how to fly.

More on Cocaine

James Lieber's "Coping with Cocaine" (January *Atlantic*) leaves me in doubt about whether cocaine has in and of itself killed anyone, since he mainly cites statistics that include any death where cocaine "contributed" or was "implicated." Obviously, very many deaths attributed to cocaine are really very indirectly attributable to it.

Nevertheless, reasoning from implied dangerousness, Lieber favors pre-emptive detention of drug users "who have no criminal charges pending against them." His subsequent justification that it is "in the spirit of civil liberties" to lock up individuals on such grounds as "destructive impact on the family" distorts

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the true meaning of civil liberties. Civil liberties were conceived by people like J. S. Mill, whom Lieber quotes, to protect us from Lieber's kind of thinking.

Further, his arguments against decriminalization are weak. If "the most compelling argument against decriminalization is that it would almost certainly broaden the population of cocaine users," the fact is that no one really knows. Even if that is true, Lieber is wrong to say that cocaine use is not a freedom. Individuals must reserve the right to make even fatal mistakes. Society is harmed if we diminish everyone's freedom just to interfere in the lives of a few who may be misusing their freedom.

MILES FOWLER-WHITE
Berkeley, Calif.

James Lieber's investigation of the "demand side" of the cocaine market is thorough and credible, but the absence of any overarching analysis of drugs in contemporary society prevents it from being more than a tired argument about the tension between civil liberties and the social good.

Lieber never questions the apparently basic reality that people want drugs. In this he is not alone. He mentions the current research into "replacement drugs," which would reproduce coke's psychoactive effects without the dangers of the real thing. Such research is based on the assumption that the desire for drugs' effects is essentially harmless; the project is to create those effects safely. Lieber goes along with this assumption, saying uncritically that the attraction of cocaine lies in its "performance in enhancing alertness, self-esteem, and sociability." If so, the obvious question is, What is making us dull-witted, insecure, and socially awkward?

JULIET M. BRODIE
Brookline, Mass.

If we accept the proposition that there is an inelastic demand for cocaine, then a rise in price of 3.4 percent for a kilogram will lead to a reduction of less than 3.4 percent in the quantity demanded. Anyone who has studied introductory economics knows that we are moving along a demand curve for a good when we vary its price, not shifting the curve, as Lieber implies.

If interdiction success increases from 20 percent to 40 percent, then the supply curve for cocaine shifts up and to the left, indicating less availability at the old price (for example, $50,000/kg). The subsequent rise in price more than offsets the fall in quantity demanded, such that total expenditures by buyers (or total revenues to sellers) increase. This is the nature of the flaw of interdiction programs in these types of markets. However, Lieber asserts that the importer can still purchase as much as she or he wants at the old price. This suggests a perfectly elastic supply curve at a price of $50,000/kg, regardless of interdiction efforts.

It is impossible to achieve simultaneously a rise in quantity demanded by an importer (say, from 125 to 167 kilograms) and a decrease in supply due to interdiction, and still maintain the market price of $50,000/kg. The only way to keep price constant and show an increase in quantity is to shift outward, *pari passu*, both the supply and demand curves.

MICHAEL MARRON
Bellefonte, Pa.

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"Coping with Cocaine" disappointed me—a cop. I think all drugs should be legalized, not only so that we can use them to advantage medically, stop killing officers needlessly, deflate the black market, and educate people properly but also because, contrary to Mr. Lieber's premise, street enforcement will not reduce the problem.

SANDY BRYSON
Markleeville, Calif.

Does Mr. Lieber actually believe, in view of the huge national budget deficit, the Gramm-Rudman–Hollings legacy, the escalating costs of health care, and the imminence of likely deterioration of existing Medicare benefits, that the United States government can be either "jawboned" or rationally persuaded to undertake an involuntary-civil-commitment alternative?

PHILIP M. MURRAY
Orchard Park, N.Y.

James Leiber replies:

Mr. Fowler-White appears to believe that people who take cocaine simply enjoy or harm themselves in privacy. Recent surveys, as well as my interviews, show that the heavier the cocaine habit, the more likely the user is to have accidents, steal, or deal drugs. Such behavior is an adequate basis, even from the Millsian point of view, for intervention.

The computations in my article relevant to Mr. Marron's letter came from the Rand Corporation, and I continue to believe that they are accurate. Mr. Marron disputes them, but our conclusions are the same: interdiction does not decrease supply.

Mr. Murray's point about paying for drug programs in the era of budget woes is well taken. I am not convinced that the drug budget should be expanded. But it seems clear that funds should be shifted out of largely unproductive areas (interdiction, low-level buy-and-busts) and into treatment programs and long-range structural investigations.

Finally, a sentence in my earlier reply (March "Letters to the Editor") was garbled in transmission. It should have read: "I would reserve commitment for the addicts who are dangers to themselves or others and are manifesting psychotic behaviors."

ADVICE & CONSENT

Thanks to David Owen ("Copies in Seconds," February *Atlantic*) for his interesting and very amusing account of the invention of and innovations in the art of xerography. I've sent copies of the article to all my friends.

NANCY T. GARLAND
Boston, Mass.

So Gregoire Turgeon sells his *Atlantic* Puzzler answers to an effete corps of intellectual snobs ("Letters to the Editor," January *Atlantic*). How Yankee-like to insist on making a profit from participation in the intellectual community of man. I supply my answers free to charitable organizations and shut-ins, though I confess that the six-figure income-tax deduction I receive comes in handy.

MARY ANNE EMMOTT
Fort McMurray, Alberta

The correct title of Eugene Linden's forthcoming book (March "Contributors") is *Silent Partners: The Legacy of the Ape Language Experiments.*

—The Editors

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

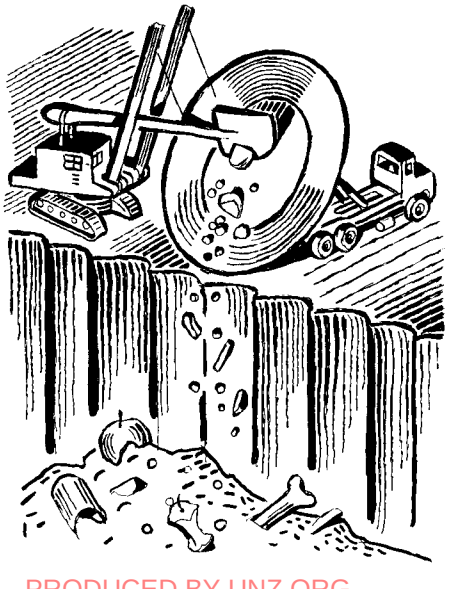
WHY WE THROW FOOD AWAY

MOST OF THE 400,000 residents of Tucson, Arizona, are unaware that they waste a lot of food, but every year the Tucson Sanitation Division dutifully hauls 9,500 tons of edible or once-edible food to landfills. One third of this amount consists of plate scrapings, but the remainder consists of items like spoiled heads of lettuce, apples with one bite gone, wedges of rancid cheese, and soggy clumps of macaroni. The people of Tucson ultimately discard about 15 percent of the food they buy. If this pattern is representative of patterns nationwide—and studies conducted in Milwaukee and Marin County, California, suggest that it is—then the United States throws away enough food every year to feed all of Canada, including the lumberjacks.

I know about Tucson's food waste because I work with a crew that has been studying the city's garbage for more than a decade—sorting it, weighing it, keeping track of the relative volumes of this and that. (By the way, we don't count peels, tops, rinds, bones, or fat as waste, and we do correct for garbage disposals.) What follows is not a righteous tract about the immorality of wasting food in a world where millions starve. To be sure, people shouldn't waste food—at the very least, it costs money to buy and to cart to the dump—and people shouldn't starve, but these two social ills are not, in most cases, causally linked. The dynamics of food distribution and hunger work otherwise. I believe that Hubert Humphrey once suggested that America could feed its needy if only the "haves" would give up one hamburger a month. The suggestion was noble. As a prescription for public policy, however, it was hardly workable.

One reason why Americans waste so much food is that we doubt (and rightly so) that the bits and pieces we might actually save at home would ever find their way into the mouths of the hungry masses. We also waste a lot because we have a lot to waste. We waste food because it is often cheaper to save time than to save food. We waste food because we do not know whether something is still safe to eat, or because we do not know how to use "spoiled" items like stale bread or clabbered milk in recipes. (If you'd like to learn, see Lois Willand's *Use-It-Up Cookbook*.) We waste food for many reasons, but perhaps the most important reason of all is simply that we don't realize how much food is being wasted.

Studies consistently bear this out. When participants in surveys are asked to write down every edible item they waste, the amounts recorded decline day after day as people become aware of how much food they normally consign to the trash. Most people, however, do not keep track of day-to-day food wastage and thus have no idea how much they discard. Americans are reasonably good about recycling aluminum cans and newspapers, because when they allow these things to accumulate, they can see how quickly the piles grow. They never allow discarded food to accumulate, however—at least not at home. Instead, it is whisked away and buried in landfills (or what archaeologists call middens).



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID SUTER

RESEARCHERS IN recent years have shown a growing interest in contemporary human refuse for what it implies about contemporary human behavior. Garbage is very revealing. Halloween garbage includes candy wrappers but no candy; Valentine's Day garbage contains both wrappers and candy. Embedded in these data is telling information about the character of each holiday. (On Halloween what's important is the candy; on Valentine's Day what's important is the gesture.) Such information is the goal of the thirteen-year-old Garbage Project of the University of Arizona, where I teach. In recent years it has branched out to Milwaukee and Marin County. Other studies have been conducted by Occidental College, in Los Angeles, and by Barnard College, in New York. Though largely confined to reports in academic journals, a literature now exists on the matter of refuse. As far as food, specifically, is concerned, a handful of axioms has been reaped.

The more repetitious a family's diet, the less food the family discards. This is the First Principle of Edible Food Loss, and it helps to explain why sorters tend to find less wasted food in the garbage of

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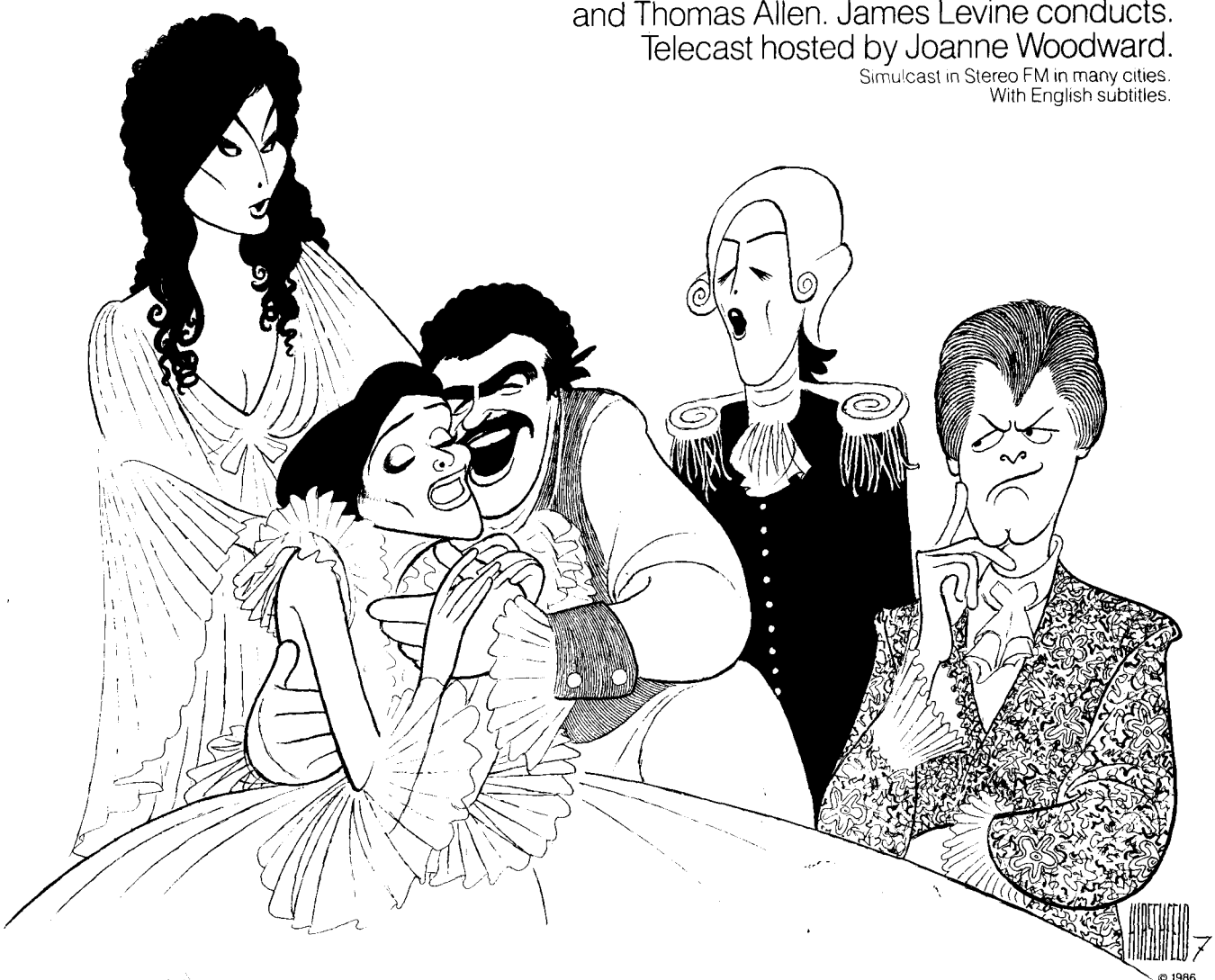

© 1986

Mozart matches a sense of humor with a sense of humanity in Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's lively new production of "The Marriage of Figaro." It seems a comedy of manners, morals and machinations as "Figaro" and his intended bride, Susanna, match wits with the autocratic power of Count Almaviva and his Court. But this delightful evening of mixups, mistaken identities and misunderstandings leads to a joyous finale that's as moving as it is amusing.

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Mexican-Americans than in the garbage of Americans generally. Mexican cuisine includes a wide variety of dishes—tamales, tacos, burritos, tostadas, chimichangas—but all of them are made with the same dozen or so ingredients. Those ingredients are always being used and replenished; they do not sit on a shelf and spoil. Moreover, leftovers can readily be incorporated into the next meal.

Similarly, there is not much wastage of commercial white bread. Households tend to go through standard loaves continually and methodically. More-exotic breads are another story. Hamburger rolls, for example, usually come in packages of eight. How often is the number of hamburgers consumed at a cookout a multiple of eight? In my experience at least three hamburger rolls always go unused—are toasted unnecessarily and then thrown away, or are left in the refrigerator to grow moldy behind a jar of pickles. Judging from Tucson's garbage, between 40 and 50 percent (by weight) of all specialty breads—rolls and muffins, buns and biscuits—finds its way into garbage cans, versus about 10 percent of standard bread loaves.

The wastage of a foodstuff increases when people believe it to be in short supply. This proposition seems at first glance counterintuitive, like a postulate in non-Euclidean geometry, but consider the case of the "beef shortage" of 1973. There wasn't a beef shortage in the sense that beef could not be bought, but less beef was available than had been previously, and the result was that red meat became expensive. Suddenly the amount of beef waste in Tucson's garbage tripled. Careful studies revealed that the elevated waste level was due to the disruption of familiar buying habits. Some people bought cheaper and unfamiliar cuts of beef, failed to prepare them satisfactorily, and threw out the result. Others, as a hedge against future price increases, resorted to panic buying and stockpiled larger quantities of meat than they normally would have—without knowing how to store them properly in the freezer. It seems clear that at the household level, stockpiling usually means spoilage.

Living on processed food doesn't help matters any. The problem here is not that people don't finish their Lean Cuisine fettucine or their Stouffer's spinach soufflés. They do. The problem is what they don't eat instead. The people who buy products like these usually heat them up so that they won't have to spend time preparing the fresh food in their refrigerators, not because they have carefully charted a week's menu of frozen food. And, of course, fresh food, especially produce, tends inevitably toward rot. Households whose garbage contains the highest proportion of processed-food artifacts—the tripartite TV-dinner tray, the plastic broccoli-hollandaise pouch—also have the highest produce-wastage rates.

Wasting food is not a capital crime, and America's shortcomings at the dinner table are not responsible for the plight of Ethiopia. If anything, our record is considerably better than it once was. During the Second World War the War Food Administration estimated that the average household threw away between a quarter and a third of all solid comestibles acquired. That proportion has since been halved. As with our lengthening life-spans, however, improvement has come not by virtue of individual effort but through broad institutional progress—vaccination and better sanitation in the case of longevity, refrigeration and better transportation, processing, and packaging in the case of food. Further reduction in food waste depends on what takes place in 85 million American kitchens. Now you've got a few tips. Don't just throw them away.

—William Rathje

DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH

ASKED BY BRITAIN'S Book Marketing Council to pick the twenty best American novels published since the war, three prominent British critics have come up with a list that includes debatable selections (*Humboldt's Gift*, by Saul Bellow, not *Herzog*; *The Ghost Writer*, by Philip Roth, not *Portnoy's Complaint*), agreeable surprises (*The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, by George V. Higgins; *Men and Angels*, by Mary Gordon), and one shocker. Have you ever heard of *Mrs. Caliban*, by Rachel Ingalls? I hadn't; nor had John W. Aldridge, the author of a comprehensive history of the postwar American novel and a professor of English at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor; nor had the Ann Arbor computer.

Yet I hold a copy of *Mrs. Caliban* in my hand and declare to you that Rachel Ingalls, beyond the ken of the computer though she may be, could become the Barbara Pym of 1986. Barbara Pym, the reader may recall, was rediscovered a few years ago after a brace of British critics picked novels by her in another of those best-books-since-the-war sweepstakes with which the British apparently divert themselves from their decline. Her publishers seized on the occasion made by the ensuing publicity ("Barbara who?") to reissue her work in bulk; this spinsterish writer soon became a sensation.

Will the Pym pattern be repeated with Rachel Ingalls? After reading *Mrs. Caliban*, I must say I hope so. The book is a 125-page tour de force about a passionate affair between a lonely housewife and a six-foot-tall green monster gifted with a confiding manner—imagine Phil Donahue in the body of an elongated frog. (I know many of you will cease reading at the mention of a monster; I would myself if I were in your place. You

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must take my word for it: the novel justifies its monster.) Published in the United States by Gambit, in 1983, to mixed and scattered reviews, *Mrs. Caliban* sold fewer than 500 copies. Gambit has since been acquired by the Harvard Common Press (535 Albany Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02118), from which the book can be ordered for $8.95 plus $2.00 for postage and handling.

With a style spare and elegant, and in a quietly compelling fictional voice, Ingalls makes the housewife's love for the monster not only credible but moving. "Dorothy," with the Oz association no doubt intended, is the housewife; the monster she calls "Larry," as if to mitigate the odious marvel of him. Larry has escaped from a local laboratory—we are in California—where cruel scientists, having captured him in the jungle, have tortured him into learning English. (Certain idioms continue to escape him, however; Dorothy has a devil of a time explaining "radical chic.") In making his escape Larry has killed two of his keepers, and radio bulletins have made their terrible murders known to Dorothy long before the moment when the monster, not yet "Larry," comes through her kitchen door and looks her inscrutably in the face. "Her mouth was slightly open—she could feel that—and waves of horripilation fled across her skin. A flash of heat or ice sped up her backbone and neck and over her scalp so that her hair really did seem to lift up." A fantastical scene, yet by this point we have learned enough about the dolors of young Dorothy—her dead son, miscarried baby, unfaithful husband—that we understand why she hides Larry. More, we know why she falls in love with him. As in Renaissance tragedy the violation of the natural order made by their interspecies coupling—woman with amphibian—cracks open the moral universe, and betrayals, murders, and ghastly accidents pour out in profusion. By turns droll and erotic for most of the way, *Mrs. Caliban* ends in a blaze of Shakespearean evil.

Rachel Ingalls is forty-five. Although she has lived in England for the past twenty years, she was born in Massachusetts. Besides *Mrs. Caliban*, two novels and two collections of short fiction of hers have been published, and she has recently produced a collection of novellas. Titled *I See a Long Journey*, it will be published by Simon and Schuster in September.

—Jack Beatty

PAKISTAN

THE AMAZON OF PESHAWAR

In which an Englishman explores the frontiers of feminism

"GTR," SAID MY Afghan driver, swinging into the press of motor rickshaws, Mercedes trucks, bicycles, buses, broken-down pickups, brand-new Japanese sedans, and buffalo carts burdened with sugarcane that throng Peshawar's main thoroughfare. "GTR—Government Transfer Road." Pedanticism struggled with my instinct for politeness, and won. "Surely not," I heard myself saying. "Grand Trunk Road." Three Pakistani voices from the back seat lent me support. "Yes, the English gentleman is right: GTR—Grand Trunk Road." Had they been raised on Kipling too? Kipling cut no ice with my Afghan. He leaned harder on his horn, which is to the North-West Frontier what stoplights are to the rest of the world, hissed "Government Transfer Road" under his breath, slid me a glance that promised decapitation if I strayed into the Tribal Area, and accelerated into the traffic.

The streets of Peshawar are dense with women in strictest purdah, which means that every inch of their skin is hidden from public gaze. Not always quite every inch: there are degrees of adjustment of the *chaddah*—the veil that women wear—so that sometimes it covers everything but the eyes, sometimes only the hair, and sometimes a corner is pulled above the shoulders, to be held in the teeth, a sort of token purdah conceded by the wearer who needs to bargain or talk to a friend. But the general rule is full purdah, and for many that means the complete outfit, with but a strip of gauze across the eyes to indicate whether the woman is coming or going. Clearly, the occupant must embody the principle of submissive femininity as completely as her husband personifies masculine domination. At least, how is the outsider to discover otherwise, since the one person he can be certain of not meeting in Peshawar is a Pathan (the Pathans being the largest and fiercest of the tribes that straddle the Afghan-Pakistani border) of the opposite sex?

Not quite true. This visiting Englishman did manage to clap eyes on some unveiled Pathan women, in the unlikely surroundings of the Peshawar Club. That former bastion of Britishness, from which all Indians were excluded almost until the last day of the Raj, had in the period of my stay in the city only one English member, who happened to be myself. (My automatic admittance, without inquiry or scrutiny, was the sole concession accorded to my status as a ci-devant sahib.) The occasion was the club garden party, held to raise funds—again, the incongruity jangled—for Ethiopian famine relief. I might have been present at an English village fête. Tea and cucumber sandwiches circulated, small girls in party dresses moved about selling raffle tickets, and clutches of polite-spoken ladies, with unwilling husbands in tow, exchanged gossip on the well-mowed lawn. None, of course, spoke to me. But in delightfully indirect admission of my presence they broke into English when I strayed within earshot.

How very much I wished I might have joined in their conversation, or in conversation with any Pathan woman. Just before I left Peshawar, my wish was granted. One of the international aid organizations I visited was run by that rare bird a Pathan divorcée. The daughter of a senior civil servant, she had married, against her parents' wishes, outside the circle of cousins from which Pathan girls are given husbands. The marriage had not worked, but instead of returning to the family circle to endure the *I told you*

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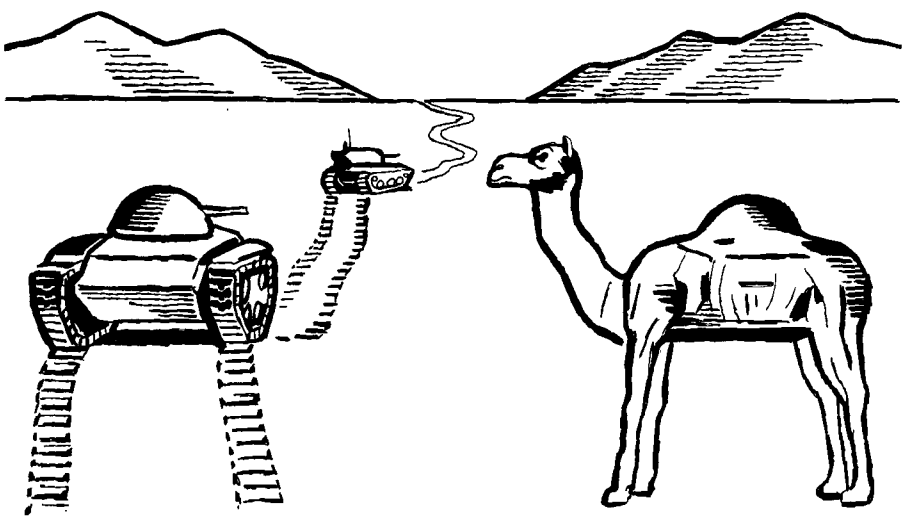
sos, she had decided on independence and had found a job. Her strictures on the Pathan man's treatment of Pathan women were both violent and very funny, her flights of denunciation all the more striking because of her magnificent good looks and beautifully modulated university English. The chauvinism of fathers, the vapidity of even the most sensible mothers when it came to marrying daughters, the insensitivity and possessiveness of husbands, were condemned in torrents of contempt that would have made the most extreme American feminist sound moderate. I heard it all with rapt attention, scarcely intruding a comment or a question even when I found space to do so. Eventually the flow relented and I sensed that she invited a response. "Are you really saying that you want the same rights as English or American women?" I heard myself ask. Her expression exuded derision. I had missed the point altogether. Well, what did she want? "The same rights as Pathan men, of course!" What—total independence, the duty of revenge, the ritual of the blood feud, fighting, guns? A hint of approval flickered in the depths of dark and beautiful eyes. I had said the right thing. "Yes," she answered. "Guns."

Alexander the Great believed that he had met the Amazons in these parts. No wonder the Russians, trying to subdue the Pathan resistance just across the border in Afghanistan, are discovering that they are locked in conflict with a warrior race.

—John Keegan



SUDAN

A Microcosm of Africa's Ills

Hostile neighbors and militant rebels imperil Khartoum's new regime

Late last summer the heaviest rains in more than a decade transformed the desert of western Sudan into a vast arterial watershed, as wadis brimmed over and water ran into every trough. The drought had broken, and for the first time in several years a sorghum crop was assured. But during the weeks prior to harvest time, floods prevented emergency food supplies from reaching tens of thousands of starving peasant farmers trapped in inaccessible areas. Only costly helicopter drops could get through. The antiquated rail system had failed. Airstrips were functioning sporadically, though one-hour downpours made them unusable for twenty-four hours afterward. Trucks and camel trains were stuck for days in the mud and threatened by Bedouin bandits.

In the midst of this humbling chaos a Libyan relief convoy of forty-three trucks and trailers, escorted by Libyan soldiers, rolled into the western Sudanese town of El Fasher on the Sabbath Friday of August 23, delivering an undisclosed number of weapons as well as grain and dried-milk powder. Whereas trucks hired by the United States Agency for International Development were taking two weeks to bring food from Khartoum, the capital city, to El Fasher, 600 miles away, the Libyans had accomplished the 1,400-mile trek from the Mediterranean port of Benghazi in twelve days. The Libyans had the advantage of driving through areas untouched by rain. However, no roads are available for much of the journey from Benghazi.

As part of a rapprochement between Libya and Sudan following the fall last April of Jaafar Nimeiri, Sudan's pro-American president, tribal chiefs from the western Sudanese provinces of Darfur and Kordofan, which are close to Libya, were invited to Tripoli by Colonel Muammar Qaddafi. There is nothing inspired about Qaddafi's designs on western Sudan, a tract of desert whose semi-nomadic Arab and African inhabitants are more likely to know the names of their tribal chiefs than that of the current ruler in Khartoum. "No umbilical cord links us with the central government," explains the commissioner of Northern Darfur, Abdul Hafiz, who communicates with Khartoum by radio from El Geneina. If not for relief flights operated by international agencies, Hafiz would need nearly a month to travel to the capital. It is no surprise, therefore, that the goods on sale under the wattle stalls in El Geneina's market come by way of Libya and West African ports, rather than via Port Sudan.

The void in the western desert that the Libyans may be planning to fill has been deepened by the drought and famine of the past several years and broadened by the migration of Kababish tribesmen out of the region toward the Nile River in the east and the savannah lands in the south, in search of food and water. Many may never return to their original homes. Should Qaddafi ever decide to invade, he would find western Sudan emptier than ever. Libyan ambitions, of course, are not limited to an inhospitable bit of wasteland, however interesting that may be strategically. Several hundred Libyans are known to be in the Sudanese capital, taking full advantage of the freer political climate in Khartoum in the wake of the April 6 coup, by manning "revolutionary committees" and buying influence with local politicians. "Everyone suspects that a lot of money is changing hands," says a Western diplomat. And now that Nimeiri's 30,000-man state-security force has been disbanded, Qaddafi's advance men are able to operate more freely.

But the threat from Libya merely illustrates—rather than defines—the problems of a nation that, in the words of one seasoned relief worker, "is a text-

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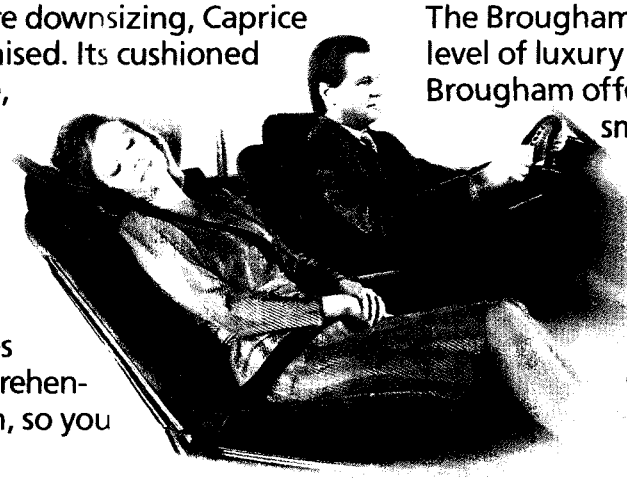

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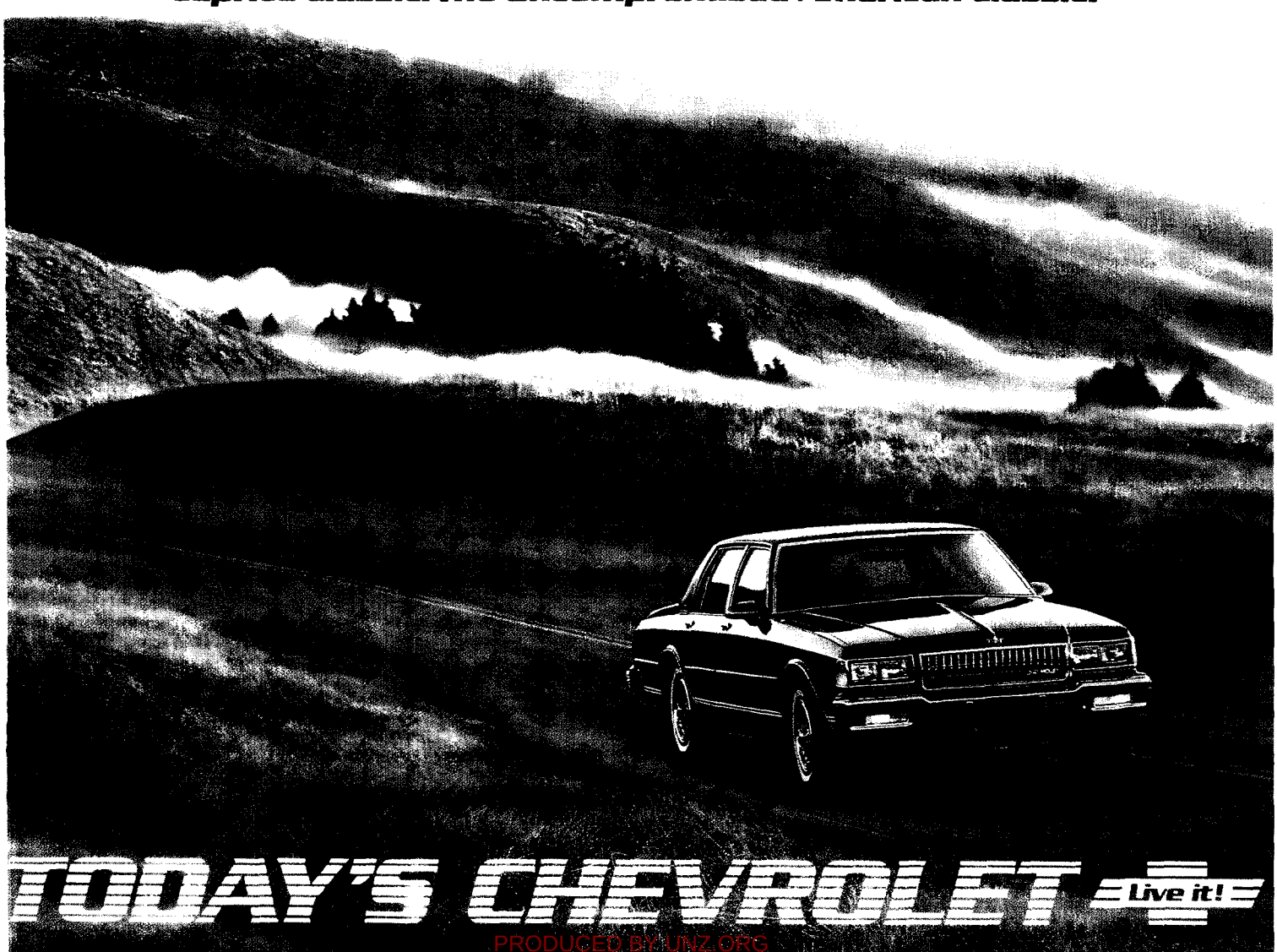

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book example of why Africa is the way it is." Sudan, about as large as the United States east of the Mississippi River, and stretching from Egypt in the north to Zaire, Uganda, and Kenya in the south, is a microcosm of Africa's ills; indeed, it has all of them in exaggerated form. Famine, particularly in the west and the northeast, affects nearly one fifth of the country's population of 22 million. In northern Sudan the Sahara desert is creeping south. The east, as a result of famine and civil war in Ethiopia, harbors one of the world's largest concentrations of refugees (the United Nations' most recent estimate is 746,000). And in the south a conglomeration of Nilotic tribes, pagan and Christian, led by the Dinka, are waging a separatist struggle against Moslem Arab Khartoum.

A city of 2.5 million inhabitants, at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, Khartoum is more a trading post than a political center; it is a base from which Arab merchants have traditionally exploited the surrounding territories under their tenuous control. "The basis of the entire Sudanese system," explains a Western economist, "is to subsidize urban consumers by transferring wealth to the cities." Low exchange rates have made imports cheap for city dwellers, but they have also hindered the efforts of farmers to export sorghum, sesame, and groundnuts. The price of gum arabic is kept so artificially low that farmers earn more money by simply burning down their acacia trees and selling the charcoal. No significant investment has been made over the years in rural roads or grain-storage facilities. Former Khartoum regimes were not overconcerned with the countryside: in Africa peasants never start coups. The consequences of such policies were described by the newly appointed civilian prime minister, Dr. Gazuli Dafalla, in an interview: "In Sudan now, the farmer is dying of starvation while the city dweller—who produces nothing—is not."

The mass starvation of peasant farmers has not been a cause of much soul-searching in the capital. In the eyes of urban Sudanese it is a crisis best left to the *khawajas* ("foreigners"). The famine was not even an important factor in the coup, according to the Prime Minister. Certainly, during the time I spent in Khartoum before and after Nimeiri's overthrow, I rarely heard any discussion of it. In a moment of candor one strike organizer declared: "We don't care if millions starve, so long as we get rid of Nimeiri." In a nation as large, and as short of communications facilities, as Sudan, a famine hundreds of miles away seems to make little impression on people in the cities. The general lack of concern was poignantly expressed by Osama Fatouta, a twenty-four-year-old Sudanese whom I met in El Geneina. Fatouta, the founder of the Sudanese Volunteer Services Association, a group of young people from Khartoum working with famine victims, said, "People I know think I'm crazy. They can't understand why I'm doing this. I've gotten little support; it's been an uphill struggle all the way." Fatouta said that he was motivated by shame: shame that the only people who seemed to care about the dying peasants were foreigners.

THE FAMINE HAS more political relevance than many Sudanese realize. Though it was not a direct cause of the coup, it indirectly helped to shape the atmosphere in which Nimeiri was toppled. Drought victims from the hinterlands, drifting into the capital, created various kinds of social tension, including an upsurge in crimes against property. Acute grain shortages forced bread prices up. Nimeiri removed subsidies in late March, and bread riots ensued. After the riots came peaceful, well-organized strikes and demonstrations by underpaid urban professionals, and these went on until the regime collapsed. It was about as bloodless and orderly a transition of power as Africa has seen. No radical elements, either Islamic or secular leftist, played a significant role. The country is now ruled by a Transitional Military Council, headed by General Abdul Rahman Swareddahab, fifty-two, who has deliberately maintained a low profile and seems sincere in his pledge to hold parliamentary elections later this year. (In February the elections were scheduled to occur this month.)

With political parties springing up like desert grass after the rains, Sudan has more freedom of expression than anywhere else in Africa or the Arab world. This is a consequence both of the easy-going, tolerant nature of the Sudanese and of the temporary power vacuum that has emerged after sixteen years of Nimeiri's often stern one-man rule. There are, though, aspirants to power. Notable among them is Sadiq al-Mahdi, a great-grandson of the fabled Mahdi whose Ansar warriors ejected the British from Sudan in 1885, killing General Charles George Gordon. The Umma ("Nation")

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Party, which Sadiq leads, relies to this day on Ansar support. Its political creed, which is nebulous, is based on Sadiq's inherited historical legitimacy and personal magnetism. In a Western visitor his sharp gaze and white turban evoke the fanaticism of his great-grandfather. But during a long talk with me he revealed himself as an Islamic modernist, rather than a fundamentalist: he favors liberalizing the harsh Sharia code promulgated by Nimeiri, whereby alcohol was banned even for use as a disinfectant and thieves were punished by having their right hands amputated. For Sadiq, as for so many other local politicians, the famine is not a central issue. He has said that it is "no longer a serious problem because international aid has been forthcoming." To a Western visitor such denials of responsibility for Sudan's own peasants, while shocking, have a positive political effect. They express an attitude of unabashed reliance on the West for drought aid, which makes a non-aligned foreign policy a luxury that the country cannot afford.

Current U.S. aid to Sudan now exceeds $450 million. This includes over $200 million for emergency famine relief and $45 million in military aid. On the African continent only Egypt gets more of the American taxpayers' dollars. Of course, not only altruism is involved: Sudan controls the headwaters of the Nile—the lifeblood of Egypt. Egypt's survival as a pro-American power in the Middle East largely depends on Sudan's remaining passive, and this passivity can no longer be taken for granted. The Egyptians, who ruled Sudan together with the British for half a century, have always been looked upon in Sudan as colonialists. However, Cairo supported Nimeiri until the bitter end, whereupon President Hosni Mubarak decided to welcome into Egypt the deposed Sudanese leader in exile; these policies have brought Egypt's standing in Khartoum to an all-time low. The damage to American interests that Egypt's nemesis, Colonel Qaddafi, could do from a foothold in Sudan, slashing at Egypt's jugular, the Nile, would be far greater than any he could do by overrunning Chad or Tunisia.

More than Egypt would be threatened by a Khartoum regime hostile to the West. Sudan reaches into the heart of black Africa. It has a long border with Marxist Ethiopia and a coastline on the Red Sea. Were Sudan to be lost, it would join Libya and Ethiopia in an arc of Soviet influence stretching from the heart of the Mediterranean to the Straits of Bab el Mandeb, at the Gulf of Aden. In addition to menacing Egypt this arc would increase the pressure on the pro-American governments in Kenya and Somalia, where the United States has the use of important naval facilities. To many people Sudan may be just a big, empty space on a map. But it is such a big space that its loss would have a strategic impact in Africa comparable to that which the downfall of the Shah of Iran had in the Near East. "Were it not for the famine and the obvious need for American help, the April coup could have been a real disaster for us," a senior State Department official says.

A clear-cut victory by Sadiq al-Mahdi in the coming elections would bring a sigh of relief to American policy-makers. But even Umma Party officials say this is unlikely. The spoilers include the political parties associated with the rival Khatmiyah sect, and the National Islamic Front of Hassan Turabi, a sort of Park Avenue ayatollah who speaks impeccable English, dresses in well-tailored, expensive suits, and advocates Sharia law applied much the way Nimeiri applied it. Complicating the situation are the Libyans and the junior and middle-level officers who are thought to be increasingly fed up with the Sudanese army's dismal performance against the southern rebels. The nightmare of foreign diplomats and many local politicians is that somewhere there lurks a Sudanese version of Ethiopian Lieutenant Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam or Liberian Master Sergeant Samuel Doe, poised to fill the power vacuum and lock Khartoum away in a totalitarian straitjacket for the next decade or so.

This almost happened last September, when a group of officers and soldiers from the non-Arab Nuba and Fur tribes, which are aligned with the African southerners, mutinied in their barracks, near Khartoum, in an ill-fated attempt to overthrow the government. "Democracy in Sudan is a lone bird surrounded by vultures interested in its flesh," Sadiq has said.

The present threat from the south is the Sudanese Peoples Liberation Army (SPLA), led by Colonel John Garang, an American-educated Dinka, who is attacking ever closer to Khartoum. (The size of the SPLA has never been firmly established, but estimates range as high as 20,000.) While the West manages the famine and worries about the Libyans,

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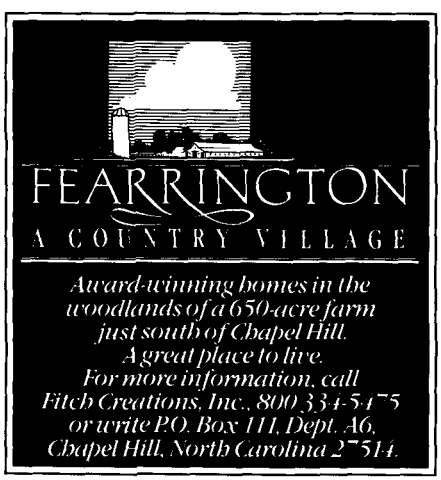

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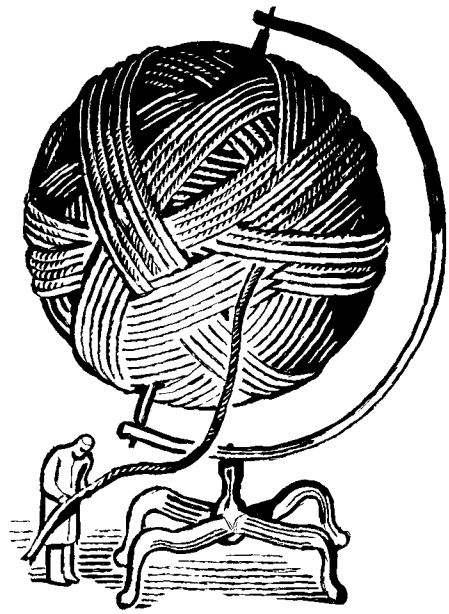
the Sudanese are obsessed with the southern problem—the issue that presents the most immediate threat to their national integrity. The threat is not new. The black south revolted against the Arab north upon independence. From 1956 to 1972, when Nimeiri concluded a settlement with the rebels, the struggle cost well over half a million lives—many more than all the Arab-Israeli wars put together. Attempts by Nimeiri in his last years to exert more control over the southern region led to a new outbreak of fighting. After the coup everyone expected Garang to adopt a more conciliatory line. Instead he dismissed the new regime as "the hyena with new clothes," and intensified the war.

The Transitional Military Council responded by marching a 4,000-man unit of the 55,000-man Sudanese Peoples Army northward from Juba, the capital of Equatoria Province, in order to capture the SPLA stronghold of Bor. The operation was a "total, utter failure," according to one Western diplomat. Garang's forces attacked the column, and those government soldiers who weren't killed refused to march any farther. Sudan Airways no longer flies to Juba, and the only way in and out of the city is by chartered plane. By successfully attacking the town of Renk, barely 250 miles south of Khartoum on the White Nile, the SPLA has come closer than ever to the capital. Garang now appears capable of cutting off Khartoum's power supply by blowing up transmission lines connecting the city with the Roseires Dam, to the southeast. The Sudanese Peoples Army can do little: it has virtually no air force and is so short of fuel that it has had to requisition diesel fuel from famine-relief organizations to run patrols. So the army is now falling back on the old British-colonial method of arming local tribes. These are hostile to the SPLA because it has been stealing their cattle at an ever-increasing rate.

The SPLA has been financed by Libya and is headquartered at Itang, just inside the Ethiopian border. Herein lies the incentive for the Sudanese to accept the Libyans in their midst. Colonel Qaddafi, and the pro-Soviet Lieutenant Colonel Mengistu, hold the key to Sudan's main problem—disposing of Garang. The West, once the food situation significantly improves, may eventually prove expendable, if that is what Libya and Ethiopia demand in order to get Garang off Khartoum's back.

—Robert D. Kaplan



PHYSICS

THE GOSPEL OF STRING

Physicists may at last have devised a Theory of Everything. Unfortunately, nobody yet knows how to prove it

SINCE THE SIXTH century B.C., when Thales of Miletus posited that all of nature is made of water, physicists have tried to construct a single theoretical edifice encompassing every aspect of matter and energy. Many times they have thought they were close, and have announced the imminent revelation of such a theory. Always they have been wrong. Never before today, however, has such an inquiry become the dominant pursuit of the discipline. Never before have so many physicists been persuaded that a Theory of Everything is nigh.

Until now the grand steps by which physics has progressed have consisted of partial "unifications." In the seventeenth century, for instance, Isaac Newton made the far from obvious discovery that a single force—gravitation—holds the planets in orbit and makes apples fall to the earth. (The story that he was inspired by a falling apple is true. At the time, he was staying on his mother's farm, north of London, to escape the plague.) In the past century James Clerk Maxwell made another giant step by describing how electricity and magnetism are different forms of yet another force: electromagnetism.

But even as Newton and Maxwell simplified science's view of nature, other physicists began to complicate it. Once the atom was discovered to consist of a nucleus, made of protons and neutrons, surrounded by a cloud of orbiting electrons, scientists began to wonder what held the nucleus together and why it sometimes fell apart. Investigating these questions, they found two more forces, operating only on the submicroscopic scale, which they called the strong and the weak. The strong force clamps the nucleus together despite the mutual electrical repulsion of the protons inside it. The weak force is responsible for certain types of radioactivity and is essential to the fusion process, which makes the sun shine. At the beginning of this year a group of scientists from Purdue University, in Indiana, and Brookhaven National Laboratory, in New York, claimed to have found evidence of a fifth fundamental force; few scientists are convinced of its existence, however.

Throughout the 1950s and 1960s theoretical physicists concentrated on the strong force (so named because it is the strongest known force in the universe; indeed, over short distances it is a hundred times more powerful than electromagnetism). They found the strong force extraordinarily difficult to understand. Over the years, they made thousands of guesses about its nature, most of which were wrong. One of these guesses started, in a roundabout way, what has come to be called string theory.

IN 1968 AN ISRAELI physicist, Gabriele Veneziano, devised an ingenious mathematical equation that seemed to sum up many of the properties of particles that are subject to the strong force. A year later several theorists—the first being Yoichiro Nambu, of the University of Chicago—discovered that Veneziano's abstract formula generated a picture both of subatomic particles and of the ways in which they combine, change into one another, and fall apart. Subatomic particles can interact in thousands of ways, and charting this multiplicity is one of the chief tasks of particle physics. If Veneziano's equation was right, subatomic particles would be like tiny strings rather than tiny dots. When particles collided forcefully enough, these strings would break, creating new

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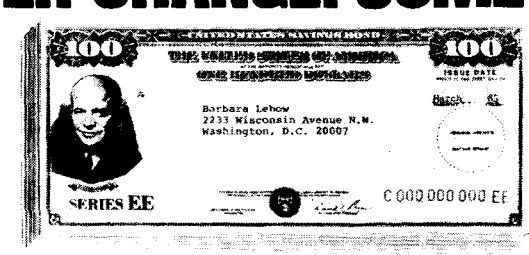

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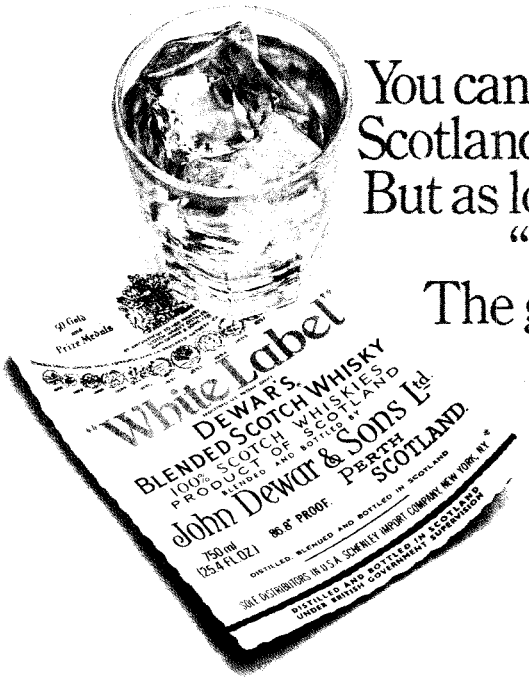

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strings in the process. These in turn could join to create a single string. A useful analogy is a shoelace: If you snap one hard enough, you get two little laces. Just as a shoelace can be put back together with a knot, the new strings, in Veneziano's theory, could be rejoined. Theorists hoped that the vast number of types of interactions among subatomic particles could all be viewed in terms of cutting and linking minute bits of string—an image that was intuitively pleasing and that hinted at an ultimate simplicity.

In addition to providing an amusing picture of particles, Veneziano's model allowed physicists to peek into a novel and fascinating type of mathematics. Several dozen theorists began developing variants of the model and exploring their ramifications. These theorists quickly discovered that the models were plagued with terrible problems. They seemed to predict the existence of such outlandish things as particles that went faster than the speed of light, violations of the laws of cause and effect, and objects whose chance of existing was, mathematically, less than zero. Several theorists found, more or less independently, that this set of problems could be evaded, but only by making assumptions of even more striking oddity. First and foremost, Veneziano's model required more dimensions than the usual trinity of length, width, and depth; in fact, many of the problems vanished only when space-time was endowed with *twenty-six* dimensions—a situation that one of Veneziano's colleagues described with some restraint as "obviously unworldly." Not knowing quite what to make of all these extra dimensions, string fanciers tended to treat them as abstract parameters and trusted that more work would either make sense of them or eliminate them from the equations.

At any given time there are not that many original ideas floating around in science. Thus a goodly number of physicists continued to work on this one. However, their interest flagged in the early 1970s, when a theory of the strong force known as quantum chromodynamics was demonstrated to work quite nicely. At about the same time, several theorists—principally Sheldon Glashow, of Harvard University, Abdus Salam, of the International Centre for Theoretical Physics, in Trieste, and Steven Weinberg, now of the University of Texas, all of whom shared the 1979 Nobel Prize for Physics—developed a theory that linked the weak and electromagnetic forces. Glashow and a Harvard colleague, Howard Georgi, took the next step, unifying the strong, weak, and electromagnetic forces into a single structure, referred to portentously as a Grand Unified Theory.

Despite the considerable excitement engendered throughout the late 1970s by quantum chromodynamics and Grand Unification, the formal elegance of string theory was enough to keep a few brave scientists at work on it—notably John Schwarz, now of the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena, André Neveu and, later, Edward Witten, of Princeton University, and the late Joël Scherk, of the Ecole Normale Supérieure, in Paris. Just before the triumph of quantum chromodynamics, Schwarz and Neveu had managed to come up with a version of Veneziano's model which economized on the number of dimensions, reducing it to ten. Then, in 1974, Schwarz and Scherk came to a realization that would launch the entire modern string movement, although few paid attention in the burst of excitement over quantum chromodynamics. Schwarz and Scherk suddenly understood that they had spent years on the wrong problem. String theory was not a theory merely of the strong force. Instead, it seemed able to describe every known force, including gravitation.

THE CONTEMPORARY theory of gravitation was general relativity, put together by Albert Einstein in 1915, after a long struggle. An imposing and beautiful structure, relativity remained aloof from the other great achievement of twentieth-century physics—quantum mechanics. Relativity shows its effects at great speeds, quantum mechanics at minute distances. All efforts to subsume relativity within quantum mechanics—to produce a quantum-mechanical theory of gravitation—eventually foundered on the rocks of mathematical absurdity.

Loosely speaking, present-day quantum theories argue that the universe has two fundamental components: particles of matter, like electrons, protons, and neutrons; and particles associated with forces, which are known collectively as gauge particles, from the jargon describing their properties. The best-known example of a gauge particle is the photon, the particle of light, which is associated with electromagnetism. A less familiar example is the gluon, which is associated with the strong force. By 1974 all known forces except gravitation had been explained in terms of particles. Although physicists had assumed that a particle was associated with this force and had given such a particle a name (the graviton), making a theory with gravitons turned out to be very hard. All attempts produced impossible answers, in somewhat the same way that dividing by zero creates trouble for beginning algebra students.

Schwarz and Scherk realized that the string theory they were staring at was the first theory capable, as far as they knew, of incorporating not only gluons but also particles that could be identified as gravitons. To their surprise, this theory was not beset by as many difficulties as its less ambitious predecessor. The strong force has nothing to do with the geometry of space and time, but, as Einstein showed, gravitation does. Thus, if mathematics compelled you to work with a peculiar number of dimensions, a theory encompassing gravitation would be the place to do so. Schwarz and Scherk suggested that the extra six dimensions curl up, so that only four—three spatial and one temporal—can be observed in the everyday world. (The process is called compactification by string theorists and topologically inclined mathematicians.) In other words, string theories lead to the startling idea that at every point of ordinary space is a submicroscopic six-dimensional ball. The minute size of the balls and the strings that inhabit this strange space means that for all practical purposes most of us can go on thinking that we live in a three-dimensional world made of dot-like particles.

A measure of the audacity of the new string view is that at first it was dismissed; most theorists believed in eventual unification but considered unification just then to be a pipe dream. Scherk died in 1980, and with considerable intellectual courage the remaining members of the small string band kept on. What kept them going was the fact that string theory seemed to be as roomy and inflexible as a Victorian mansion. Schwarz thought that he might be able to derive the entire universe mathematically from the equations of string theory, just as Euclid was able to derive the capacious whole of his geometry from a few simple axioms and the strict rules of deduction.

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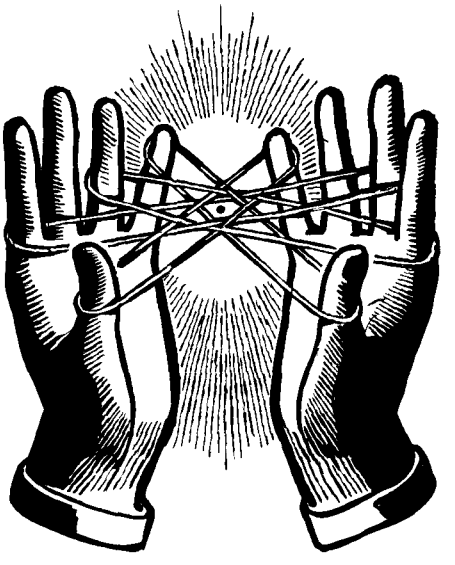
In the summer of 1984, after years of intense effort, Schwarz and Michael Green, of the University of London, proved that the new way of looking at things avoided most of the mathematical pitfalls that had trapped previous investigators. Word passed quickly in seminars and lecture halls all over the world; suddenly, theorists everywhere were listening to the gospel of string. Once again, they hoped that the Theory of Everything might be around the corner.

Such a theory—a unification theory—would have to show that particles of mass (such as electrons) and particles of force (such as photons) somehow stem from the same thing. In the picture of matter provided by string theories subatomic particles consist of minute rings as much smaller than an atom as an atom is smaller than the solar system. Each tiny loop can vibrate, undulate, and be besieged by little ripples that travel around its circumference. The theories hold that only ripples of particular wavelengths can go round and round the circle without eventually canceling themselves out. Subatomic particles are differentiated by the number of ripples on them. Last spring a group of Princeton University theorists—David Gross, Jeffrey Harvey, Emil Martinec, and Ryan Rhom—took this scenario a step further and, in doing so, came up with a plausible candidate for the unification theory that the physics world has been waiting for. The Princeton scientists suggested that combinations of clockwise and counterclockwise waves account for everything in nature.

String theories are associated with a branch of mathematics known as group theory, and the various models are named for the mathematical groups that describe them. (These groups were catalogued and named at the turn of the century by the French mathematician Elie Cartan.) Theorists believe they have narrowed the candidates down to just one: $E_8 \times E_8$, the clockwise-counterclockwise model devised by Gross and company. Last August several hundred prominent physicists gathered at the University of California at Santa Barbara for three weeks of discussion about string theory, concentrating largely on $E_8 \times E_8$. Part of the pleasure of discussion derived from the enormous imaginative leap necessary to think about the model at all. Crudely speaking, the first E_8 in the title describes the universe as we know it, while the second E_8 refers to something else—"God knows what," Gross told us. "There could be a whole other shadow universe cheek by jowl with ours that we can't detect except by its gravitation. There could be shadow stars, shadow planets, shadow people—it's wonderful to think about. Of course, we would never be able to see them."

THE IDEAS OF Gross and his fellow string theorists are plagued by a difficulty that afflicts other unification theories as well: nobody yet has the faintest notion of how to test them. If strings exist, they can be seen only at energies so high and distances so small that experimental equipment may never be up to the task. Unable for the moment to



count on direct verification of their ideas, string theorists are relying on the demands of mathematical consistency to guide their work. The calculational juggling act is so difficult—a unification theory has to satisfy the dictates of relativity and quantum mechanics, as well as account for the vast range of information that experimenters now have about the real world—that many theorists think that only one theory can possibly do the trick. That survivor will be the Theory of Everything. (When we asked Schwarz what predictions string theory makes, he said, "Well, it predicts that gravity exists, whereas all other theories predict that it doesn't. There will be many more testable consequences when we work out the mathematics.")

Skeptics doubt that mathematics is restrictive enough to hold the field of candidates at one. They envision several different Theories of Everything, each of which will work on paper and none of which can be proved by observation. Howard Georgi, for instance, says that string theory is doomed to be nothing but "recreational mathematical theology." His collaborator, Sheldon Glashow, considers string theories to be simply "an interesting sociological example of the tendency for physicists to jump on a theoretical bandwagon." If the skeptics are right, string theorists may one day find themselves in the painful position of having achieved the goal of Thales—a complete explanation of all matter and energy in terms of a single principle—but unable to substantiate their accomplishment with the proof hitherto expected of all empirical science.

The attempt to construct a Theory of Everything is necessarily based on the confident assumption that all major aspects of nature have been identified and that the remaining task is merely to link them together. Thus any important new experimental discovery runs the risk of—so to speak—upsetting the string applecart. For example, if the fifth force that scientists claim to have discovered does exist, it is not clear whether string theory will be able to accommodate it.

Even without a surprise from experimenters, string theorists may simply be wrong. In this event the quest for unification will not die; other theorists have been working on a welter of alternative approaches, which have names like supersymmetry, supergravity, and Kaluza-Klein. But so far string theory remains the most ambitious and mathematically elegant of the contenders. (It is so elegant, in fact, that mathematicians, who need not worry about its truth, have been using it to push back the frontiers of their own discipline.)

Enthusiasts of string are not worried about what the future holds for their theory. As Murray Gell-Mann, of the California Institute of Technology, an ardent booster of $E_8 \times E_8$, says, "I think this may be it. The $E_8 \times E_8$ superstring theory has a beautiful and delicate internal consistency, and manages to get right some of the crucial features of the real world—general relativity, for example. How could any theory so remarkable be completely irrelevant?"

—Robert P. Crease and Charles C. Mann

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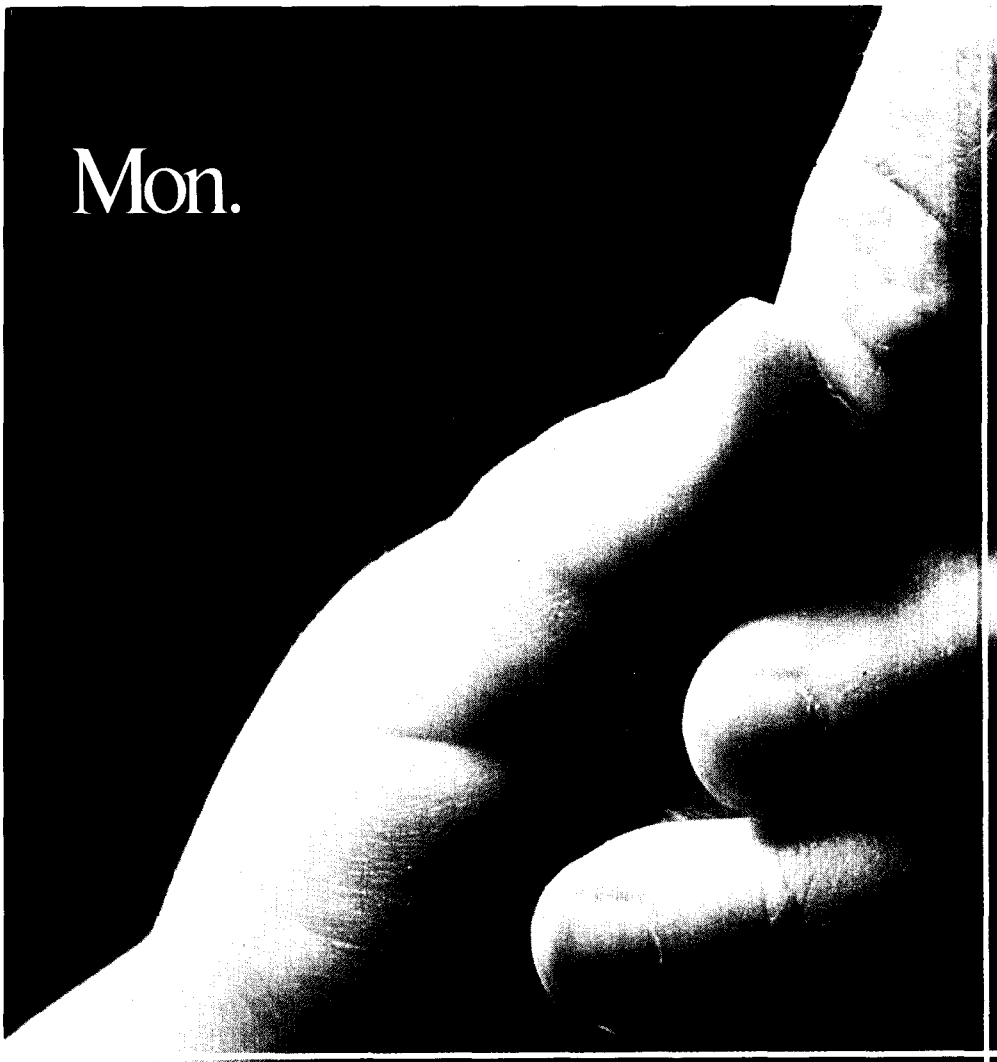

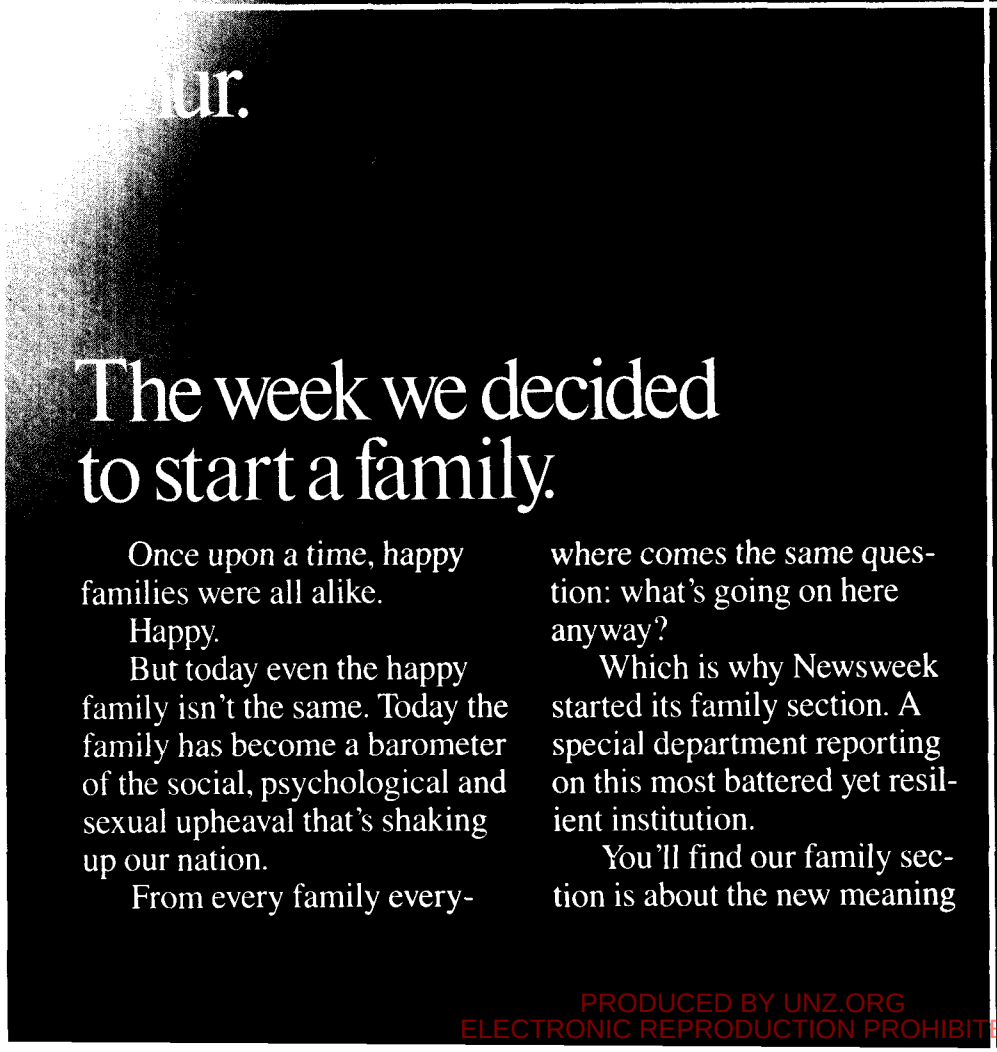

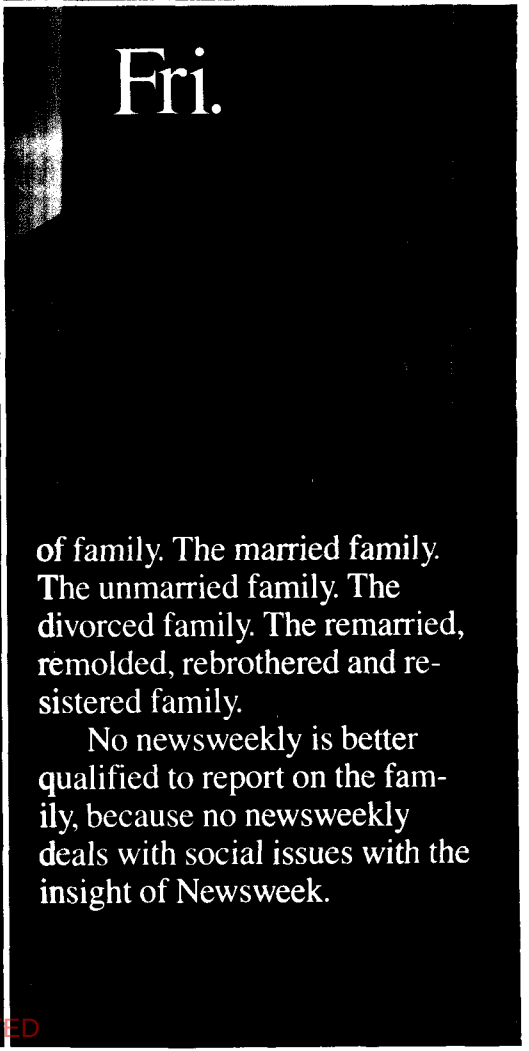

The week we decided to start a family.

Once upon a time, happy families were all alike.

Happy.

But today even the happy family isn't the same. Today the family has become a barometer of the social, psychological and sexual upheaval that's shaking up our nation.

From every family everywhere comes the same question: what's going on here anyway?

Which is why Newsweek started its family section. A special department reporting on this most battered yet resilient institution.

You'll find our family section is about the new meaning of family. The married family. The unmarried family. The divorced family. The remarried, remolded, rebrothered and resistered family.

No newsweekly is better qualified to report on the family, because no newsweekly deals with social issues with the insight of Newsweek.

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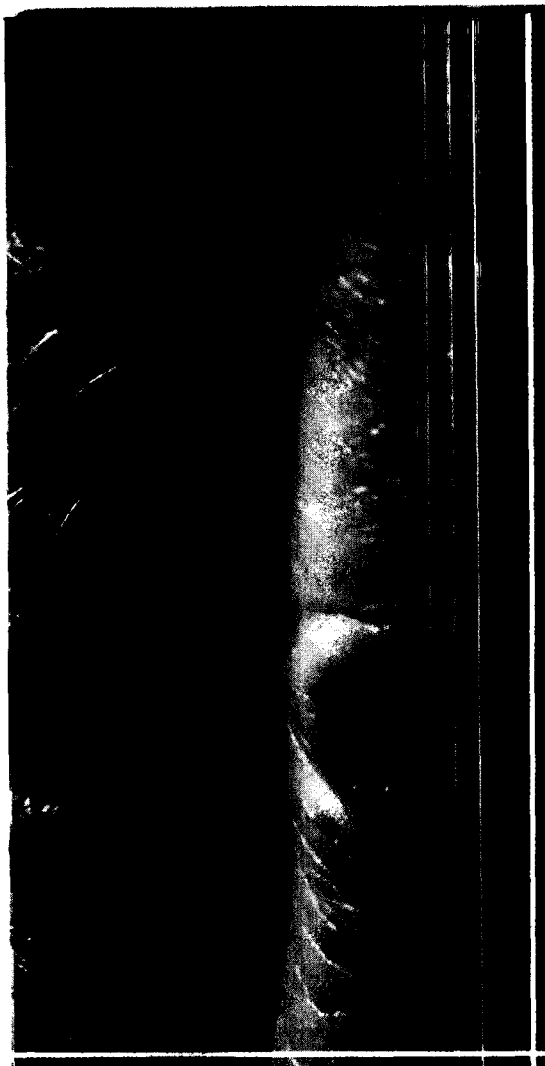

Wed.

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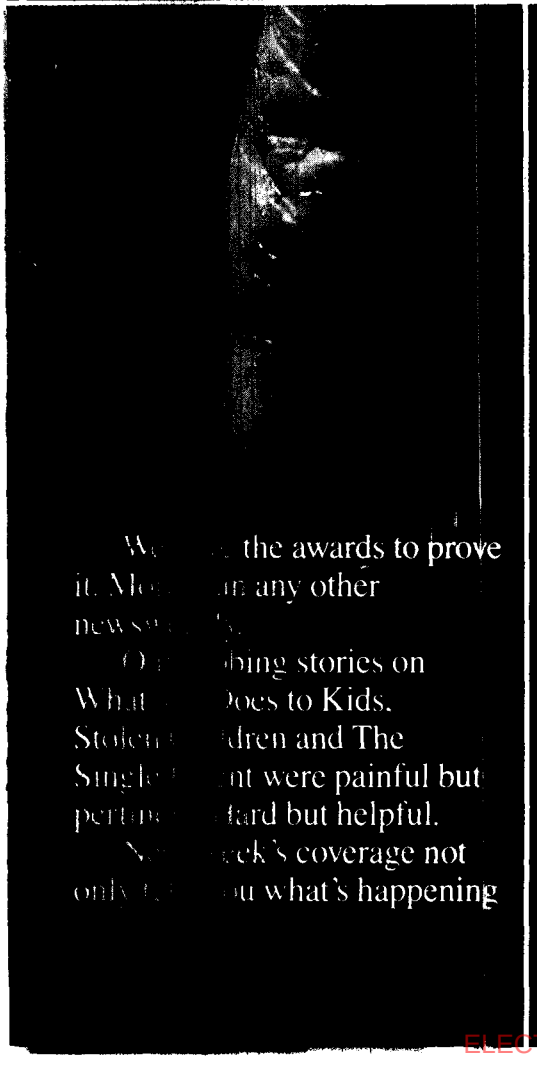

Sat.

W[illegible] the awards to prove it. Mo[illegible] any other news[illegible]. O[illegible]ching stories on What [illegible]oes to Kids, Stolen [illegible]dren and The Single[illegible]nt were painful but pertin[illegible]tard but helpful.

N[illegible]ek's coverage not only t[illegible]u what's happening but often suggests what you can do about what's happening.

To your child's education. To having a child. Or not. To growing up gay. To getting off drugs. To getting on with your life. To living too long.

The family just isn't what it used to be. But whatever it's become and wherever it's going, from now on you'll find out in Newsweek.

Newsweek.

Why it happened. What it means.

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AMERICAN FOLKTALES

(in memory of Italo Calvino)

BY JOHN HARRIS

THOUGH I SOMETIMES assume the guise of a failed academic, a *poète maudit*, and a confused goof-off, I am also something of a collector of Americana. Since I live in the United States, my collection grows daily. Like the late John Steinbeck or (more to the point) Walt Whitman, I have roamed these states, searching, searching, searching. Sometimes I have found what I was looking for. (On one memorable occasion I found it twice in a single afternoon.) And through everything my ears have been open to the sound of America talking.

Below are four classic examples of the storyteller's art—the *American* storyteller's art. These folktales are by, for, and about America and Americans; they have been collected by an American who, like Bruce Springsteen, was born in the U.S.A. Such being the case, I can only hope that these brief stories will be received in the same spirit in which they were first presented to me: as a way to kill time.

THE FARMER AND HIS ANIMALS

There was once a farmer whose cow had gotten old and could no longer give milk. One day the farmer decided to slaughter the cow so that he could have some nice, tasty steaks. As the farmer led the cow into the barn, the cow realized what was about to happen. The cow thought quickly, and as the farmer was sharpening his ax, she said, "Stop!" The farmer was very surprised to hear a cow talking, and so he did stop.

"Please do not kill me," the cow said. "You have little to gain if you do, and if you don't I will tell you a precious secret."

"What secret is that?" the farmer asked suspiciously.

"You should kill the pig instead. The pig is enchanted, and if you kill it and make a wallet from its skin, the wallet will always be full of money."

"Why, thank you," the farmer said. "I will do as you say."

And so the farmer went over to the pigsty. When the pig saw the farmer approaching with an ax in his hand, he grew very frightened, and as the farmer was leading him away, the pig said, "Oh, please, sir, do not kill me! If you will spare my life, I will tell you a precious secret."

"And what secret is that?" the farmer asked, wondering how he had managed to acquire so many talking animals.

"You should kill the turkey, not me. And when you do, you must be sure to save its foot, for the turkey is enchanted. If you keep the turkey's foot in your pocket, no harm will ever come to you."

"Why, thank you," the farmer said. "That is good to know. I will do as you say."

And so the farmer went to chop off the turkey's head. As the farmer raised his ax, the turkey cried out, "Oh, stop! Do not kill me, sir!" Yet another talking, enchanted animal, the farmer thought. Life is indeed strange. The farmer lowered his ax. "Oh, thank you," the turkey said. "You are wise not to kill me, for I know a precious secret."

"And what may that be?" the farmer asked. "You should kill the cow instead." I'll bet it's enchanted, thought the crafty farmer. "The cow is enchanted," the turkey said. "If you kill the cow, be sure to make a suitcase from its hide. If you do, you will be magically transported wherever you want to go."

"Why, thank you," the farmer said. "That is good to know." And he went away.

That evening the farmer slaughtered the cow, the pig, and the turkey. Since then he has traveled all over the world and has had unlimited money, and no harm has ever come to him.

Abilene, Kansas

THE TROLL'S QUESTION

Once upon a time there was a nasty troll who guarded a narrow footbridge. To every passerby he would pose a question. Depending on the answer he received, he would allow or forbid the passerby to cross the footbridge, which was the only way over a roaring river.

One day a carefree youth came to the footbridge and started across. Suddenly the troll rushed out and blocked the youth's way. "Stop right now!" he screamed. "You can proceed no farther until you have answered my question!"

"Very well," the youth said. "What might that question be?"

"Tell me," the troll said, "which would you rather have: the Jewel of Insight or the Rock of Know-How?"

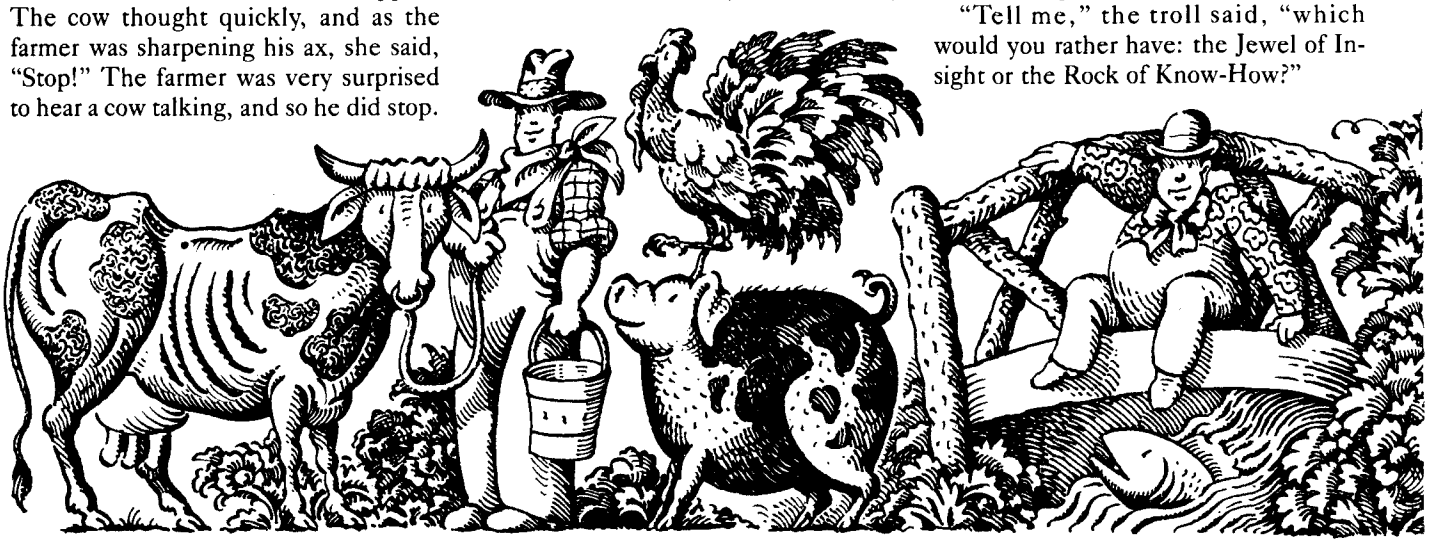

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN ALCORN

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The youth did not hesitate. "I would rather have the Rock of Know-How."

"Fool! Fool!" the troll screamed. "Why would anyone prefer the Rock of Know-How to the Jewel of Insight?"

"Because," the youth replied, "after one had sold the Jewel of Insight one would have a *little* money, but with the Rock of Know-How one could make a *lot* of money over a long period of time."

"Aaiieee, aaiieee!" the troll screamed, and jumped off the footbridge into the roaring water below. He was never seen again, but the carefree youth opened a tollbooth at the same spot and so became a very wealthy man.

Birmingham, Alabama

The Golden Thimble

In a little village lived a tiny woman who worked as a seamstress. All day long, until it grew too dark to see, she would sit at her window, sewing. Her work was beautiful, and people came from far away to admire it. When they asked her the secret of her craft, she would smile slyly and say, "The golden thimble, the golden thimble," and hold up her index finger to display her shining treasure. "A magician gave it to me when I was a girl. Thanks to my golden thimble, I can do what I do."

Years went by, and the woman grew old. Finally, she could no longer see well enough to work. All the maidens in the village yearned for the golden thimble, each one dreaming of the wonderful things she could make under its magical influence. At last the old woman decided to give her thimble to the woodcutter's beautiful daughter. The old seamstress handed the thimble to the young woman, kissed her gently, and said, "Guard it carefully. It is yours."

The woodcutter's daughter returned home with her precious gift and immediately sat down to work on her own wedding dress. But the stitches all came out crooked, the hem fell, and the laces, for some reason, would not lace. The maiden angrily went back to the old woman and threw the golden thimble in her lap. "It's no good!" she said. "It doesn't work!" And she told the old seamstress what had happened.

The old seamstress listened carefully to the maiden's story. Then she looked shrewdly at the woodcutter's daughter and said, "Of course it didn't work for you. You're an idiot."

Carlisle, Pennsylvania

The Riddle

Once there was a beautiful maiden whose father would not permit her to marry. When she told her father she wished to marry this or that young man, he would frown and say, "No young man is worthy of my daughter. They are all fools." And no matter how his daughter begged and pleaded, he would reject all her suitors.

One day, when the father and daughter were discussing the subject of her marriage, the young maiden began to cry. This was something her father could not bear to see, because he loved his daughter very much. And so he said to her, "Rather than cause you to cry, I will make a promise: If any young man can answer a riddle I will ask him, then he may marry you."

The daughter hugged her father and said, "Thank you, thank you," as she wiped the tears from her eyes. Then she said, "But tell me, Father, what is this riddle you will ask the young men who wish to marry me?"

Her father thought for a moment and said, "What is rare, medium, and well done, all at the same time?"

The beautiful maiden thought for several minutes but could not come up with an answer. Finally, she asked her father, "What is the answer to this riddle?"

"That is for me to know and you to find out," he said slyly, and went away.

Now, many young men wished to marry the young maiden, and each of them came to her father to ask for his permission. To each of them the father put forth his riddle. Each of the young men thought long and hard, sometimes very long and very hard, but none of them could come up with a solution. And so the father felt sure that no young man would ever marry his daughter.

One day a tall, handsome fellow came to the beautiful maiden's father and asked for permission to marry her. "Certainly you may," the maiden's father said. "But first you must answer a riddle."

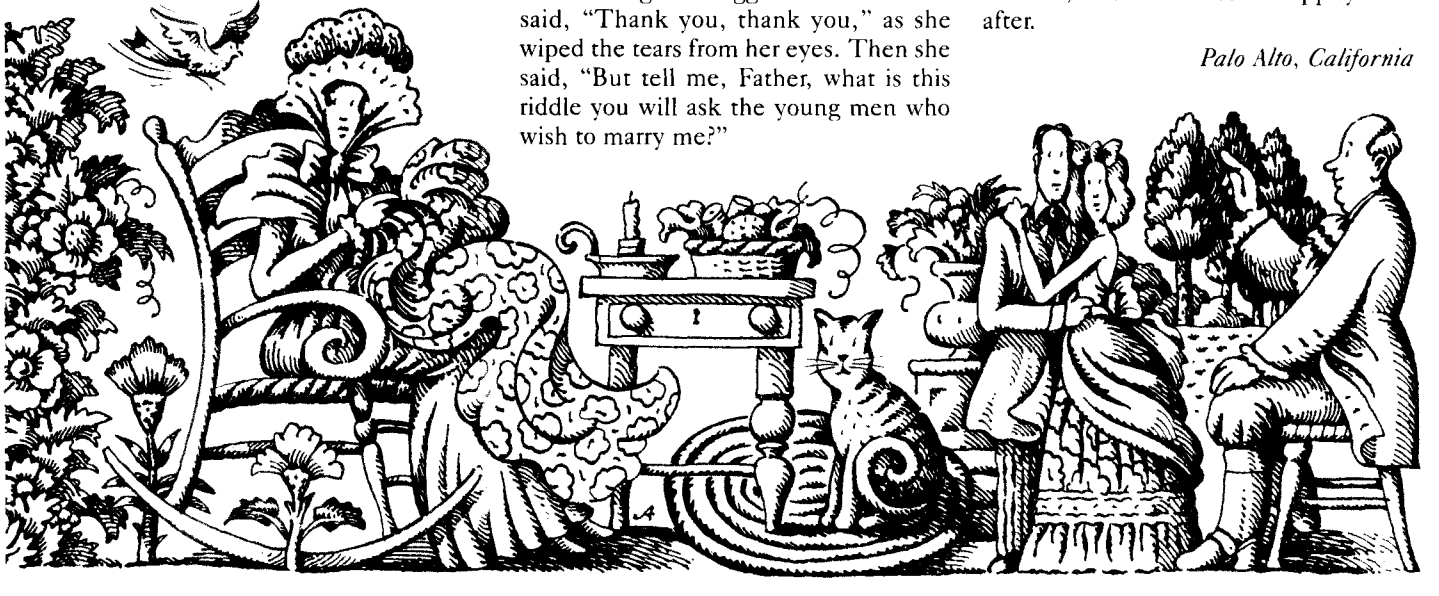
"And what riddle may that be?" the young man asked.

The father laughed to himself and said, "What is rare, medium, and well done, all at the same time?"

The young man scratched his head and thought for a minute. Then he said, "Why, sir, the answer must be our lives: we feel that they're rare, we hope that they're well done, but deep down we know, to our sorrow, that they're only medium."

"You have answered the riddle!" the old man cried. "You may marry my daughter!" And so the beautiful maiden and the tall, handsome young man were married, and lived not unhappily ever after.

Palo Alto, California



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think small

THINK BIG!

It once was common in business to see that phrase with exclamation point, capital letters and sometimes even printed in red.

Now, a lot of people seem to be saying it's best to think small.

They believe that as a corporation grows, it somehow loses its entrepreneurial spirit. Somewhere along the line, the argument goes, economies of scale cease to work the way they're suppose to, and the law of diminishing returns takes hold.

There is some truth and some myth in this.

The truth is that well-established, traditional businesses can be caught in their own managerial bureaucracy. They can evolve into organizations that act as caretakers for what's already in place, rather than as innovators and builders seeking to create something new. They can be too cautious. Successful entrepreneurs create companies that grow. The key to continued success is the ability to retain the entrepreneurial spirit.

It's a myth that the entrepreneurial spirit is incompatible with corporate growth. Actually, the need to identify, develop and manage the risk and reward relationship in any business, large or small, demands imagination and creativity on a large scale and on a consistent basis.

A business with a large volume of sales has the capital to sustain a large research effort to develop new products, improve existing ones, and expand its markets.

It can invest in improved facilities and equipment. It can attract and retain the best people. It can do all this and more as long as it doesn't lose those qualities which enabled it to grow in the first place.

Those qualities are imagination and creativity. That's another way of saying a big business has to think small. Not "small" in terms of size, but "small" in the sense of thinking like a small entrepreneurial business.

That means short lines of communications to keep managers free of bureaucratic shackles. It means delegating responsibility to those who are the closest to the customer and his needs and wants. Those managers in close touch with the marketplace are in the best position to anticipate changes and to adapt to new conditions.

Thinking small also means encouraging initiative by offering direction rather than by emphasizing restrictions. And it means grasping opportunities that present themselves—and creating opportunities where none exist.

Think small—it's a bold idea. But bold ideas are needed to be successful and big.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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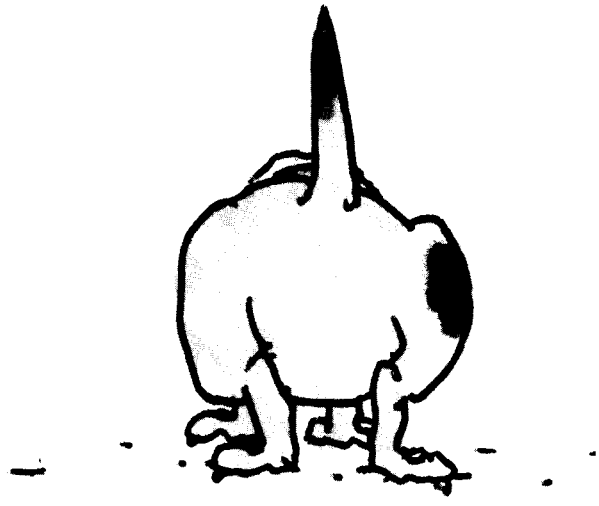
Theories of dog training vary as widely as breeds, but here are some strategies that seem to work

FOUR WAYS TO WALK A DOG

BY MICHAEL LENEHAN



IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED JACKAL AND FOX, DINgo and wolf. Then man came along and created the bulldog, the golden retriever, the Lhasa Apso, and the Dandie Dinmont terrier. No one can be sure exactly where one creator left off and the other started, but a few scientists have guessed at how it happened. One of the most compelling guesses comes from Konrad Lorenz, a founder of ethology, the comparative study of animal behavior. In the beautifully wrought first chapter of his book *Man Meets Dog* he imagined a timid, bedraggled band of human beings—hunters and gatherers—struggling to escape predators on some fearsome prehistoric plain. The tribe has recently moved into new territory, and the wild canines that usually follow it, hanging back at night just beyond the campfire's glow, don't seem to have come along. As a result, the people are suffering. Once contemptuous of the canines, they are beginning to understand that the animals, though annoying, served a useful function at the campfire, warning with their ruckus when a saber-toothed tiger approached in the night. Now that the people must stand guard for themselves, they have not been getting much sleep. They walk wearily, seeking a safe place to set up camp. Suddenly they stop: a welcome sound is in the air—one of those lost canines is howling in the distance. The leader of the tribe—his forehead a bit higher than the others'—takes a portion of their meager food supply and, over the objections of his uncomprehending fellows, executes what Lorenz called a "stroke of genius," one whose "meaning in world history is greater than that of the fall of Troy or the discovery of gunpowder." He faces the source of the sound and throws a bone. Thus begins the domestication of *Canis familiaris*, the pet dog.

That people and dogs have got along so well since then is largely attributable to the character of those wild canines. To put it bluntly, they must have been a lot like us. For one thing they probably lived in well-organized social groups that were remarkably similar to those of the human hunter-gatherers to whom they became attached. The wolf, which is generally considered the dog's wild ancestor (though scientists have quibbled on this point; Lorenz, for example, had the jackal in mind when he wrote the above scenario, though he later thought better of it), travels in a pack that is roughly comparable to a slightly extended human family: a mating pair, a generation or two of their offspring, and a few related adults—aunts and uncles, if you will. Mating pairs seem to stay together for life. The pack has a pecking order, with an "alpha" male (not necessarily the mating male) at the head. It hunts cooperatively—rare is the lone wolf that can bring down a moose—and divides its labor to a small extent, as when a mother joins the hunt and leaves another adult behind to care for her pups.

This social structure requires a good deal of communication, for each individual must know its place and its role in the society. Wolves have elaborate means of expressing cohesion and affection, and they maintain their positions as

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BOOTH

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leader and followers through ritualized gestures of dominance and submission. Many wolf gestures are quite similar to those used by people. An alpha wolf returning to the pack after an absence is likely to be encircled by several wolves and greeted with a great deal of affectionate nuzzling, as a daddy or mommy might be received at the end of a long business trip. A male wolf asserting his dominance may behave like a lout picking a fight in a saloon: he may scowl, pursing his lips and furrowing his brow, and stare directly into his adversary's eyes. In response the adversary might submit by looking away, by "smiling" sheepishly—pulling back the corners of his closed mouth—or by slinking away with his tail between his legs. Such signals are not universally understood among animals, not even among higher mammals. Konrad Lorenz was convinced that dogs and cats have no inherent understanding of each other's body language, even though to human eyes their signals seem quite similar. He also pointed out that one reason we consider bears so unpredictably dangerous—inclined to lash out with no apparent warning—is that the bear's face is thick-skinned and has little expressive musculature. Bears are not able to communicate facially to the extent that dogs and people are.

In addition to using signals similar to ours, dogs may be intelligent enough to learn some of our signals from us. One of the most prominent and prolific writers on canines, Michael W. Fox, who is the director of the Institute for the Study of Animal Problems, the scientific arm of the Humane Society of the United States, has observed that the canine "grin" often seen by pet owners may be learned from human beings; this expression, in which the dog's lips are pulled up and back, exposing the teeth, is remarkably similar to a human grin, and in Fox's experience dogs use it to communicate only with people, never with one another. Another expert has suggested that an ability to learn human facial expressions may account for the oft-repeated observation that pet dogs come to resemble their masters.

Though an experienced observer can tell a lot about a dog simply by looking at it, the communication more commonly goes from person to dog. One reason for this, certainly, is that our language makes us lazy, insensitive to the nuances of posture and expression. Another reason may be that the dog's extraordinary sensory equipment enables it to pick up signals that people don't even know they're sending. Dogs have been known to detect sounds as high in pitch as 60,000 cycles per second (the human limit is about 20,000), and they are apparently able to make fine distinctions among human words. Lorenz told of an animal psychologist named Sarris whose three German shepherds could respond reliably to commands made by name from another room; their names were Aris, Paris, and Harris. Of course, the dog's sensitivity to sound is not nearly as impressive as its legendary sense of smell. A large dog's olfactory region—the nerve-packed membrane lining the nasal cavity, over which inhaled air is drawn—is about fourteen times the size of the comparable structure in a human being. Investigators have found some dogs that are able to detect sulfuric acid in concentrations of 1:10,000,000—less than a drop in a hundred gallons. This acuity explains why dogs are so adept at finding lost children, hidden explosives, and smuggled drugs, and why pet dogs always seem to be sniffing at each other or at the ground. Smell is to them what sight is to us—their chief means of experiencing the world. To say, as people sometimes do, that "a dog can smell fear" may be more than merely a metaphor. Perhaps as we learn more about the physiological causes of our mental states and the chemical signals we give off—pheromones, as the biologists call them—we will learn that dogs can smell a whole range of human emotions. That would come as no surprise to legions of pet owners. One dog trainer I know claims that his German shepherd can read his moods better than he can himself. "If I get out of bed in a bad mood," he said, "the dog knows it before I do, and I can see it in the way he acts. *He* tells *me*." The dog's sensitivity to body signals, combined with its inherent desire to follow a leader, probably explains the ability of certain people miraculously to "train" a dog within a matter of minutes. Evidently, in their posture, their movements, their tones of voice, and perhaps even in their perspiration, these people simply exude the aura of an alpha wolf.

The canine, then, was highly qualified for the position of man's best friend. And its on-the-job training started as soon as it accepted its first free meal; that's when human beings began selecting, though unconsciously at first, the characteristics they found most useful and endearing. Chief among these is a kind of persistent infantilism, or a lack of development of adult characteristics. Traits that change or fade as a wolf pup grows to maturity persist through adulthood in domesticated dogs. In some breeds of dog these include physical characteristics—shortened muzzle, floppy ears, domed skull—but characteristics of behavior have doubtless been more important. For example, wolf pups, like dog pups, are friendly to strangers and highly dependent on their elders; these traits diminish as the wolf pup grows into a wary, independent adult, but in the domestic dog they persist more or less through life. We like our pets tractable and cuddly, and over thousands of years we've selected the ones that remain that way. (Incidentally, this phenomenon of persistent infantilism, sometimes called neoteny or paedomorphosis, is seen in other domesticated animals—for example, the domestic pig and cow. Michael Fox has pointed out that it is also seen in human beings: in some respects we look and act a lot more like baby apes than like adult apes.)

Of course, we haven't quite succeeded in making our dogs as tractable and cuddly as we might wish. In fact, as our society becomes increasingly urban and our cities increasingly strange, our best friend sometimes seems to be turning against us. Consider this classic pet-problem scenario: A modern Mom and Dad, perhaps remembering the dogs of their own happy childhoods, stop in at a shopping-mall puppy mart to pick up a surprise for the kids. Believ-

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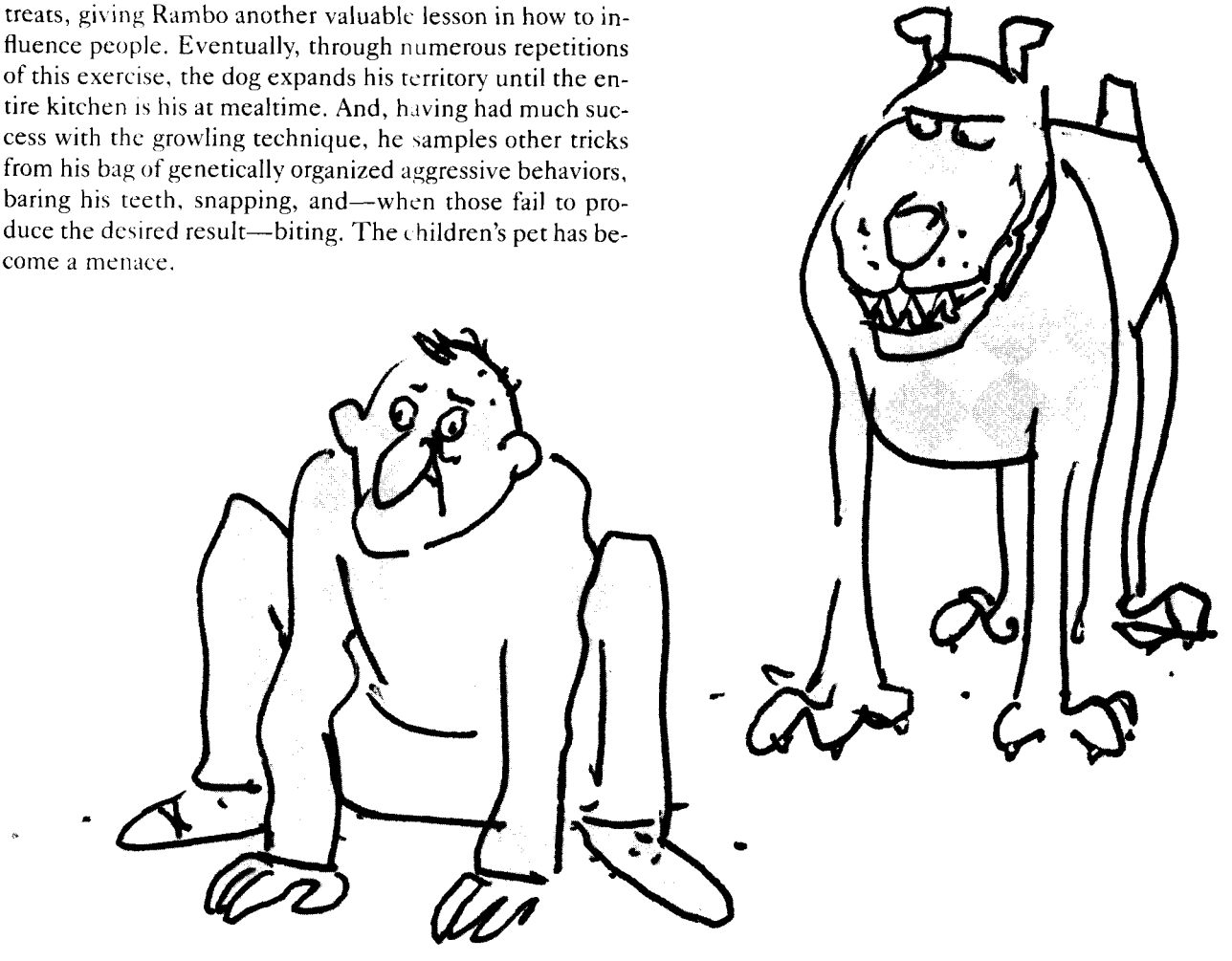
ing that dogs are essentially alike, they intend to choose one of a convenient size and an agreeable color. But their plans change as they are won over by an adorable male puppy, one that pads up fearlessly to check them out while his litter mates cower in the corner of their pen. Mom and Dad feel that this dog has chosen them. So they bring him home, and the children give him a name. Let's call him Rambo.

All goes swimmingly for a few months, save for the usual problems of soiled carpets and diminishing interest on the part of the kids. Then one night, while the maturing puppy is eating his dinner, the youngest child wanders into the kitchen and makes a move that looks to the dog, seeing it out of the corner of his eye, like an advance on his food dish. Responding less to the child than to the genetic legacy of his hunter forebears, Rambo growls his most menacing growl—as a feeding wolf might do in such a situation, even if the interloper were higher in the pack's pecking order. The child recoils in terror, and Rambo goes back to his dinner, having learned a new way to avoid the stress of mealtime interruptions. The next time this sequence occurs, the child runs to the living room and complains to Mom and Dad. When Dad goes into the kitchen to investigate, Rambo tries the technique out on him. Dad, knowing little of dog behavior but feeling certain that retaliation would only make things worse, also retreats, giving Rambo another valuable lesson in how to influence people. Eventually, through numerous repetitions of this exercise, the dog expands his territory until the entire kitchen is his at mealtime. And, having had much success with the growling technique, he samples other tricks from his bag of genetically organized aggressive behaviors, baring his teeth, snapping, and—when those fail to produce the desired result—biting. The children's pet has become a menace.

Perhaps TV can help. There's Barbara Woodhouse, the Julia Child of dog training, waving jauntily and striding confidently into the living rooms of America, dressed in her English-lady uniform of blue sweater, plaid skirt, and no-nonsense shoes. Mrs. Woodhouse—it wouldn't seem right to call her anything else—is a savvy animal trainer, to be sure. Her experience is long and varied, including work with horses and cows in addition to dogs. She has trained many animals for the movies, and she wrote a couple of good books before becoming an international media celebrity. And just look at the way the dogs mind her! They seem to obey almost instinctively. That they return to their mischievous ways as soon as she hands the leashes back to their owners only proves that she is someone special.

With Rambo blockaded safely in the kitchen, Mom and Dad bask in public television's reassuring glow. This is going to be easy. Mrs. Woodhouse is full of advice, and Dad is taking notes: Hold the leash over two fingers of the right hand. Not three fingers, two. Give the sit signal with two distinct arm movements, and enunciate the command in



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separate syllables accordingly: "Si-tt." To praise the dog for doing well, scratch its chest gently with one finger—don't rub!—and say "What a *good* dog"; drop the pitch of your voice on the word *good*. Remember, there are no bad dogs (except for the obvious cases of mental derangement), only inexperienced owners. And we're going to fix that.

Next day Mom goes out and picks up the correct sort of choke chain—the links are not too big, not too small—and when Dad gets home from work he takes Rambo out for his first lesson, notes in hand. The notes say that a good firm jerk on the leash can make a nervous dog confident, so Dad summons up his merriest tone of voice, cries "Walkies"—the word Mrs. Woodhouse prefers to "Heel"—and sets out with a decisive, confidence-building yank. Rambo confidently bites him on the leg.

By this time Rambo is nearly a year old and has assumed in our hypothetical household the same position that he enjoyed among his mates in the pet shop: he is top dog, alpha wolf, the leader of the pack. Unless they are content to live with this situation—which a surprising number of people seem to be—Mom and Dad now stand at a crossroads. One way leads to the local animal shelter. The other leads to a live, in-the-flesh dog trainer. We already know what happens at the shelter. Let's see what we can learn from a few trainers.

TWENTY-NINE DOG OWNERS, TWENTY-NINE DOGS, and eight or ten onlookers are gathered in the training area in front of Bill Koehler's house in Ontario, California. It's a Saturday morning, and Koehler's son Dick is conducting the fifth session of a ten-week beginners' class in dog obedience. Bill Koehler (his last name rhymes with *dealer*), who is seventy-one, began teaching such classes in 1946; during the war he was a civilian trainer at the War Dog Reception and Training Center, in San Carlos, California, and later he made a successful career in what he calls the "picture-dog" business, training and handling such dogs as Roy Rogers's Bullet and the stars of the Walt Disney movies *Big Red* and *The Shaggy Dog*. Now the family business consists mostly of group classes, and Dick Koehler, who is fifty-two, runs nearly all of them—Friday nights at a dog club in Fontana, Monday nights in the parking lot of a pet-supply house in Colton, Tuesdays in San Bernardino, six and sometimes seven classes a week, thirty or forty dogs to a class, 800 or 900 dogs a year.

Bill Koehler used to operate a kennel here in front of the house. It's in an out-of-the-way place in one of Ontario's industrial districts, so close to the tracks that some people have to struggle to be heard over the sound of a long passing freight. Not Dick Koehler; he has voice to spare. He's a rugged-looking man, with weathered skin, graying dark hair, and a big belly hanging over his belt. With a leash in his hand he is nimble. He sometimes paces while addressing his students, and he sometimes calls them "people," as in "Now, people, there's something I want to show you. Who has a dog that's heeling wide?"

To heel properly, a dog must walk at its handler's left side, changing pace as necessary to keep its ear about even with the handler's knee. A dog that heels wide is straying too far to the left, allowing too much distance between itself and the handler's leg. If the dog is on a leash and wanders to the far side of a fireplug, the fault can be annoying; if it wanders to the far side of, say, a toddler or a senior citizen, the consequences might be more serious. Dick Koehler is going to demonstrate a cure.

A four-by-four wooden post is planted firmly in the yard, extending three or four feet above the ground. It's called the heeling post. Koehler accepts a leash from one of his students and walks the volunteered dog, a female black Labrador retriever, toward the post, allowing her to heel wide so that she will pass by one side of the post while Koehler passes by the other. As soon as he can see that the dog will err, Koehler locks the leash tight in his hand and picks up his pace slightly; as he passes the post, the dog is pulled rudely into it, her head pressed firmly against the wood. She squirms and struggles, looking for a way out. Koehler keeps moving forward; the pressure on the dog's neck lets up only when she manages to free herself by backing around the post.

Now Koehler returns to the starting point and sets off a second time. Again he walks purposefully toward the post; again he gives the Lab enough leash to hang herself. But this time the dog is having none of it. As the two approach the post, she appears to have been grafted to Koehler's knee; she has no intention of letting anything come between her and her master. Koehler makes it hard for her, angling toward the post so that she will have no room to pass with him. At the last minute she stops and lets him walk ahead, and then follows him on the correct side of the post. Students and onlookers laugh appreciatively.

The teacher addresses his class: "How many of you, when you were little kids, stuck a hairpin in an electrical outlet?" Pacing, he surveys the raised hands. "Couple of you. How many times did you do that?" Single raised fingers. "One time. How many of you have ever held your finger over a burning match? How many times did you do *that*?" Pause one beat. "It doesn't take long, does it? Okay, your dog is capable of figuring out a simple mechanical problem—if you bang your head against a post, it smarts. It doesn't take much. The *dumbest dog in the world* is gonna bang his head against the post maybe three times.

"Now, if you noticed, when I went past the post with the dog the first time, I maybe even speeded up a little bit. I want to give that dog the *privilege* of learning that when you bang your head against the post, it smarts. That's his God-given right, to learn information like that. Don't take it away from him. There are people in the world who would be kindly, and actually end up punishing their dog, by coaxing and getting to the post and losing their nerve and not allowing the dog to learn that when he sees that post coming, he better duck behind the handler and get out of the way." Pause. "You understand that?"

Now the students line up to try it for themselves. Bill

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Koehler, who is watching the lesson with me and wants to be sure I get the point, has supplied me with a stopwatch and told me to record the total time each dog spends in the trapped, hung-up position on the wrong side of the post. I'm also to record the number of passes each dog makes before it catches on. Here are my results from a sample of eighteen dogs: one dog failed to learn the lesson after the third try; one learned in three tries; six learned in two; six learned in one; and four could not be induced to run afoul of the post in the first place. No dog spent more than eight seconds total in the hung-up position on any one try, and most spent only three or four. Bill Koehler's interpretation of this data is that most dogs can figure out the relationship among dog, handler, leash, and post within a few seconds, and many require only one trial. It's an example of what Koehler calls "single-experience learning," and he offers it as proof that dogs can think.

Koehler likes to show the heeling-post exercise to psychologists. He sees them as the enemy, as inexperienced and overeducated fools who labor to obscure the obvious—that dogs and other animals are capable of reason—with the gobbledygook of stimulus and response, operant conditioning, instinct and reflex. "I always ask, when I give a clinic, if we have a psychologist or a psych major present," he told me. "You have to stake your shrink out, always."

"I had one psychologist cry," he said proudly. This was at a clinic in Elgin, Illinois. Before demonstrating the heeling-post exercise he questioned her closely on what the dog would do according to accepted psychological theory. "I made her commit herself first. I pinned her down on every definition. You have to do that with psychologists—they're like weasels." Then he walked a dog around the post a couple of times and pressed the psychologist to explain its behavior without resorting to the concept of thought. "Tears were streaming down her face," Koehler said. Had he just confronted her with the bankruptcy of her life's work? Or had he reduced her to tears by the sheer force of his badgering? Either is possible, I think. He's an opinionated and combative old cuss, but he makes a good case for himself.

BILL KOEHLER MAY BE THE ONLY PERSON IN THE United States whose name stands for a method, perhaps even a philosophy, of dog training. The Koehler method, laid out in detail in a successful series of books that began appearing in 1962, is known all over the country—practiced in some places, vilified in others. Of course Koehler does not mind the controversy; it is, he told me, a "marketable commodity."

The Koehler method starts with a walk. The dog wears a common choke-chain collar (universal choice of the trainers I've met), attached to a fifteen-foot cord that Koehler calls a "longe" or "longe line." (One Koehler-method instructor in my area calls it a "lounge line.") The handler may not tug on the line to indicate the direction he intends to go in; rather, Koehler insists, the line must be slack, lest it become an unwanted means of communication between handler and dog. Verbal communication is also forbidden at this point. To those who cannot resist coaxing their dogs or pleading with them, Koehler suggests tape over the mouth. In fact, the handler pays the dog no attention whatsoever. His task is simply to choose an objective and walk toward it, holding the line firmly enough and proceeding with enough conviction to ensure that the dog has no choice but to come along. Whether the dog "plows a furrow with his fanny or saunters at your side," Koehler instructs, "do not permit him the victory of stopping you before you reach your objective."

The purpose of this exercise, which takes up the first three days of Koehler-method training, is to persuade the dog that the handler is going to go where he pleases, and that if the dog wants to know where that might be, it must watch the handler. Koehler contends that speaking and tugging on the leash only convince the dog that it doesn't need to pay attention. If the handler announces his every move, the dog may feel free to pursue its own interests between announcements. Koehler says, "A dog is an intelligent creature—intelligent enough to see that if the human is going to pay all the attention, the dog doesn't have to. There are lots of people who work as seeing-eye humans for dogs that can see perfectly well. Seeing-eye humans do all the thinking for them."

These three days of noncommunicative walking are preparation for what may be the most important event in the Koehler program. If all goes well (Koehler promises it will), the fourth day brings a fundamental reordering of the relationship between dog and handler. The handler begins by devising a temptation that is certain to appeal to the dog and disrupt its attentiveness—the neighbor's cat, a pile of hamburger, an open gate. Say it's an open gate. "Now, equipped with the longe," Koehler has written,

> bring the dog from confinement and approach the open gate as head-on as the layout of your area permits. . . . If your dog fails to see the invitation, stop at least twenty feet from the gate until he alerts to his opportunity. Lock both hands tightly in the loop of the longe, and offer him Godspeed and the full fifteen feet of slack. As he moves toward the gate, hold your line-grabbing hands to your chest like a ball-hugging halfback and drive hard in the opposite direction. You should be going at least eight miles per hour to ensure follow-through for the dog's abrupt stop and complete reversal. And there is a reversal, unless you mush out and slow down. Let the unchallengeable force of your momentum carry the dog at least eight feet in your direction so that the lesson has the maximum significance as well as impact.

Can you picture this maneuver? What Koehler refers to as the dog's "abrupt stop and complete reversal" other people sometimes call flipping or dumping the dog; of the eight feet that the dog is "carried in your direction," half or more are likely to be traversed in midair. It is a rude surprise, which is exactly what Koehler intends. Just a few

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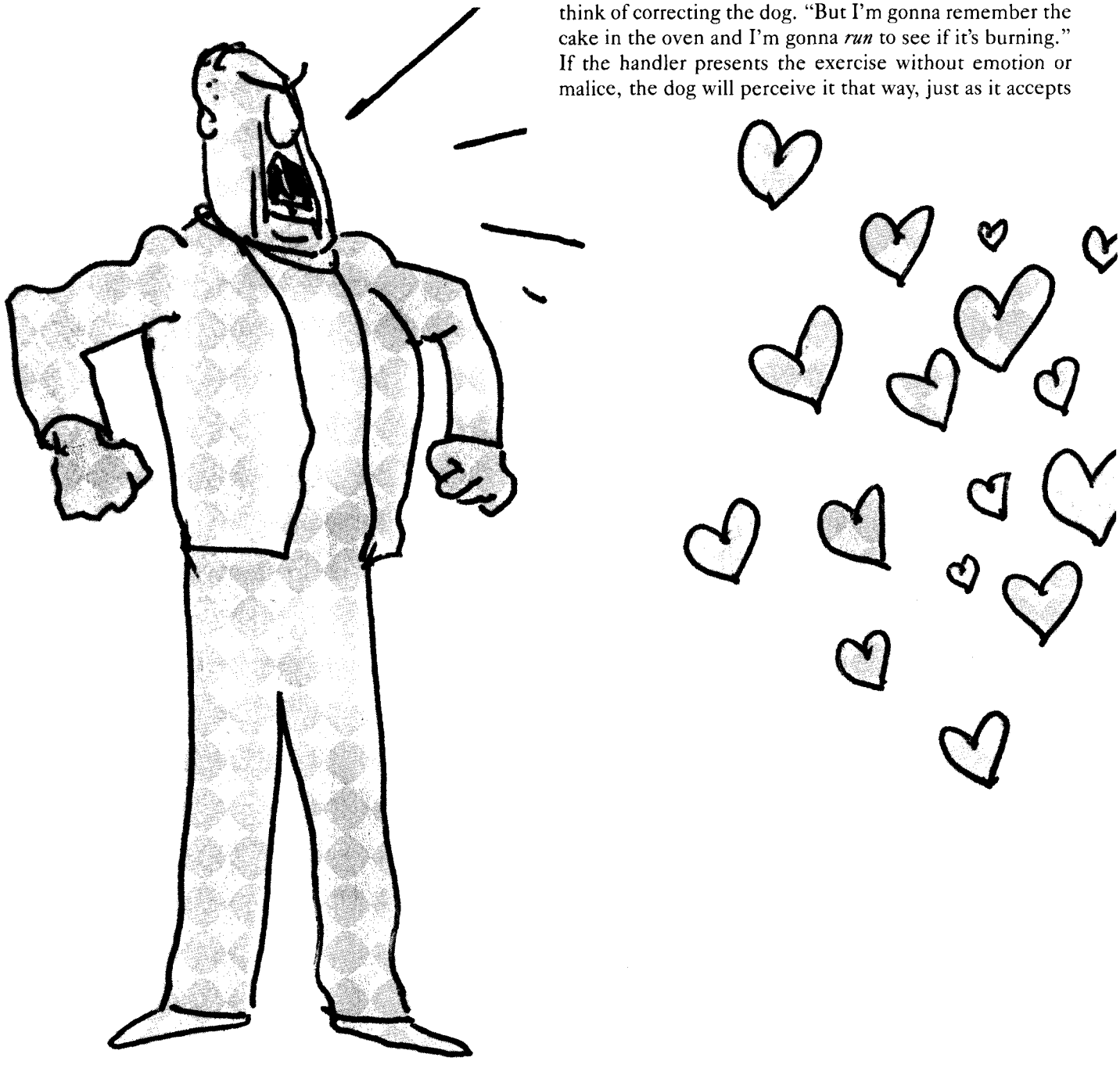
repetitions of this, he claims—three minutes, more or less—will effect a dramatic transformation in the dog's behavior. "The third time, you'll feel like you lost a fish." The dog will be watching your every move; indeed, with its extraordinary sensory abilities, it will seem to anticipate your every move. Koehler promises that by repeating this exercise over a period of time with a wide variety of progressively more tempting distractions, one can eventually persuade the dog that when it is in a training or obedience situation, it must watch the handler at all times, *especially* when tempted by something else.

Some see this technique as cruel or unnecessarily rough. Naturally Koehler's perception is different, and he claims that the dog's is too. If one uses a fifteen-foot line, he says, and takes care to give the dog plenty of slack, the dog perceives its "abrupt stop and complete reversal" not as a fate visited upon it by the handler but as something it has brought upon itself. Think of an oak tree, Koehler says. A dog may light out for the gate once, or it may try running full-speed into an oak tree once. In each case it quickly learns the consequences of its action. Now, Koehler asks, can you imagine a dog running into the tree a second time? Does the dog hate the oak tree? Is the oak tree cruel? If the dog does charge the tree again, does it deserve to get a lump on its head? Koehler insists that the longe exercise is every bit as impersonal. Moving eight miles an hour in one direction after the dog has taken off in the opposite direction is not a technique for punishing or correcting the dog: at this early stage of training, Koehler says, he wouldn't think of correcting the dog. "But I'm gonna remember the cake in the oven and I'm gonna *run* to see if it's burning." If the handler presents the exercise without emotion or malice, the dog will perceive it that way, just as it accepts



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the neutrality of the oak tree. That, Koehler says, is why the technique is so much more successful than the common method of yanking on the leash and asking or ordering the dog to come along. The common method is a contest of wills—master against dog. The Koehler method is a matter of fact—dog against the oak tree, dog against the laws of physics. Were you to infer from this that dogs have more respect for oak trees than they have for their masters, Koehler would smile and say that you're beginning to get the idea.

THE CONTEST OF WILLS DOES HAVE A PLACE IN THE Koehler method. Indeed, it becomes central as training proceeds beyond the first, fundamental steps. The special relationship between people and dogs is made possible by a small miracle of transference: a dog is willing to accept a human family as its pack, a human master as its alpha. But in the wolf pack the master's job is open to new applicants. Rudolf Schenkel, in a famous study on wolf behavior, wrote that "every mature wolf has an ever ready 'expansion power,' a tendency to widen, not a personal territory, but his own social behavior freedom, and to repress his 'Kumpans' [the other members of his pack]." The Koehler method assumes that the same is true of domestic dogs—that deep within its canine heart every pet wonders if it might not be better suited for the job of alpha than the chump who currently holds the position. Occasionally—the Koehlers would say constantly—a pet dog will try its luck. It may challenge the owner's authority by simply disobeying, or in extreme cases it may mount an actual physical attack.

The Koehlers and many other trainers therefore see their work chiefly as a matter of establishing the proper dominance hierarchy—placing the dog at the bottom of the household pecking order. The classic means of asserting dominance is the simple "leash correction," a decisive upward jerk on the leash which momentarily closes the choke chain around the dog's neck. (If the chain is arranged properly, it will fall open again immediately after the pressure is released.) To this some trainers add a technique or two borrowed from the alpha wolf. Konrad Lorenz claimed that he persuaded a self-reliant chow to accept him as its master by leading the dog on long excursions into unfamiliar territory, as the alpha wolf would lead his mates in a hunt. The Monks of New Skete, a group of Eastern Orthodox religious who breed, board, and train dogs in upstate New York (and who have published a well-regarded book called *How to Be Your Dog's Best Friend*), recommend that pet owners assert dominance with a method they call the alpha-wolf roll-over. The trainer grabs the dog by the scruff of the neck and rolls it onto its back, into one of the classic postures by which an inferior wolf submits to its betters. The monks also counsel pet owners on the use of eye contact to communicate affection and disapproval.

Trainers say that such expressions of dominance are desirable from the canine viewpoint as well as the human—that although dogs will test their masters, or challenge them for the leadership position, all dogs are most secure and confident when their places in the social order are firmly established and enforced. According to this reasoning, being the alpha wolf is less important to a dog than having an alpha wolf and knowing with certainty who it is. This may be why some dogs seem to go to pieces when separated from their masters. It is also the rationale behind Barbara Woodhouse's contention that a skittish dog can be made happier and more confident by a few firm jerks on its choke collar. "Jerk 'em and love 'em" is the way Mrs. Woodhouse puts it.

The Koehlers begin to rely heavily on the common leash correction as they move into the standard beginning exercises—sit, lie down, heel, stay, and so on. They also employ a couple of tricks picked up from the behavior of nursing bitches. To say "No!" or "Knock it off," the Koehlers use the word *out*, which they claim mimics the guttural snarl used by a mother to reprimand her young (for example, as Dick Koehler says, when a puppy "bites too hard on the faucet"). To control an aggressive dog in extreme circumstances—in other words, to stop a fighter or biter—they sometimes "hang" the dog by its collar, literally letting it twist in the wind. They say that mother dogs discipline their puppies in a similar manner, taking

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them by the scruff of the neck and holding them, sometimes shaking them, in midair; Dick Koehler says the method is effective because dogs fear the "loss of environmental control" that they suffer when their feet lose contact with the ground. If hanging fails, the Koehlers sometimes resort to what they call the "tranquilizer"—a piece of rubber hose, reinforced with a wooden dowel rod, that is used to strike the dog on the muzzle, between nose and eyes.

Most conscientious trainers who use these techniques—and many, perhaps a majority, do—try to be fair with them. Most would tell you that though it is proper to correct a dog for failing to obey, it is not proper to correct it for failing to understand. If you want to teach your dog to sit, for example, you must begin by gently guiding the dog into position while saying the word *sit*, and you must continue doing so until you are confident that the dog understands what is expected of it; then and only then are you justified in making a leash correction if the dog fails to sit on command. The Koehlers subscribe to this standard. Bill Koehler's books state it clearly, and Dick Koehler emphasizes it in his classes. Both also say that the most extreme forms of discipline are appropriate only for the most extreme cases of aggression—biting, fighting, and other pursuits that are likely to land a dog in the local gas chamber. Here again, they subscribe to the common standard. But the Koehlers have the reputation of being rougher than most trainers; in some circles the mere mention of their name causes heads to shake and eyes to roll.

One reason for this reputation is that what the Koehlers consider the inevitable consequence of an errant dog's mistake—the indignity a dog is likely to suffer at the heeling post or on the end of a longe line—looks to a lot of other people like an unwarranted correction. Another reason is the frankness with which Bill Koehler writes about the nuts and bolts of dog discipline. Many trainers know how to use a rubber hose, and when it is likely to be effective; not many feature such information in their books. But the biggest reasons, I suspect, spring from Bill Koehler's convictions about what dogs can do and what training should be. Koehler thinks that dogs are smarter than most people will acknowledge. He also thinks that most training problems are matters of disobedience, not misunderstanding. The two convictions are surely connected. Koehler thinks that if a dog fails to sit on command after a few training sessions—and many do—it can only be because the dog is getting uppity. Not only is it smart enough to understand what is wanted, it is also smart enough to feel contempt, and crafty enough to express it. Koehler has written:

> Of the many ways in which a dog can demonstrate his contempt for a deficient master, the "sit exercise" is one of the most expressive. By simply waiting for the second, third, or fourth command, or a number of nagging tugs before sitting, he can show his disdain. To add emphasis, he can sit sideways, his eyes and mind focused on something more interesting than his master, who by now is happily misconstruing his action as obedience.
>
> Such response to a sit command is similar to the action of a child who, when told to sit on a chair, flops down on the floor. To say that the child's response denoted respect and the exercise of good qualities of character is ridiculous. To construe a dog's delayed, inaccurate response to command as character-forming obedience is laughable.

Koehler believes that the refusal to perform usually stems from a lack of respect. He contends that dogs can be confused, upset, or perhaps even angered by a tentative or unjust handler. What they respect, indeed require, is authority, assurance, and fairness. This is another reason why Bill Koehler forbids tugging on the leash and pleading with the dog for cooperation. One decisive correction is far kinder, he says, than "nagging a dog into neurosis."

Another difference between the Koehlers and some other trainers is the degree to which they stress reliability and off-leash control. The Koehlers are not content with a dog that will sit on command nine times out of ten, or with a dog that obeys only when a leash keeps it close to its handler. They strive, Bill Koehler says, for "the kind of obedience that can save a dog's life," a level of control that will stop a dog dead in its tracks when it is about to do something dangerous—take off after a moving car, for example, or attack the toy poodle next door. For this reason among others, Bill Koehler derides those who use food tidbits in training, the practitioners of so-called positive or inducive methods; he calls them "cookie people," making no effort to hide the contempt in his voice. To train a dog solely by means of positive reinforcement is to ask for trouble, he says, because the dog's world is full of positive reinforcers—toy poodles, moving cars, and hundreds of others. A dog must learn to obey when no pleasure accrues from doing so; sometimes the only motivation that will work is respect for (some would say fear of) unpleasant consequences.

To ensure that this motivation will work even when the dog is off the leash, the Koehlers use a couple of implements designed to convince the dog that the handler is ubiquitous or omnipotent—able to administer corrections when he appears to be out of reach or even out of sight. One of these implements is a "throw chain," a short length of chain similar to that used in choke collars, doubled over and fastened in a way that makes it a convenient throwing object. After a dog has learned to perform the standard exercises on the leash, the Koehlers use the throw chain to wean it off the leash, directing it at the dog's backside if the dog fails to come immediately when called. Later they add a "light line," a length of fishing line that, Bill Koehler has written, "should be very strong, very long, and very light: so strong that your dog couldn't possibly break it; so long that, regardless of [the dog's] great speed and your slowness, you would have no difficulty in grabbing the trailing end [if the dog were to bolt]; and so light that its weight and length would be almost imperceptible." The idea is to persuade the dog that it can be reeled in at any time; it can never be certain of being beyond the long reach of the handler.

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IF YOU CAN IMAGINE THESE TECHNIQUES BEING PRACticed on a group of thirty more or less contentious dogs, by a group of thirty more or less exasperated dog owners, in a public place like a park or a pet-shop parking lot—flying chains and flipping dogs and jolting leash corrections and people yelling "*Ouut!*" at the absolute top of their lungs, with now and then a snarling dog suffering a loss of its environmental control—then you can imagine the sort of public-relations problems Bill Koehler has encountered in more than forty years of dog training. He once showed me some faint scars in his fingertips and told me this story about how he got them:

"I was in Griffith Park, in Los Angeles, and this person, who wasn't even in our class, brought a Dobie"—he means a Doberman pinscher. "Honest to God, it had bitten seven people in a week, including a policeman. There was nothing wrong with the dog, but the dog had controlled its owners, see, and had gotten unstable, because he had no authority figure at all. So they handed me the leash, and the dog tried to take me. I mean he was out to get me. So I took him airborne. Well, the women—we were working on a basketball court there in Griffith Park, and the women had all piled their purses together, at one end of it. And I backed up holding the dog—did you ever step on a pile of purses? Man, you go down! So I went down on the cement, see. He was going after my face, but luckily I kept a hand on the collar, and then somebody grabbed him—I couldn't get up because there were purses all around. There was a guy over on the tennis court, when I had the dog hung up, and he said, 'What are you tryin' to do, kill that dog?' A big old guy playing tennis. And what I said to him I wouldn't repeat even to another man. I think one of the things I said was, 'Come on over—you handle him.' This always shuts them off. But it just bugs you when you're trying to do something for people, with an animal, and one of these wincers doesn't understand."

By the time Koehler began writing books, his contempt for the wincers—or the "humaniacs," as he sometimes calls them—was so finely developed that he decided to take the offensive. When I read his first book, I thought I was reading the second or third, so combative was its tone; I assumed that I'd lost track of a book somewhere and that Koehler was answering its critics. In the first chapter he goes after psychologists, tidbit trainers, the authors of other dog-training books, and—most vehemently—the "kindly" people:

> They range over most of the civilized world; generally one or more will be found close to where dogs are being worked. They often operate individually, but inflict their greatest cruelties when amalgamated into societies. They easily recognize each other by their smiles, which are as dried syrup on yesterday's pancakes. Their most noticeable habits are wincing when dogs are effectually corrected and smiling approvingly at each other when a dozen ineffective corrections seem only to fire a dog's maniacal attempts to hurl his anatomy within reach of another dog that could maim him in one brief skirmish. Their common calls are: "I couldn't-do-that—I couldn't-do-that," and "Oh myyy—oh myyy." They have no mating call. This is easily understood.

When I asked Koehler what he was so angry about, he assured me that he was not answering any critics when he wrote that passage. It was a pre-emptive strike. "See," he told me, "I think most people are sane, and I wanted a way that I could alienate all the nuts and get the mentally sound people to read my book." On another occasion he made me laugh out loud by announcing, "I guess the nicest thing that could happen to you is to enjoy the enmity of the incompetent." This is another reason Bill Koehler has a bad reputation in some dog-lovers' circles: he baits his adversaries. He takes an almost perverse pleasure in shocking them.

He can't help himself. "See, I love dogs. Believe me, I've slobbered over more good and worthless dogs than almost anybody. Yesterday morning I was bawling like a baby because I had to have an old dog put down. But you know, sentiment is one thing, but there's a time for logic, too, in the training of dogs and every other profession. I suppose that every doctor who's had to open the abdomen of a child felt some sorrow for that child, but he also felt a responsibility to take whatever drastic steps were necessary to try to save the child's life.

"I've run a survey, from Cape Town, South Africa, to Regina, Saskatchewan, and in this survey I ask the people who are attending my clinics a simple question: If they were a social menace, and if they had their choice, would they rather be put to sleep in a black box or be knocked cold? And from Cape Town all the way to Regina, I've never run into anyone who would rather be put to sleep permanently than knocked unconscious, if it took that.

"I think these humaniacs are the worst damned enemies that dogs and other people have. . . . A lot of this stuff sounds so nice—'We love our doggies.' Cripe. They don't really love 'em, they love themselves, and they love their image of being such kind people. And I'll tell you this, when their dog gets killed unnecessarily from running out in traffic, they're very apt to go the whole route and put a little box edged in black in *Off-Lead* magazine or one of those: 'Ferdie, 1979–1982.' And the poor dog would be alive today if they had vertebras instead of Jell-O."

WATCHING BERNIE BROWN TEACH A DOG TO HEEL would drive Bill and Dick Koehler up a wall. The Koehlers walk a dog on a slack leash and tempt it to err, so that it can learn from its mistakes; Brown holds the leash taut, so that the dog will have no choice but to walk in the correct position. The Koehlers forbid "bribing" a dog with food and "nagging" it with repeated commands; Brown teaches a puppy to watch him by fluttering his fingers at his belt buckle, sometimes holding a tidbit there, saying "Watch . . . watch . . . watch . . . watch." The Koehlers think that dogs are smarter than most people give them credit for; Brown is one of the people who don't

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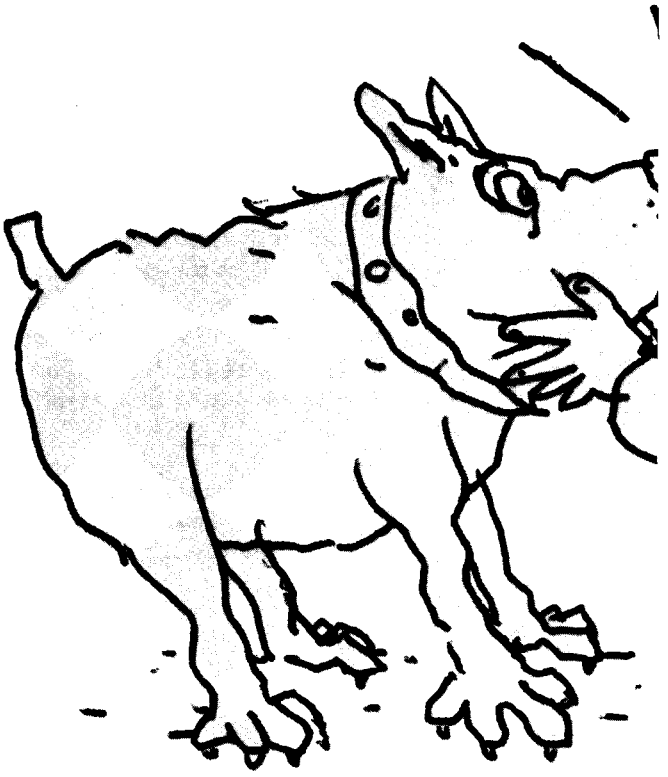
give them much credit. "I treat a dog as a very simple-minded animal, like a mentally retarded child," he says. "I go very slowly." The Koehlers aim to teach a dog the "consequences of its own actions," stressing the animal's dignity and the handler's authority; Brown tries to make training fun and exciting for the dog, expressing enthusiasm with a particularly gooey sort of baby talk: "Look at that baby! Look at that boy! Oh my goodness, oh my goodness gwacious, is that bootiful! That's just scwumptious." When he's particularly pleased, he'll hold a dog's snout in his hands and kiss the dog full on the lips, loud and wet.

Finally, whereas the Koehlers are straightforward, perhaps to a fault, about the use of physical force in training, Brown's attitude is a bit more complicated. Having learned his first techniques from traditional, military-style trainers—practitioners of what he calls the "jerk 'em, sock 'em, bang 'em method"—Brown now claims to have found a better way. His method, which he pointedly calls "the No-Force Method of Dog Training," does not eschew force so much as seek to avoid it as long as possible. Brown admits that for some dogs forceful training is the only way to get results. But for others—the majority, he says—it does more harm than good. It can make a "soft" dog or a shy one nervous, withdrawn, even aggressive. Brown therefore envisions a ladder of escalating force, and he advocates taking each dog only as high as is necessary to get results. Where his own dogs are concerned, he'd rather replace the dog than climb all the way up, but of course he cannot ask the same from everyone who comes to him for help, so he operates by a double standard that he readily acknowledges. I once heard him say to a roomful of dog owners: "I can't bang a dog around. I cannot live with myself if I have to beat up my dog. I can beat up *your* dog okay. I can handle that."

At times the Koehlers and Brown appear to be in entirely different businesses, and in a way they are. Brown is one of the extremists of dog training—one of the "obedience people" (as distinct from "pet people," in Brown's parlance), who have turned training into a means of amusement, a form of human competition. Obedience competitions—or trials, as they are called—are regulated by the American Kennel Club and held at dog shows all over the country. In them dogs are required, among other things, to heel, jump over hurdles, retrieve wooden dumbbells, respond to silent hand signals, and pick from a group of objects the one that bears the handler's scent. By accumulating points in these trials, handlers can work their dogs up through a progression of obedience titles, from C.D. (companion dog) to O.T.Ch. (obedience-trial champion).

Few people are better at this game than Bernie Brown. For three years running, 1979 through 1981, his male golden retriever Duster—properly Ch. and O.T.Ch. Meadowpond Dust Commander—was the Ken-L-Ration Obedience Dog of the Year, meaning he had scored more obedience-trial points than any other dog on the circuit. Brown retired Duster in 1982, at the age of six. Until last summer, when he was surpassed by another golden retriever, Duster had scored more points than any dog in the history of AKC obedience competition. Such a feat requires not only a talented dog but also a driven handler. Brown, a former newspaper copy editor and magazine publicist, says that obedience competition is his ego trip. "You know, you walk into a room where there's a thousand dogs, and you walk by and people say"—his voice drops to a whisper—"'Look who's here. That's Bernie Brown!' That's my high in life. That's what turns me on. Don't think it's not something to be able to walk into a room in Detroit or Carolina or Florida or California or wherever I go, and when I'm in the ring suddenly from all over the room people come just to stand by and watch—don't think I'm not aware of that. Do you know I retired Duster a year before the dog should have been retired? Why? So nobody in the world, not one person alive, can say, 'Oh, I saw that dog, he wasn't so great.' I retired him at his peak, because I never wanted anybody to say, 'Well, Jesus, that's Bernie Brown? What's so great about him?' I don't want that. It would hurt my pride too much. I can't handle that."

Duster begat his own successor in the obedience ring, a male golden called Chip, short for Meadowpond Duster's Chip Off the Block. (Meadowpond is the name of the kennel where the dogs were bred.) Chip was only sixteen months old when he competed in the Gaines 1984 United States Dog Obedience Classic, held in Elizabeth, New Jersey. He won in the novice division and earned the



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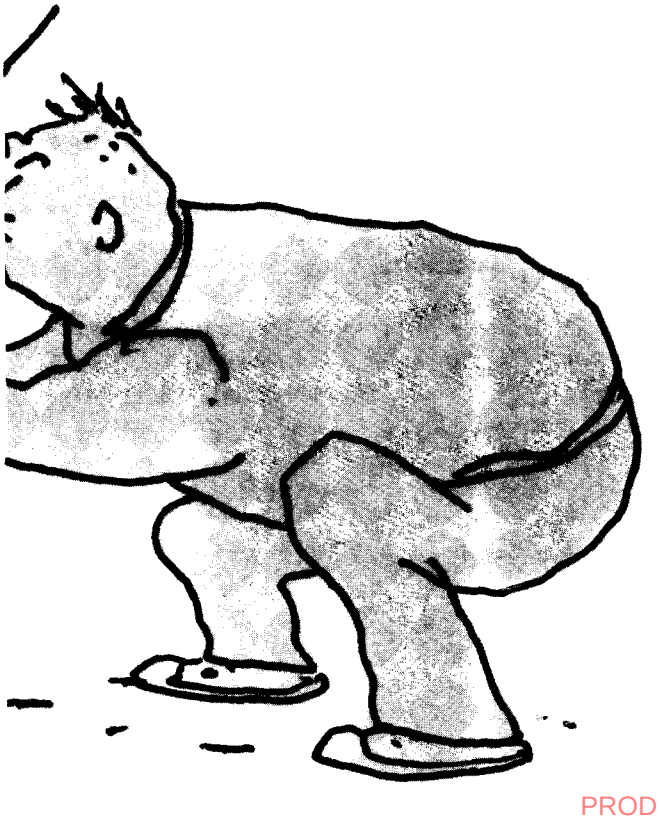
meet's highest score, 199 out of a possible 200. But later, as Chip moved from novice to open competition, a spine problem surfaced, ending his career; the open level is where the jumping begins, and Chip was literally unable to make the leap. Brown found him a home with some pet people and began searching for another competition dog. He was still searching a year later. When I first met him he was high on Skor, a golden puppy that he had just begun to work with. A couple of months later, when we met again, Skor was in the doghouse and Brown had a new world-beater, Cajun. He said, "Regardless of how good I am—and I really think I am one of the best trainers in the United States—I am only as good as the dog working with me. Duster made me look fantastic. Skor makes me look like a piece of . . . I think Cajun is going to make me look as good as Duster." But it's hard to judge a young puppy. By Brown's own reckoning Cajun was the sixteenth dog he had tried as Duster's replacement. His pride would not allow him to return to competition until he had found the perfect partner. "When I go into the ring, I want 'em to say, 'That little . . . that sonofabitch has got another one.' I want them to hate me."

Success in the ring is Brown's chief source of ego gratification; it also generates his chief source of income. He gives occasional group training classes, like the Koehlers', and he makes house calls to deal with problem dogs, but most of his livelihood comes from private lessons and weekend seminars that he gears specifically to AKC obedience competitors. (He has also written a couple of training manuals, the first of which is dedicated to Duster.) I attended a seminar he gave in Bristol, Tennessee, for about fifty dogs and their owners, mostly women. (Obedience competition is overwhelmingly female.) He put on a good show. He's a compact, peppery man of fifty-three, who could easily be mistaken for forty-three. He is affable, open, and hopelessly profane—if he fails to swear within five minutes of shaking your hand, you're probably making him nervous. Working the floor of a YWCA gym with a wireless microphone clipped to his shirt, he instructed his audience the way he teaches his dogs: very slowly, repeating some sentences two or three times for emphasis. He larded his talk with "we"s and with teacherly phrases like "In other words" and "What do I mean by that?" Once in a while he brought Duster or Cajun to the center of the room to illustrate a point. (Skor had been left at home, in Hinsdale, Illinois.) Brown harangued the audience, swore at them, ridiculed their pitiful ignorance, and they laughed and ate it up.

"Write this down," he told them. "As a dog trainer, you have one function only. One function only. What is that function? I'll tell you. It is, you're not to let your dog make a mistake. It's that simple. What is your job as a dog trainer? Pure and simple, cut out the bull . . . Not let your dog make a mistake. Now, I am in the minority. Most trainers feel that we have to let the dog make a mistake so we can correct the dog. Because how does the dog know what's wrong unless the dog is corrected? That's the way ninety percent of the dog training is done today in this country. I think that's wrong."



An example of what Brown thinks is right is his heeling technique, which he calls binding. He uses an extra-short leash—he just happens to have them for sale; you can pay during the doughnut break—and grasps it just above the clip that attaches it to the choke chain. Holding the leash taut as he walks, he gives the dog virtually no room for error. He uses a different verbal command to correct each of the four mistakes the dog can make. If he feels the dog forging ahead, he commands "Get back"; if he feels the dog lagging behind, he says "Get up"; if the dog wants to swing wide to the left, "Get in"; if it crowds in toward his leg, "Get out." Brown walks the dog in this fashion for minutes, days, months—until, as he likes to say, "the dog tells me it's ready to go on to the next step." The dog tells him through the taut leash, by not pulling in any of the four forbidden directions. The next step is to repeat the whole process, holding the hands a bit higher on the leash—one inch higher. Brown moves up the leash literally an inch at a time, until the dog can heel reliably on a slack leash and finally on no leash at all. Then it's time to teach the right turn: back down to the bottom of the leash and up again, an inch at a time. This progression in tiny increments is characteristic of all of Brown's training, even the advanced, off-leash work involving jumps and retrieves.

At the seminar Brown gave two main reasons for teach-

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ing the heel this way. The first stems from his working assumption on canine intelligence. The conventional way to teach heeling—used by Barbara Woodhouse, among many others—is to walk the dog on a slack leash, jerking in the appropriate direction to correct the faults of forging, lagging, and so on. The handler commands "Heel" on setting out and repeats the command with each correction—"Like this," Brown mocked, jerking a poor imaginary dog on the end of a leash that he held in his hands: "If the dog goes wide—'Heel!' If the dog crowds in—'Heel!' I want the dog to go around—'Heel!' I want the dog to swing—'Heel!' Now look at that from the dog's standpoint. Say we're walking off-leash, where I can no longer jerk the dog, and I say to the dog 'Heel!' Should he swing, get up, get back, get in, get out—or fall on the floor in total frustration? I have given him *six* definitions for one word. So you say, 'He can figure that out.' Well, maybe your dog is smarter than my dog. See, my dogs are very dumb. So I give my dogs one word to mean one thing. 'Get back' means only one thing. 'Get in' means only one thing."

The second advantage of this technique, Brown claims, is precision. "Jerking is a very unscientific way to get a dog in the heel position," he said. "If I jerk the dog back, where do I jerk him back *to*? If I jerk him forward, how far is forward? Binding lets me bring the dog within a sixteenth of an inch of where I want him to be."

IN THE STRANGE WORLD OF COMPETITIVE OBEDIENCE, inches count. To earn the title of companion dog, a dog must qualify in three separate novice obedience trials. In each trial it must score at least 170 points out of a possible 200, and it must receive at least half the points allotted to each of the trial's several exercises. (For example, the off-leash heeling exercise is worth forty points; any dog that fails to score at least twenty on it does not qualify—a shameful fate known to obedience people as NQ.) Here is what the dog must do: heel on and off leash, staying in position when the handler speeds up, slows down, and turns; sit automatically whenever the handler stops; heel on leash as the handler walks in a figure eight; stand still and allow itself to be touched by the judge; come without delay when called and sit directly in front of the handler; move when commanded from this sitting position to the heel position, at the handler's left knee, and sit there; sit and stay in a line of other dogs for one minute, and lie down with the other dogs for three minutes, while all the handlers stand on the opposite side of the ring.

To most pet people, a dog that could do all this would qualify as a fairly well trained dog. Most obedience people would consider a score of 170 reason to look for another hobby. Bernie Brown considers a score of 195 reason to look for another dog. The difference between the qualifying score of 170 and the perfect score of 200 lies in the speed, enthusiasm, and precision with which the dog completes the exercises. Points can be deducted if a dog lags a few inches while heeling, if it walks lackadaisically when commanded to come, or if it sits with its tail end a few degrees off center.

Brown thinks that competitive obedience is the most stressful endeavor a dog can endure—more stressful even than the responsibility of guiding blind people through busy city streets. When he first told me this, I scoffed, but later I came to understand what he meant. I suggested to him that the difference between a guide dog and an obedience dog might be something like the difference between an infantryman on patrol in wartime and a grunt performing drills in boot camp. The infantryman's job is more dangerous and his responsibilities greater, but he enjoys a sort of freedom, and to an extent he can control what happens to him and his buddies. In comparison, the grunt in boot camp endures a particularly grating kind of stress. He has no freedom, no real responsibility, and very little appreciation for the utility of lockstep marching, snappy saluting, and precision bed-making. To the grunt, it all seems an arbitrary exercise of authority: If the object of marching is to get from one place to another, why am I being hollered at for walking out of step? Similarly, a dog might ask, if it could ask such things, If the object of sitting is to be still at this person's side, why am I being corrected for placing my butt a few inches to the left of my nose?

Brown liked my analogy. When I went on to suggest that competitive obedience is perverse and unnatural, he said, "Probably, you're not too wrong. I've said that dogs don't think or reason; they communicate in animalistic terms that we don't really understand. But I guess if dogs could talk, the dogs would say, 'Hey, this is a bunch of . . . ' A dog is not made to be a precision animal. God didn't make him to be a machine, to be wound up like a robot."

Brown, a pro among hobbyists, demands much more of his dogs than most obedience people demand—not only more precision but also more enthusiasm, or at least the appearance of it. In the ring he aims to present a picture of unalloyed joy, exuberance, communion between dog and master. His golden retrievers walk with an almost equine prance, bending their heads around his leg to look adoringly up at his face. It's a sight to see, and Brown insists that it is a consequence not of training but of the dogs' temperament. Once, for my benefit, he took Cajun for a spin around the ring; the dog was only fourteen weeks old at the time, but he already had that Bernie Brown look. Brown said, "The average dog walks along and says, 'Aaah, let's get this over with.' But the natural temperament of this dog just says 'I want to please you: you enjoy it, I enjoy it, I love ya, I'm happy, I want to do it, I'm having a ball.'

"Now," Brown asked me, "did I train him to do that?" No, he had not yet begun to train Cajun formally. "The dog popped out of the womb like that," Brown said. This is why he devotes so much energy to finding the right dog. He wants his dogs to look happy and enthusiastic under extraordinarily difficult circumstances, and he is convinced that dogs able to do so are born, not made. When he's "campaigning" a dog, as he campaigned Duster for

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three years, he competes in sixty or seventy shows a year. "Load the dog into a car, drive five hundred miles one way to a dog show, compete on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, take him back five hundred miles—week in, week out, week in, week out. You know something? In the history of the sport of obedience only three or four dogs have been able to handle that grind." The grind is part of the reason that Brown tries to avoid forceful training. He says that if he showed ten times a year, he might be able to get away with using conventional methods. But, he says, "I know that a dog can't stand that while competing seventy times a year. You can't beat a dog up to make it work like that. Numerous competitive trainers have tried it, and they've all gone down in flames."

IN HIS MANUALS AND SEMINARS BROWN STRESSES THAT whatever one's objectives in owning a pet—competition, companionship, or anything else—selecting a puppy of the proper temperament is more important than any training method. Too few dog owners, he says, are aware that dogs even *have* temperaments, and their ignorance is the main reason that animal shelters are euthanatizing seven to ten million dogs each year in the United States. "You talk to a pet owner and say, 'What about the temperament of your dog?' and he won't even know what you're talking about. He'll say, 'I've bought a dog. My grandfather had a dog, my father had a dog, I had a dog, and now my son's got a dog. It has two legs in front, two legs in back, and a tail. What's temperament?'" As he said this, Brown was warming up to a diatribe, getting into character. "Then the dog starts snapping, growling, barking, and it's 'What have I got here? What's the matter? I better get something. I better get a book.' The guy goes in the store and picks up Barbara Woodhouse's book. 'Hmmm, "There are no bad dogs, only problem trainers." Jesus, I'm doing something wrong. Barbara Woodhouse, I've seen her on Merv Griffin. I've seen her on Johnny Carson. Obviously there's nothing wrong with the dog—it says so here. There's something wrong with me.'"

Brown believes that the world is crawling with bad dogs. The commerce in purebred dogs has increased dramatically since the end of the Second World War. In 1930 and 1940 the American Kennel Club recorded about 48,000 and 83,000 new registrations respectively. By 1950 the number had shot up to about 252,000, and in 1970 it exceeded a million. (The number of purebreds registered by the AKC is of course only a small percentage of the country's total dog population. According to the Pet Food Institute, the United States is home to about 50 million pet dogs in all.) Brown believes that much of the rising demand for dogs is being met by less-than-conscientious breeders and pet-shop operators; the result, he thinks, is a serious decline in the temperamental quality of our pet-dog population. "In 1940 I had my first dog, a cocker spaniel. The cocker spaniel was the number-one breed in the country. Everyone wanted a cocker spaniel because of a dog named My Own Brucie. He was a black cocker, and he was on all the cereal boxes and magazine ads. . . . The breeders went insane. They bred mother to son, father to daughter, and on and on, and suddenly the cocker spaniel turned into a vicious, snarling, mean, aggressive little bastard. Today the cocker is one of the most miserable-temperament dogs in the world."

Almost all of the dog people I know agree with Brown that sloppy breeding—and particularly the overbreeding that tends to occur when a breed becomes very popular, as a result of a movie or a TV show, for example—has seriously harmed some breeds, both physically and temperamentally. Most would agree that a prospective pet owner can avoid many common pitfalls by educating himself, getting good advice, and carefully selecting a dog rather than simply obtaining one. This does not mean, however, that you have cause to panic if you've recently come home with a hastily acquired cocker spaniel. Breed stereotypes are like any others: valid though they may be as generalities, they do not apply reliably to individual dogs. Moreover, Brown's perspective differs greatly from that of the ordinary pet owner. As a competitor he demands much from his dogs, as a trainer he sees a disproportionate number of incorrigible cases, and as a character he tends to express himself enthusiastically. The cocker is not the only dog whose temperament qualifies as miserable in his view.

"The same can be said of the Irish setter," Brown says. "They bred the *brains* out of the Irish setter. They bred the brains out of the German shepherd, the Doberman. They're breeding the brains out of the rottweiler, and they bred the brains out of the collie. The dog your grandfather had is not the same as the dog your son has. The collie had a big, wide, pie-shaped head, and he was massive, a hundred pounds. Now the collie's head is about that narrow"—Brown was holding his fingers a few inches apart. "The old Irish setter had a massive, gorgeous head. Today an Irish setter is an insane, off-the-wall maniac. They bred the brains out of him. That's where dogs are going today."

DANIEL TORTORA IS THE ONLY DOG TRAINER I MET who was able to say, with a perfectly straight face, "Come on into my office." His office is on a wooded estate, about three acres, in Upper Saddle River, New Jersey, an expensive suburb of New York City. His house is just outside the office door. His pool is out back, and his fire-engine-red Mercedes is usually parked up at the top of the hill. As we talked in one corner of the office, Tortora's assistant, Andrea Meisse, was working in another corner, entering data into a computer system that keeps track of Tortora's cases. Shelves in the room are packed with video cassettes documenting some of his more impressive cures. Behind his large desk is a small library of academic and reference books—*Aversive Conditioning and Learning*, *Physiological Correlates of Emotion*, *Structure and Function in the Nervous Systems of Invertebrates*, and dozens more. Arrayed on one wall are a collection of diplomas, including a Ph.D.

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in psychology from Michigan State, 1973. A sign down at the roadside identifies the place as Dr. Tortora's Pine Hill Kennels. A few miles away in Queens, where Tortora grew up, it would be called a nice setup.

In Tortora's training method—which is named RemBehCon, for remote behavior control—a dog is taught to heel in eighteen discrete steps (nineteen if you count heeling backward), enumerated in a computerized document called the RemBehCon Training Thesaurus. The first step, command level 1, goes by the description INDUCED HEEL. Definition: *dog can be induced to follow handler, walk alongside handler.* The inducement might be a tidbit, a hand slapping playfully on a thigh, or merely the dog's affection for the handler. Command level 18 is SUCTION: *find the heel position from progressively increasing distances from handler with an attraction close to the dog* + FULL HEEL. (FULL HEEL is command level 9, a drill-review of levels 1–8.) "This is what most people have, if they're lucky," Tortora told me, pointing to the top of the list. "*This* is what most people want," he said, sweeping his hand down toward the bottom. He laughed generously, as he often does; the ironies of life and of dog training seem to amuse him greatly. "Customers come to see me and they say, 'I want something very simple. All I want the dog to do is to listen to me when I tell it something.' What they mean is 'All I want the dog to do is come when called when he's chasing a rabbit, or sit calmly when he's getting prepared to jump excitedly on a guest.' All they want the dog to do is be controlled in the most demanding situations."

As Tortora defines it, dog training is the act of getting from what the customer has to what the customer wants—from the top of the list to the bottom. His Thesaurus, which he says is one of the keystones of his method, lays out for each of eighteen different commands a progression of tasks arranged in order of increasing difficulty. A dog is not asked to heel at level 6 (circles and figure eights) until it has mastered level 5 (straight lines at varying paces). In this respect Tortora is similar to Bernie Brown. "A correction trainer will be around here," Tortora said, waving his finger over the middle of his list, "and then the dog will be exposed to an attraction, and it will be punished, or corrected, for going toward the attraction. In my way of training that's sort of like teaching a child arithmetic, giving it a test in calculus, and then punishing it for failing." Bernie Brown's cardinal rule of training—never let the dog make a mistake—is in Tortora's argot "errorless learning," a concept that he says is well accepted among behavioral psychologists. And Tortora's leash technique—"leash pressure," he calls it, to distinguish it from the traditional jerking—is somewhat similar to Brown's binding. But Tortora parts company with Brown, and many other trainers, when it comes time to move from on- to off-leash control, probably the most difficult step in all of dog training. This is the point where Bill Koehler resorts to the throw chain and the fishing line. Tortora has used Koehler's techniques and admits that they work. "But you can't imagine the cursing," he says. "You know, if you've got a *fish* on the end of a fishing line, it gets tangled up. You can just imagine the potential problems if you've got a dog on the end of the line." Tortora, as one might expect from a quick look around his office, prefers a higher-tech approach. What puts the Rem in RemBehCon is another keystone of his method—a Tri-Tronics model A1-90 remote-control trainer, or what is commonly called a shock collar.

Tortora's kennel is a place where nitty-gritty dog training meets highfalutin experimental psychology. That's a rare intersection. Here Tortora is advising the readership of *Gun Dog*, "The Magazine of Upland Bird and Waterfowl Dogs," on the qualities that make a desirable retrieving prospect:

> I want an easily developed natural fetch. I want the pups to chase after a bumper when it's thrown and have a desire to carry it around. I want pups that will naturally choose water over land. . . . If you find a pup with a good set of qualities, you can get a shallow water retrieve in his first session with water. I got all of this and more in my pups, so I'm pleased. So now what?

Here he is addressing his colleagues in the *Journal of Experimental Psychology: General*, 1983, Vol. 112, No. 2:

> The data seem to suggest that safety training may create in dogs a sense of control over environmental stressors. By teaching the dogs a behaviorally balanced battery of prosocial "coping" responses, they may be developing the canine counterpart of "self-efficacy" or "courage." This cognitive modification . . . may be of prime importance to the success and stability of the results.

LIKE MOST OF THE DOG TRAINERS I'VE ENCOUNTERED, Tortora trained his first dog in his early teens, largely by the seat of his pants. "He was a combination German shepherd and yellow Lab, a really big sucker. I have no idea how I trained him. I just figured it out. I never read a book on it; I think I read a pamphlet, but I don't think I heeded it. It just made sense to me to do it this way: give a command just before the dog was about to do what I wanted him to do anyhow." Later, as a psychology student, Tortora would learn a name for this training technique—overlaying. He used it to teach his dog to defecate and urinate on command. "I waited until he was about to have to go anyhow; then I'd run him outside and give the command for defecating, which was 'Hurry up.'" Tortora told me he went to camp one summer and left the dog with his father, neglecting to give complete instructions. His father walked the dog ten times in two days, to no avail, and finally called the camp in a panic. Tortora told him the secret words, and the crisis passed.

At Michigan State, Tortora worked not with dogs but mostly with rats, and mostly in the area of what is called escape-avoidance learning. He gave me a brief lecture on it from behind his desk, stopping occasionally to fish for a journal reference or to pull a book from the shelf behind him. (He teaches a few psychology courses at Jersey City

continued on page 89

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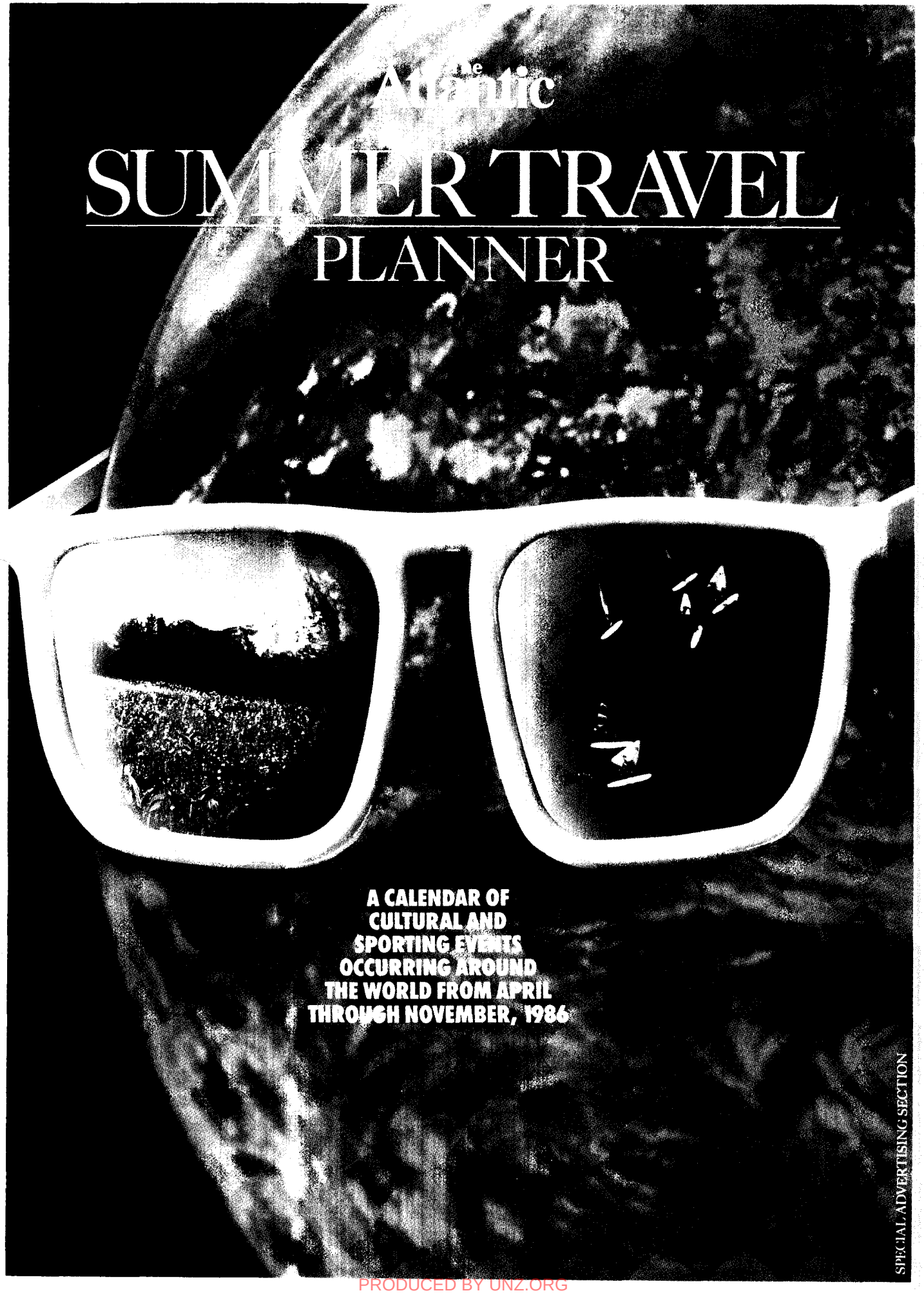

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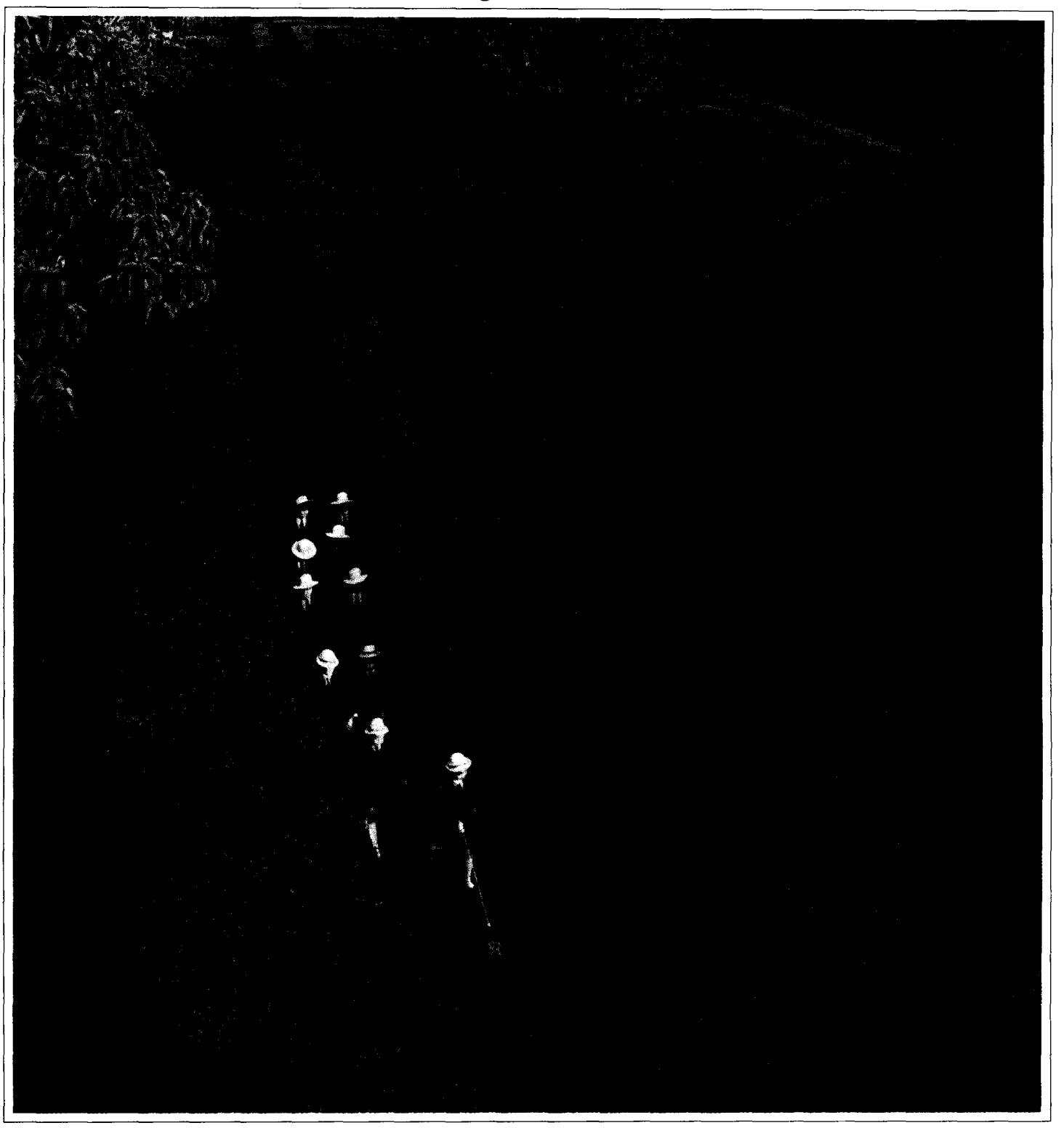

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CONTENTS

As you read this, elaborate plans to bring pleasure to visitors are going forward in all parts of the world. Vancouver is gearing up for the opening, in May, of Expo 86. Zurich is getting ready to celebrate its 2,000th anniversary, in June. New York City is both completing the renovation of the Statue of Liberty and putting the finishing touches on plans for the statue's centennial festival, in early July. The tall ships are making ready to be there—and to take part, as well, in this summer's Operation Sail, which will grace seaports from Bermuda to Bremerhaven, Germany. Bulgaria, meanwhile, is preparing for some 10,000 performers to take part in its National Festival of Folk Dances and Songs, held once every five years. And Seoul, Korea, is getting ready for the Asian Games, which will open in late September.

These are but a few of the highlights on the calendar of upcoming cultural and sporting events. You'll find information on more than 300 festivals, fairs, races, reenactments, celebrations, and commemorations in these pages. I would like to extend warm thanks to the national and state tourist boards for furnishing the detailed information that was used to compile these listings. Do check with the tourist boards or your travel agent to confirm dates of events listed.

Barbara Wallraff

The Atlantic SUMMER TRAVEL PLANNER

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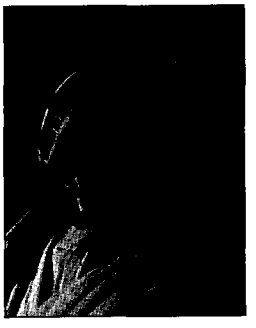
Page T-12

Page T-18

Page T-24



Page T-38

T-6 EUROPE
Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Cyprus, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, France, Greece, Ireland, Italy, Malta, Monaco, Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, United Kingdom, USSR, West Germany, Yugoslavia

T-17 MIDDLE EAST & AFRICA
Egypt, Israel, Jordan, Morocco, Saudi Arabia, Seychelles, Zambia

T-18 ASIA & THE PACIFIC
Australia, China, French Polynesia, Hong Kong, India, Japan, Malaysia, Nepal, New Zealand, Singapore, South Korea, Thailand

T-24 LATIN AMERICA
Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, Peru, Venezuela

T-26 THE BAHAMAS & BERMUDA

T-26 CARIBBEAN
Antigua & Barbuda, Barbados, Cayman Islands, Dominican Republic, French West Indies, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, U.S. Virgin Islands

T-31 CANADA

T-32 UNITED STATES
New England, Mid-Atlantic, Southeast, Midwest, West, Pacific

T-38 *INDEPENDENCE DAY AROUND THE U.S.*

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EUROPE

AUSTRIA

MAY 11–JUNE 15, VIENNA INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. From the Vienna Philharmonic's grand opening concert to the last opera, open-air concert, and play, this cultural extravaganza proceeds in a marvelously orchestrated manner. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

LATE JUNE–LATE AUGUST, CARINTHIAN SUMMER FESTIVAL, Ossiach. This scenic lakeside resort town offers daily, mostly musical, events: operas and concerts of lieder and orchestral, choral, and chamber music. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

JUNE 26–SEPTEMBER 14, PASSION PLAYS, St. Margarethen. Set in an imposing sandstone quarry used by Roman legions at the time of Christ, these Passion Plays are enacted every five years, on Sunday afternoons and on Saturdays in August and September, by perhaps 500 villagers, in fulfillment of a vow that villagers and their parish priest took in 1926.

JULY 22–AUGUST 24, BREGENZ FESTIVAL. Another year of spectacular performances of Mozart's *Magic Flute* on a stage that appears to float on Lake Constance. Donizetti's *Anna Bolena* is also on the program, as are concerts by the Vienna Philharmonic. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

JULY 26–AUGUST 31, SALZBURG FESTIVAL. Six operas, by Mozart and others, including the premiere of Penderecki's *Black Mask*; 14 orchestral concerts with a range of internationally renowned conductors; instrumental and lieder recitals; chamber, choral, and sacred-music concerts; and a series of 11 A.M. Mozart matinees. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

SEPTEMBER 14–OCTOBER 5, INTERNATIONAL BRUCKNER FESTIVAL, Linz. September 22-27 will be a bravura, with major orchestral performances on the weekday evenings and the high-tech Linz Sound Cloud on the weekend. The festival also offers multimedia renditions of Wagner operas and the premieres of music composed by the winners of international contests.

For information: Austrian National Tourist Office, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110. (212) 944-6880.

BELGIUM

MAY 11, CAT FESTIVAL, Ieper. More than 1,500 townspeople dress as cats to parade through town, and, blessedly, scarcely any of them look like Garfield. The day concludes with fireworks.

The pageantry of Il Palio horse race, in Siena, Italy

MAY 25, PROCESSION OF THE GOLDEN CHARIOT AND BATTLE OF THE LUMECON, Mons. To commemorate the delivery of Mons from the plague in 1349, a horse-drawn golden coach bearing a reliquary of St. Waudru circles the town. Then, in the afternoon, St. George fights the dragon, in the town square.

AUGUST 14-16 AND 20-23, FESTIVAL ON THE CANALS, Bruges. Each evening from 9 to midnight more than 500 costumed revelers take their places along the illuminated canals and in Burg Square, to sing, play music, and dance for passersby, in scenes that recall various historical epochs.

For information: Belgian Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10151. (212) 758-8130.

BULGARIA

MAY 18-25, INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HUMOR AND SATIRE, Gabrovo. A carnival, street revelry, comic films, puppet theater, and exhibitions of funny paintings, sculpture, drawings, photographs, and cartoons. The festival's motto is, The World Has Survived Because It Laughed.

MAY 24–JUNE 21, SOFIA MUSIC WEEKS. Featuring the Sofia National Opera, four major Eastern-bloc orchestras, Sergiu Comissiona and the Netherlands Radio

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IRELAND
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AUGUST 9-12, NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FOLK DANCES AND SONGS, Koprivshtitsa. More than 10,000 performers will take part in this extravaganza, which is held every five years. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

For information: Bulgarian Tourist Office, 161 E. 86th St., New York, NY 10028. (212) 722-1110.

CYPRUS

JUNE 22-24, CATACLYSMOS, seaside towns. In all the harbors of Cyprus colorful street fairs commemorate the Great Flood with singing, dancing, and traditional food and wares in open-air restaurants and market stalls.

For information: Cyprus Embassy Trade Center, 13 E. 40th St., New York, NY 10016. (212) 213-9100.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

MAY 12–JULY 4, PRAGUE SPRING. This music festival offers daily afternoon and evening performances by top soloists and conductors, primarily from the Eastern bloc.

For information: Czechoslovak Travel & Hotel Corporation, 10 E. 40th St., New York, NY 10016. (212) 689-9720.

DENMARK

APRIL 30–MAY 4, NUMUS FESTIVAL, Arhus. A major celebration of contemporary music: solo and orchestral works, fusion music, happenings, musical theater, and whatever they will think of next.

JUNE 8, ROUND LAKE SJAELSO ON BIKES, Copenhagen. Everyone is invited to participate in this bicycle race, and it seems that everyone does.

JULY 4-13, COPENHAGEN JAZZ FESTIVAL. Soloists and bands come from far and wide to hold forth.

For information: Danish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

FINLAND

JULY 5-13, PORI INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. The big open-air concerts on the island of Kirjurinluoto and the jam sessions are highlights of this event, which attracts top jazz players from all over the world.

JULY 5-26, SAVONLINNA OPERA FESTIVAL. Verdi's *Aida,* Sallinen's *The King Goes Forth to France,* and Mozart's *Magic Flute* will be performed in the courtyard of the medieval castle of Olavinlinna. Shakespeare's *Tempest* with Sibelius's music, and various concerts are also on the program.

JULY 26–AUGUST 2, ARCTIC CANOE RIVER RACE, Kilpisjarvi to Tornio. A 335-mile headlong scramble by canoeists and kayakers.

AUGUST 2, HELSINKI CITY MARATHON.

For information: Finnish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

FRANCE

MAY 23-25, GRAND PELERINAGE DE MAI, Les Stes.-Maries-de-la-Mer. Thousands of gypsies make an annual pilgrimage to this picturesque town on the Mediterranean coast in honor of their patron saint, Sarah of Egypt, who was the servant of the two Marys for whom the town is named. After a candlelight vigil in the church crypt, the gypsies make a procession to the sea, bearing the statues of the saints aloft in a sculpted boat.

MAY 26–JUNE 8, FRENCH OPEN, Paris. A world-class tennis tournament. Reserve tickets early.

JUNE 5-27, STRASBOURG INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, with Yehudi Menuhin; the Czech Philharmonic, with Vaclav Neumann; and other orchestras, a Mozart opera, chamber groups, and soloists.

JULY, FESTIVAL DE LA CITE, Carcassonne. This month-long orgy of music, theater, and dance at the town's medieval citadel peaks on July 14, Bastille Day. The streets are full of celebrants singing and dancing, and meanwhile, up above, the city's 50 or so towers are ablaze with the colors of the magnificent fireworks display.

JULY 3–AUGUST 1, INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF LYRIC ART AND MUSIC, Aix-en-Provence. The vocal music—opera in particular—is the main attraction. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

JULY 4-27, TOUR DE FRANCE, Boulogne-Billancourt to Paris. The famed bicycle race.

JULY 10-20, GRANDE PARADE DU JAZZ, Nice. This is said to be Europe's biggest jazz festival. Undoubtedly Nice attracts big names in all styles, to play in settings that range from smoky rooms to the starlit Cimiez gardens.

LATE AUGUST, GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE. The Royal Ascot of France—though surely the French would see it the other way around.

AUGUST 31–SEPTEMBER 7, INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL AND GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVAL, Dijon. Dozens of traditional singing and dancing groups, French and foreign, enliven Dijon and the vineyard villages nearby. Simultaneously there's the grape festival, a more or less endless round of tasting.

For information: French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-1125.

GREECE

THROUGH DECEMBER, HOLY TREASURES OF MOUNT ATHOS, Thessaloniki. Priceless Byzantine relics from the Mount Athos monasteries are on public display for the first time in the monasteries' thousand-year history. This may be the only chance women will ever have to see these treasures, which include mosaic icons, illuminated manuscripts, gold and silver reliquaries, and what is said to be a piece of the Holy Cross, for women are not permitted to visit Mount Athos.

MAY 4, EASTER SUNDAY, throughout Greece. The nation's most important holiday is celebrated with feasting and dancing everywhere. Tripolis, Trapeza, and Livadia hold fairs, where visitors are welcomed with roast lamb and local wines.

MAY 21 AND 23, ANASTENARIA, Aghia Eleni and Langada. Barefoot villagers practice the ancient firewalking ritual of *anastenaria,* clasping icons of Saint Constantine and Saint Helen while they dance on live charcoal embers.

AUGUST, WORLD WINDSURFING CHAMPIONSHIP, Mykonos.

MID-OCTOBER, ATHENS OPEN INTERNATIONAL MARATHON. Along the original route taken by Pheidippidis in 490 B.C., from the village of Marathon to the city.

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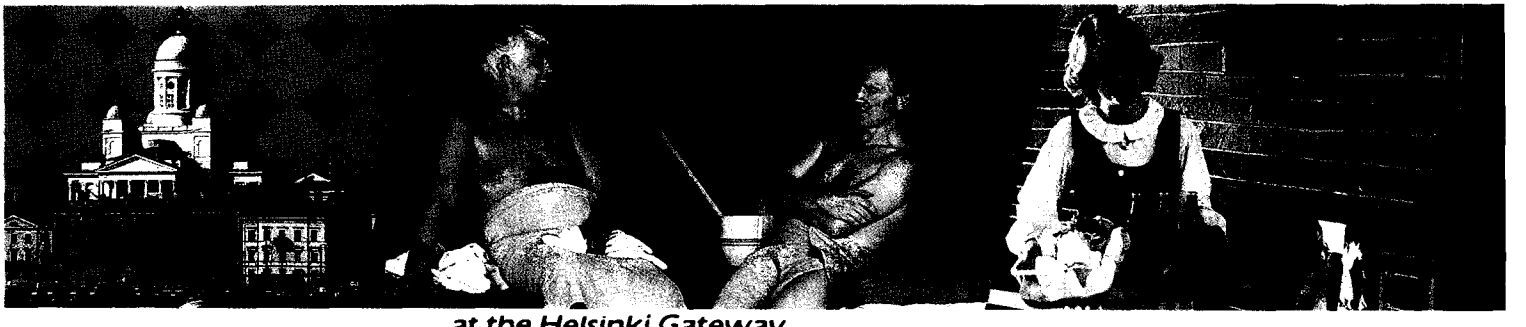

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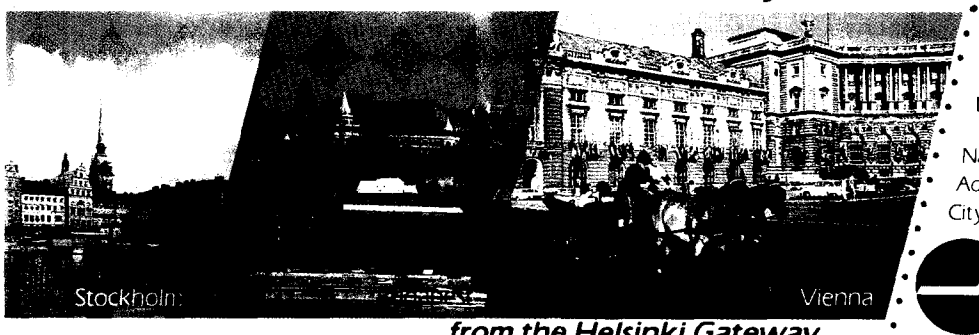

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For information: Greek National Tourist Organization, 645 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 421-5777.

IRELAND

JUNE 6-14, MUSIC FESTIVAL IN GREAT IRISH HOUSES, Dublin. The excellent musicians recruited for this annual event deserve a setting like these lyrical 18th-century mansions. Reserve tickets early.

JUNE 16, BLOOMSDAY, Dublin. A sort of living Cliffs Notes for *Ulysses*, in which James Joyce fans wend their way along the route that also took Leonard Bloom a long day to complete.

JUNE 28, IRISH SWEEPSTAKES DERBY, Kildare. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

AUGUST 5-9, DUBLIN HORSE SHOW. The show-jumping competitions for the Aga Khan Trophy and the Grand Prix of Ireland draw riders and horses from around the world—and it's either that or the social scene that brings the throngs of fashionable spectators. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

AUGUST 22-24, FLEADH CHEOIL NA HEIREANN, Listowel. They don't come any more traditionally Irish than this festival of balladry and culture.

OCTOBER 22–NOVEMBER 2, WEXFORD FESTIVAL OF OPERA. Opera buffs delight in the fact that Wexford specializes in rarely performed 18th- and 19th-century works. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

For information: Irish Tourist Board, 757 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 448-0800.

ITALY

MAY–JULY 6, FLORENCE MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL. The oldest and most prestigious Italian festival of the performing arts. Its reputation has been built on the diversity of its program of opera, orchestral and other concerts, dance, ballet, and drama. Reserve tickets early.

JUNE 24–JULY 13, FESTIVAL OF TWO WORLDS, Spoleto. Once every two years the enchanting city of Spoleto, in the Umbrian hills, abandons itself to this legendary festival of the performing arts, including opera, ballet, chamber music, drama, and film. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

JULY 2 AND AUGUST 16, IL PALIO HORSE RACE, Siena. Colorful medieval pageantry. The participants in a procession and a bareback horse race represent the old city districts called *contrade* in a competition for the banner (*il Palio*).

EUROPE

JULY 4–AUGUST 31, FESTIVAL OF THE ARENA OF VERONA. The setting is a Roman amphitheater; the productions are spectacular. This year's program includes Verdi's *Aida* and *Un ballo in maschera*, Puccini's *La fanciulla del west*, Umberto Giordano's *Andrea Chenier*, and a series of symphonic concerts.

AUGUST 25–SEPTEMBER 19, STRESA MUSIC WEEKS. Classical music to captivate connoisseurs, at a grand old Italian lake resort.

SEPTEMBER 7, HISTORIC REGATTA, Venice. First comes a procession of ceremonial boats from the era of the Venetian Republic, and then the traditional two-oar racing gondolas light out.

For information: Italian Government Travel Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 245-4822.

MALTA

MAY 9-11, CARNIVAL, Valletta. In 1535 the Knights of St. John introduced Malta to carnivals, and the Maltese have never tired of them. This one features marching bands, decorated trucks, and, in particular, colorful dancing competitions. There's Il-Parata, a sword dance commemorating Malta's defeat of the besieging Turks in 1565, and Il-Maltija, the national dance, among others.

JUNE 28-29, MNARJA FOLK FESTIVAL. A traditional all-night *festa*, which originated in the Middle Ages, to celebrate the harvest season. The agricultural exhibition, wine sampling, marching-band shows, folk singing, and snacking on rabbit fried in wine, a traditional dish, go on till dawn. The next afternoon there are bareback horse and donkey races, at Rabat.

SEPTEMBER 28–OCTOBER 4, MIDDLE SEA RACE, Valletta. The Middle Sea Race itself, a 1,000-km yacht race around Lampedusa, Pantelleria, and Sicily, and back to Malta, caps off a week of other international yacht-racing events.

For information: Consulate of the Republic of Malta, 249 E. 35th St., New York, NY 10016. (212) 725-2345.

MONACO

APRIL 19-27, VOLVO MONTE-CARLO TENNIS OPEN. Reserve tickets early.

MAY 8-11, MONTE-CARLO GRAND PRIX. The 44th running of this Formula I race for 20 cars, through the streets of Monaco.

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EUROPE

JUNE 25-28, MONTE-CARLO GOLF OPEN. A 72-hole stroke-play championship on the beautiful mountain course of Mont-Agel, 2,400 feet up into the French Alps.

For information: Monaco Government Tourist and Convention Bureau, 845 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-5227.

NETHERLANDS

THROUGH MAY 25, KEUKENHOF GARDENS, Lisse. Ah, to be in Holland now that millions of tulips and other bulb flowers are in bloom in this 70-acre wooded park, situated in a colorful bulb-growing district.

JUNE 1-30, HOLLAND FESTIVAL, Amsterdam, The Hague, and Rotterdam. An annual cornucopia of performing arts, presenting countless local and international music, theater, and dance groups.

JULY 11-13, NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL, The Hague. About 250 concerts by about 600 musicians, including some of the world's best.

For information: Netherlands Board of Tourism, 576 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 245-5320.

NORWAY

JUNE 19-22, LANDSKAPPLEIKEN NATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, Geilo. Competitive folk singing, playing, and dancing, all by performers garbed in traditional regional costumes.

JUNE 22-23, NORTH CAPE AND MIDNIGHT SUN MARCHES, Honningsvag. If you keep going until the sun sets, you'll be marching for days—which is more or less the idea of these two marches, 42 and 21 miles long respectively. All finishers receive medals.

JULY 21-27, MOLDE INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. The Norwegians love jazz, and the Molde Festival, going strong since 1961, is one way they prove it.

For information: Norwegian Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

PORTUGAL

THROUGH APRIL 25, AVEIRO FAIR. *Moliceiros,* brightly painted workboats with graceful Phoenician prows, normally ply the

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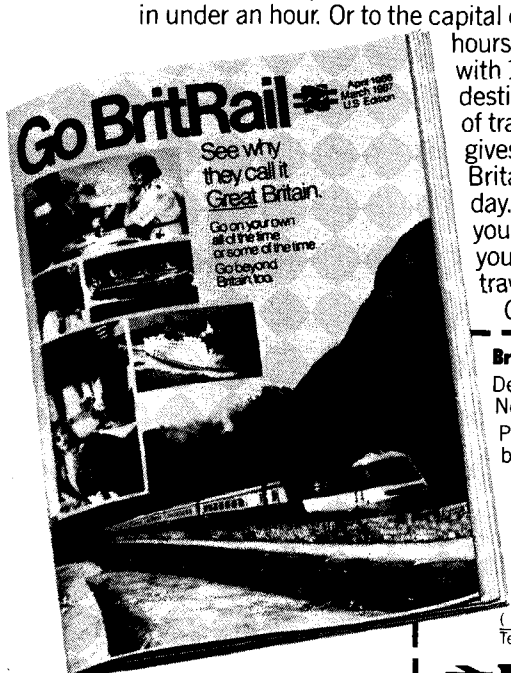

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EUROPE

inland waterways and lagoons. However, each year they're commandeered for Aveiro's month-long fair, for use in flower battles and water parades, among other events. On dry land there are bullfights (in which it's illegal to kill the bull), folk dancing and singing, and fireworks.

JULY 4-6, COLETE ENCARNADO, Vila Franca de Xira. The name translates to "Red Waistcoat," referring to a garment typically worn by *campinos*, or Portuguese cowboys. The idea is the running of the bulls. The accompaniments to this central event include displays of horsemanship, folk dances, fireworks, and a bullfight suitable for even Ferdinand's fan club, since it is against Portuguese law to kill the bull.

AUGUST 2-4, FESTAS GUALTERIANAS, Guimaraes. The festival begins when enormous markets transform the medieval squares of this historic town. Then, on Sunday, parades pay homage to the festival's religious origins. And then, on Monday, there are more parades, with bands, enormous allegorical figures, and costumed singers and dancers who satirize folk traditions from the Middle Ages.

SEPTEMBER 8 AND 12-14, SENHORA DA NAZARE FOLK PILGRIMAGE. The lovely fishing village of Nazare hosts processions, parades, folk-dancing exhibitions, bullfights, and fireworks displays.

NOVEMBER 9-11, SAO MARTINHO FAIR, Golega. The main event is an auction of fine Portuguese horses. Also, displays of the horses, displays of horsemanship by *campinos*, folk dancing, and fireworks.

For information: Portuguese National Tourist Office, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 354-4403.

SPAIN

APRIL 15-20, SEVILLE FAIR. Seville, always a picture-postcard-pretty town, takes on an extra quality of timeless, all-purpose celebration during its annual fair. It may be too late to reserve accommodations in town this year, but day trips from somewhere nearby are a possibility—and it's none too early to be thinking of next year.

APRIL 30–MAY 4, THE HORSE FAIR, Jerez de la Frontera. This event dates back to 1284, when it was a straightforward livestock fair. It has developed two specialties over the past 700 years: the exhibition of fine horses, and crowd-pleasing entertainments, such as bullfights and singing and dancing.

MAY 10-20, SAN ISIDRO LABRADOR FESTIVAL, Madrid. Pop, jazz, and rock musicians entertain at street dances in various quarters of the city. Wine, sangria, beer, and *tapas,* typical Spanish snacks, are sold from stands.

MAY 16-19, ROCIO PILGRIMAGE, Almonte. The pilgrims come from Huelva, Cadiz, and Seville, in ox-drawn carts decorated with flowers and wax figures, or elegantly astride horses, in traditional Andalusian dress. They sing, and some dance, to the music of flutes and tambourines, until they reach the Sanctuary of Nuestra Senora del Rocio.

JULY 6-14, SAN FERMIN FESTIVAL, Pamplona. Hemingway's favorite, with much singing, dancing, drinking, and folderol to cheer on the young men who participate in the running of the bulls. Reserve accommodations early.

At the Swiss Costumes Festival, Geneva

MID-SEPTEMBER, GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVAL, Cadiz. A blessing of the grapes and the first wine, a handsome cavalcade, a flamenco festival, livestock exhibitions, and bullfights.

For information: National Tourist Office of Spain, 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-8822.

SWEDEN

JUNE 7, STOCKHOLM MARATHON.

JULY 9–AUGUST 8, VISBY FESTIVAL, Gotland. The mystic pageant opera *Petrus de Dacia* is performed each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in the monumental ruins of St. Nicolaus Church on this historic island.

JULY 12, HALSINGEHAMBON, Harga Mountain, Bollnas, Arbra, and Jarvso. These competitions in the hambo, a folk dance, are expected to draw 3,000 dancers, all in traditional costume. Swedes refer to

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EUROPE

the jitterbug as the American hambo—just to give you an idea.

NOVEMBER 1-9, STOCKHOLM OPEN. Top tennis players compete. Reserve tickets early.

For information: Swedish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333.

SWITZERLAND

MAY 18-25, 450TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE REFORMATION, Geneva. An opening service and celebration of the Lord's Supper in St. Peter's Cathedral on May 18; an act of commemoration at the Jardin des Bastions (the Reformation Wall) and a sound-and-light show on May 21; and a people's festival in the old town on May 24 and 25.

JUNE, ZURICH'S 2,000TH ANNIVERSARY. A special edition of Zurich's usual (and always impressive) June Festival. The musical and other festivities will go on all month long, though they'll be at their height June 26-29 with celebrations in the old city and near Lake Zurich. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

JUNE 7-9, SWISS FEDERAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. Winterthur. Folk ensembles, brass bands, and *oompah-pah*.

JUNE 21-22, SWISS COSTUMES FESTIVAL, Geneva. Swiss dressed in their traditional best come from all parts of the country for the parades, the concerts, and the outdoor revelry.

JULY, MONTREUX INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. The biggest resort on Lake Geneva draws some of the biggest names in jazz. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

AUGUST, INTERNATIONAL YEHUDI MENUHIN FESTIVAL, Gstaad. This 30th edition of the festival, in which soloists and chamber orchestras appear with Mr. Menuhin, will coincide with his 70th birthday. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

AUGUST 16-SEPTEMBER 10, LUCERNE INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. The most famous Swiss festival of classical music, which always presents top conductors and soloists. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

For information: Swiss National Tourist Office, 608 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-5944.

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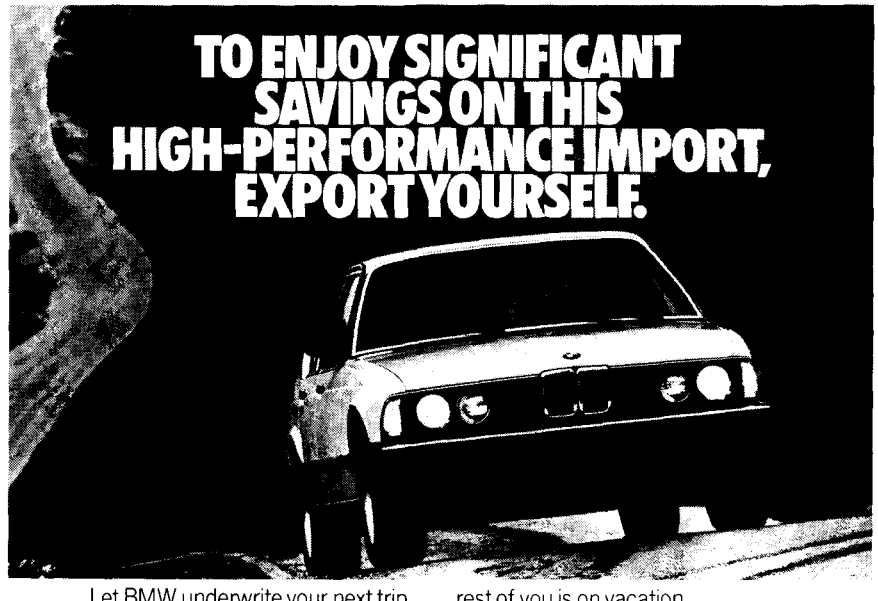

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JUNE 20–JULY 15, INTERNATIONAL ISTANBUL FESTIVAL. Folk dances, films, ballet, mimes, and orchestral, vocal, pop, and jazz concerts.

JULY 5-10, AKSEHIR NASREDDIN HOCA FESTIVAL. The town of Aksehir annually gives itself up to the wit and wisdom of Nasreddin Hoca, a folk character who is alternately or simultaneously a fool and a sage. Actors play him, artists caricature him, and folk-dance teams perform in his honor.

For information: Turkish Consulate General, 821 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-2194.

UNITED KINGDOM

MAY 20-23, CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW, London. Britain's major flower show, sponsored by the Royal Horticultural Society and attended by the Queen, covers 23 acres.

JUNE 17-20, ROYAL ASCOT HORSE RACING. This fashionable event attended by members of the Royal Family is famous for the elegance of its hats as well as for the standard of racing.

JUNE 23–JULY 6, LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Wimbledon. Reserve tickets early.

JULY 3-6, HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, Henley-on-Thames. Probably the world's best-known regatta, and a world-class social occasion.

JULY 8-13, INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD, Llangollen. A competitive festival in which innumerable folk song and dance groups and more than 200 choirs from around the world provide joyous entertainment. Reserve accommodations early.

JULY 17-20, OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, Turnberry. The 115th British Open.

AUGUST 10-30, EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL AND MILITARY TATTOO. This arts festival is listed in the 1986 *Guinness Book of World Records* as the world's largest. Anything not on the official program—stand-up comics, for example—is sure to be available at Festival Fringe events. The Tattoo, a grand display of military color and pageantry, takes place each night on the floodlit ramparts of Edinburgh Castle. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

NOVEMBER 12-29, BELFAST FESTIVAL OF ARTS. Northern Ireland's biggest arts festival, offering classical and popular music, jazz, theater, opera, and film, on and around the Victorian campus of Queen's University.

For information: British Tourist Authority, 40 W. 57th St., New York, NY 10019. (212) 581-4700.

USSR

MAY 1, INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY CELEBRATION, Moscow. The place to be is, of course, Red Square.

MAY 5-13, MOSCOW STARS FESTIVAL OF FOLK AND CLASSICAL DANCE. Featuring performances by the Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko Musical Theatre, chamber operas by the Chamber Music Theatre of Moscow, and concerts of choral music in the former Znamensky Cathedral.

MAY 16-26, KIEV SPRING. Though all parts of the USSR are represented at this arts festival, the Ukraine is featured, in performances by Kiev's Shevchenko Opera and Ballet Theatre company, the Pavel Virsky Dance Company, and the Grigory Veryovka Folk Choir.

JUNE 21-29, WHITE NIGHTS, Leningrad. Around the time of the solstice Leningrad's nights are exceedingly short. The long evenings are filled with dance performances at the Kirov and Maly Opera and Ballet Theatres.

For information: Intourist, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10021. (212) 757-3884.

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THROUGH DECEMBER, GERMAN FAIRY TALE FESTIVAL, from Frankfurt to Bremen. To celebrate the 200th anniversary of the birth of Wilhelm Grimm,

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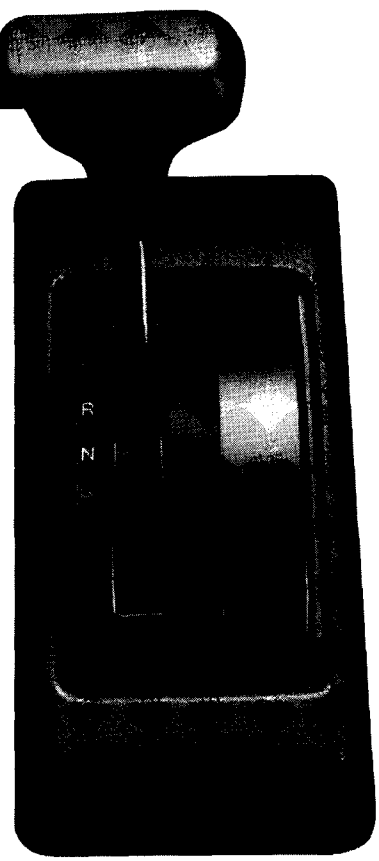

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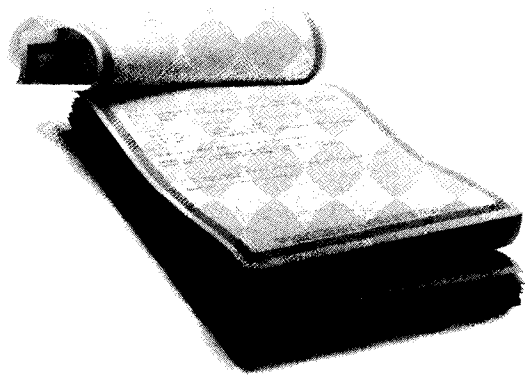

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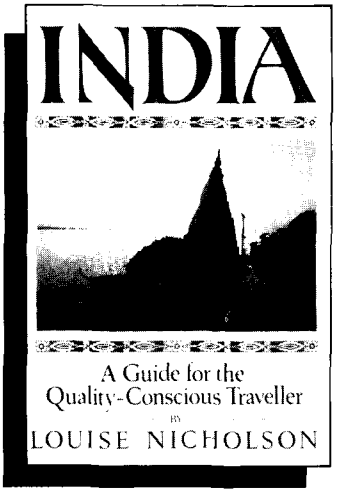

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EUROPE

one of the brothers, there are numerous exhibitions and theatrical presentations of tales. Even restaurant chefs have gotten into the act, creating fairy-tale dishes.

THROUGH DECEMBER, KING LUDWIG YEAR, throughout Bavaria. Choose your Ludwig: 1986 is both the 200th anniversary of the birth of Ludwig I, who was responsible for several of Munich's architectural triumphs, and the 100th anniversary of the death of "Mad" Ludwig II, the architect of Neuschwanstein. Exhibitions in various towns and a King Ludwig I week, August 23-30, in Bad Brueckenau are highlights.

THROUGH DECEMBER, 600 YEARS OF HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY. Heidelberg will play host to a host of cultural events honoring Germany's oldest university. Many of the best of them are scheduled for October 12-19.

LATE JULY, OPERATION SAIL, Bremerhaven. The international tall-ships regatta comes to the Continent.

JULY 24–AUGUST 27, BAYREUTH FESTIVAL. Matchless Wagner, and a lot of it, in the theater that Wagner himself designed for the purpose. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

SEPTEMBER 20–OCTOBER 5, OKTOBERFEST, Munich. The six big local producers of beer are responsible for many times that many brands of it—and for most of the 750,000 or so kegs of beer that wash down the sausages, pretzels, and oxen roasted on spits consumed at the Oktoberfest. Also, brass bands and an amusement park.

For information: German National Tourist Office, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 308-3300.

YUGOSLAVIA

MID-JULY–AUGUST, DUBROVNIK SUMMER FESTIVAL. Symphonic and chamber music, ballets, plays, and folk arts in the old city, in and around its magnificent gardens, palaces, and towers.

LATE JULY, INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF ORIGINAL FOLKLORE, Zagreb. Troupes and groups come from all over the world, not to mention from all regions of Yugoslavia, to perform in the city's streets and squares.

For information: Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-2801.

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EGYPT

SEPTEMBER, CANAL TO CAIRO MARATHON.

SEPTEMBER OR OCTOBER, INTERNATIONAL RALLY OF THE PHARAOHS, Cairo. The 1986 edition of Egypt's premier automotive race will follow a route from Cairo to El Fayoum, Luxor, and Hurghada, and back to Cairo.

For information: Egyptian Tourist Authority, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 246-6960.

ISRAEL

MAY 4-8, JERUSALEM INTERNATIONAL JUDAICA FAIR. Jewish art and artifacts from around the world will be exhibited.

MAY 24–JUNE 21, ISRAEL FESTIVAL. Jerusalem. An international program of symphonic concerts, chamber music, dance concerts, and plays.

JUNE 21-28, INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S MUSIC FESTIVAL, Be'er Sheva. Indoor and outdoor concerts and recitals—most notably a gala concert of new compositions commissioned for the festival.

For information: Israel Ministry of Tourism, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10118. (212) 560-0650.

JORDAN

JULY, JERASH FESTIVAL. Two weeks of the arts—classical and pop music, jazz, folk music and dance, ballet, exhibitions, plays, and puppet shows—among the 2,000-year-old Greco-Roman ruins of Jerash.

For information: Jordan Information Bureau, 1701 K St. NW, Washington, DC 20006. (202) 659-3322.

MOROCCO

MAY, FESTIVAL OF ROSES, Kelaa M'Gouna. Vast gardens of blooming roses perfume the air as the dances traditional to this festival are performed.

JUNE, NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF POPULAR ARTS, Marrakech. Dancers, singers, acrobats, and so-called blue men, garbed in traditional blue robes, come together from all regions of Morocco to perform in the ruins of the El Badia Palace.

SEPTEMBER, FESTIVAL OF FANTAZIA, Meknes. In this colorful competitive festival thousands of horsemen and their mounts display their skill.

For information: Moroccan National Tourist Office, 20 E. 46th St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 557-2520.

SAUDI ARABIA

AUGUST 16, HAJ, Mecca. More than 2 million Moslems from all parts of the world descend on the Baitullah, or Black Stone.

For information: Royal Embassy of Saudi Arabia, Information Office, 601 New Hampshire Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20037. (202) 342-3800.

SEYCHELLES

JUNE 5, LIBERATION DAY, Victoria. On this public holiday the capital city has a parade, featuring bands, uniformed schoolchildren and nurses, flower displays, and enthusiastically waved banners and flags.

For information: Seychelles Tourist Board, PO Box 33018, St. Petersburg, FL 33715. (813) 864-3013.

ZAMBIA

JULY, MUTOMBOKO, Luapula Province. This ceremony, performed by the Lunda people of Mwata Kazembe, derives from an ancient royal dance that celebrated a conquest after an invasion. Senior Chief Kazembe will join his subjects in the dancing and singing.

OCTOBER OR NOVEMBER, SHIMUNENGA, the Kafue Flats. A traditional event in which the Ila people of Maala sing, dance, make mock spear attacks, and demonstrate their ancient techniques for rounding up animals.

For information: Zambia National Tourist Board, 237 E. 52nd St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 758-9450.

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ASIA & THE PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

MAY 17, CAMEL CUP, Alice Springs. An annual salute to an increasingly distant past, when the outback town's population was 40 and Afghan camels were imported to build the railroads that opened the continent. The height of merriment on this general day of it is the camel race, in which a rider and a crew of three urge, push, pull, and shove each beast to keep him moving and on course.

SEPTEMBER 6, HENLEY-ON-TODD REGATTA, Alice Springs. The boats, constructed mainly of empty beer cans, mostly just try to stay afloat during this annual regatta. Such regattas are popular wherever in Australia there's enough water to have them, and this is the king of them all.

SEPTEMBER 19–OCTOBER 5, WARANA, Brisbane. Every spring the town that has been called Australia's New Orleans puts on a major arts festival, with some sporting events thrown in for good measure.

SEPTEMBER 27, VICTORIA FOOTBALL LEAGUE FINAL, Melbourne. Australian football's answer to the Superbowl. Practically speaking, only standing-room tickets are available; reserve them early.

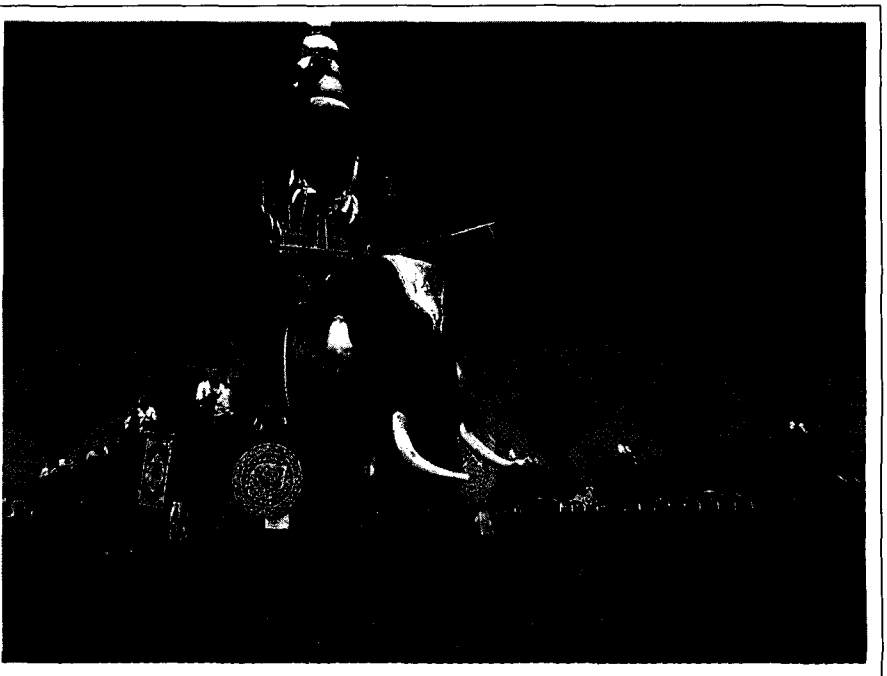
NOVEMBER 4, MELBOURNE CUP. A horse race so arresting that it occasions a public holiday in the state of Victoria. Reserve tickets (which go on sale in July) and accommodations early.

For information: Australian Tourist Commission, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-6300.

CHINA

JUNE, SANI FESTIVAL, the Stone Forest, Yunnan Province. A local brochure refers to the Stone Forest, a zone of huge, jagged limestone formations, as the "Number One Grand Spectacle on Earth." Each June, for two straight days and nights, the local Sani tribesmen feast, sing, dance, and have wrestling matches and "bullfights"—water buffalo against water buffalo—in the largest open space in the Forest.

JUNE 26, DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL, Nanning. Although the celebration in Hong Kong is more spectacular, and although it was many miles to the north (in what is now Hunan Province) where Chu Yuan made the grand gesture being commemorated, this Dragon Boat Festival is as authentic as they come. The crew that rows its dragon-prowed boat the fastest wins, besides much honor, wine and a roast pig.



The Elephant Roundup, in Surin, Thailand

SEPTEMBER 18, MOON FESTIVAL, Hangzhou. The island on scenic West Lake known as Three Pools Mirroring the Moon, man-made during the Ming Dynasty, is an especially lovely place to partake of this traditional Chinese festival: the island has an island of its own, within its own small lake, and when candles are placed inside three pagodas on the main lake, the light shining from the small round windows gives an effect as if there were 15 reflections of the moon on the water.

OCTOBER 1, NATIONAL DAY, throughout China. Celebrations everywhere commemorate the founding of the People's Republic, in 1949. Most notable are the entertainments presented in Peking's parks.

For information: China National Tourist Office, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10165. (212) 867-0271.

FRENCH POLYNESIA

JULY 11-26, BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS, throughout French Polynesia. Bastille Day is the biggest holiday of the year on Tahiti and the nearby islands of Moorea, Bora Bora, Raiatea, Tahaa, and Huahine. In Papeete, Tahiti, the festivities start with a laid-back parade and much blowing of *pu*, or shell horns. On the day itself, July 14, there's a military parade. Polynesian song and dance competitions, in which Cook Islanders, Samoans, and others participate, continue for some days afterward, and the party's not over until they are.

For information: Tahiti Tourist Promotion Board, 12233 West Olympic Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90064. (213) 207-1919.

HONG KONG

MAY 1, TIN HAU FESTIVAL. Whole fishing communities, in junks festooned with gaily colored clan banners, converge on the bays and inlets to pay homage to Tin Hau, the goddess of the sea.

JUNE 21-22, DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. The hectic, fantasmagoric dragon-boat races attract rowing teams, and crowds, from the world over (there's even a U.S. team). The festival is a tribute to the statesman and poet Chu Yuan, who, in 295 B.C., cast himself into the Mi Lo River to protest government corruption. The local fishermen were so moved that they raced to recover his body, scattering food to divert the fish.

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SEPTEMBER 19, MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL. This harvest festival is also known as the Moon Cake Festival, after the specialty of egg-and-lotus-seed cakes that reveal round yellow "moons" inside when cut open. The parks and, especially, Victoria Peak look enchanting at midnight as families bearing colorful Chinese-style candlelit lanterns gather to enjoy the moon.

OCTOBER, FESTIVAL OF ASIAN ARTS. Performers come from all parts of the Orient to present traditional dances, drama, and music.

For information: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 869-5008.

INDIA

SEPTEMBER 7, GANESH CHATURHI. Bombay, Pune, and Madras. A merry festival in honor of the elephant-headed god of wisdom, Ganesh.

OCTOBER 12, DUSSEHRA, throughout India. India's most popular festival is, in most regions, a 10-day celebration, with October 12 as the high point. In Delhi, where the festival is called Ram Lila, scenes from the Ramayana are enacted and fireworks light up the night sky. In Mysore there's a magnificent procession. In West Bengal, where the festival is called Durga Puja, and in the south as well, presentations of music, dance, and drama on October 10-12 are the main attractions.

NOVEMBER 1, DEEPAVALI, throughout India. A twinkling, picturesque Hindu festival of lights.

For information: Government of India Tourist Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine, New York, NY 10112. (212) 586-4901.

JAPAN

MAY 15, AOI MATSURI, Kyoto. The re-creation of a 7th-century Imperial procession departs from the Kyoto Imperial Palace, makes its way to the Shimogamo and Kamigamo shrines, and returns to the Palace. The leaves that adorn oxcarts in the procession and the headgear of participants give the event the additional name of the Hollyhock Festival.

MAY 16-18, SANJA MATSURI, Tokyo. About 100 portable shrines are paraded through the streets to Asakusa Temple, where the ceremonies conclude with sacred dances and prayers for a good harvest.

MAY 17-18, TOSHOGU SHRINE GRAND FESTIVAL, Nikko. The shrine, which dates from the 1630s, is dedicated to Ieyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate; the festival commemorates Ieyasu's death, in 1616. On the 18th some 1,000 men costumed as Tokugawa-period warriors, and other people dressed as sacred lions, monkeys, and so on, escort three portable shrines through the streets. Buddhist priests perform sacred dances, and archers on horseback demonstrate their skill.

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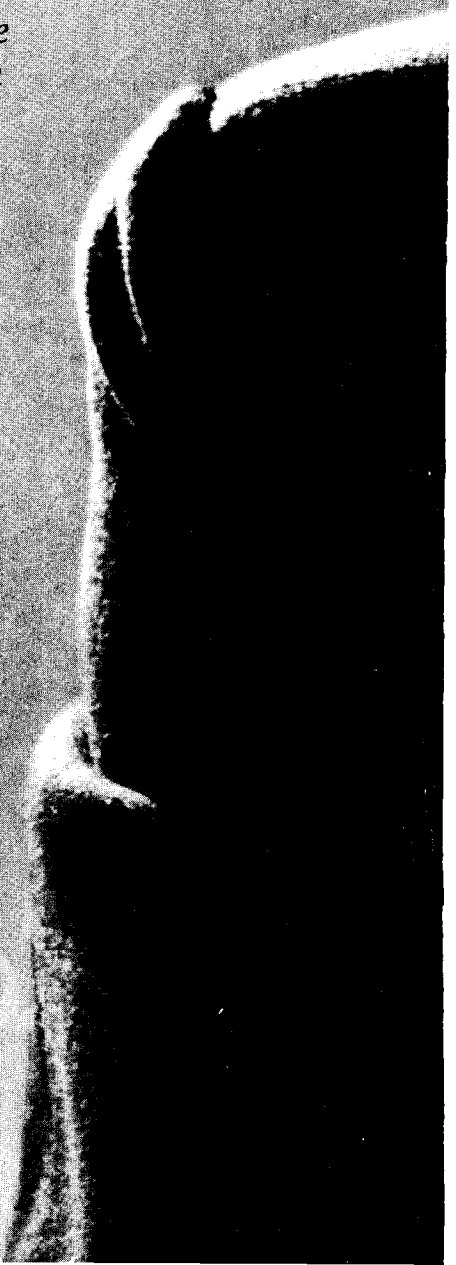

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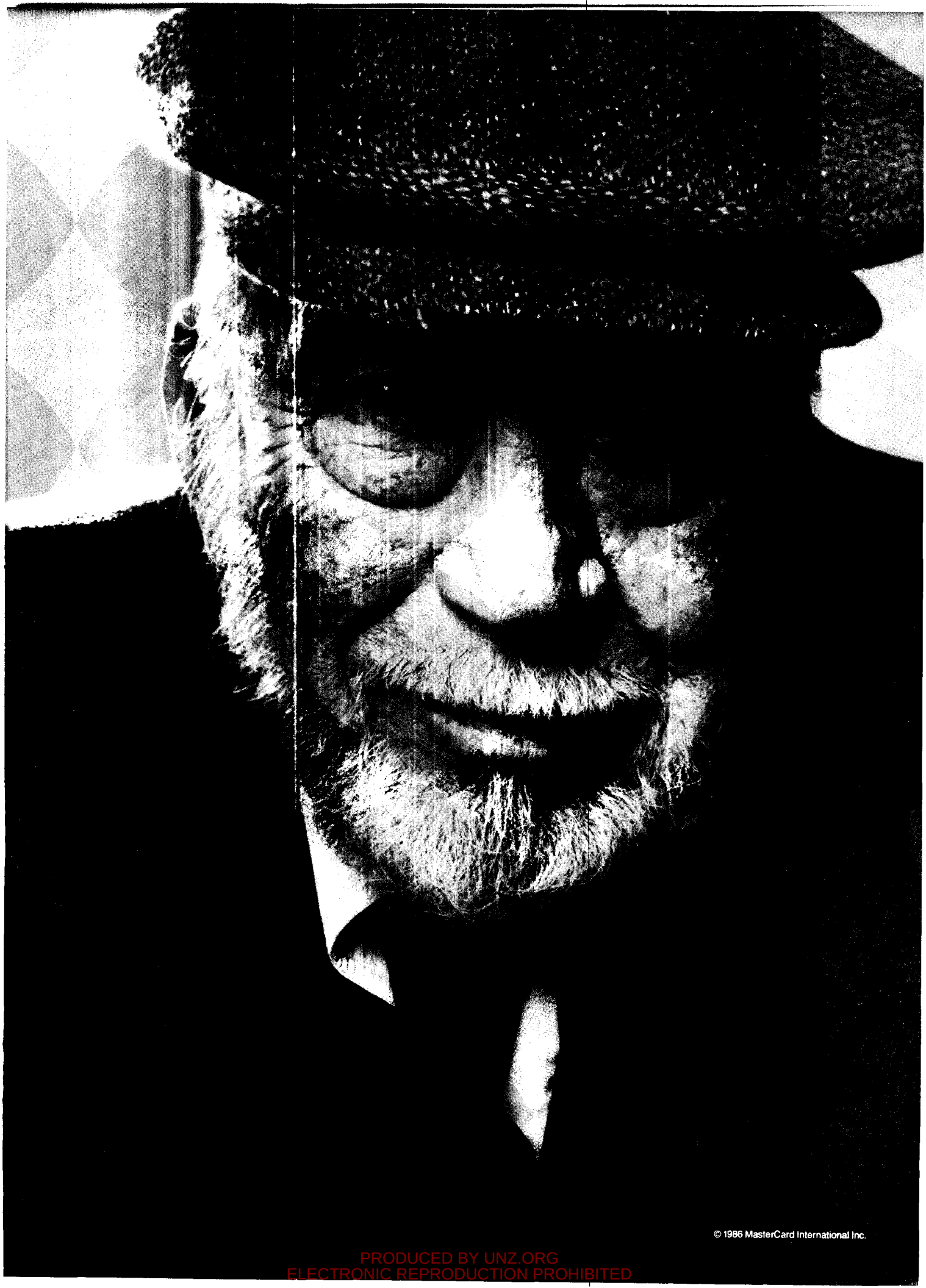

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JUNE 1, IDONOZOKI, Nagoya. The name means "the rite of looking into the well." The well in question is at Takakura Shrine and, according to legend, has a dragon in it. Parents whose children are disobedient or otherwise troublesome bring them to the shrine and have them gaze into the well on this day, whereupon, if legend is to be believed, the families live happily ever after.

JULY 14-17, GION MATSURI, Kyoto. This commemorates a 9th-century attempt to win the gods' protection against a plague then sweeping the city: citizens decorated palanquins and took them to Yasaka Shrine, where they prayed for good health. Thus, on the final day of the festival elaborately decorated floats are paraded through the streets. On the previous evening everyone goes out celebrating, and a number of old houses and shops welcome visitors, to whom they display family treasures and heirlooms.

JULY 24-25, TENJIN MATSURI, Osaka. In a festival that dates from an attempt made in 949 to appease the gods, a procession of portable shrines leaves Tenmangu Shrine each morning and, each evening, moves onto lighted barges to travel majestically down the Dojima River.

AUGUST 2-7, NEBUTA MATSURI, Aomori City. In this small city on the northern tip of Honshu enormous paper images of legendary characters are mounted on lighted floats and rolled through the streets each evening. On the last evening, in a purification rite, they are thrown into the river or the sea.

For information: Japan National Tourist Organization, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 757-5640.

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MALAYSIA

LATE JULY, BIRD-SINGING COMPETITION, Kelantan. Early one morning a hundred or more proud owners of *merbuk* birds bring them to a field, where the cages are hung from tall poles. During three hour-long rounds, a committee of judges moves from pole to pole, rating the bird above on three parts of his song: an initial shrill sound, a subsequent guttural sound, and a final deep, resonant tone.

AUGUST 31, NATIONAL DAY, throughout Malaysia. Folk performances, parades, music festivals, and fireworks everywhere celebrate Malaysia's independence day. Kuala Lumpur offers the showiest parade and an open-air evening entertainment, with music and folk dancing.

For information: Malaysia Tourist Information Center, 600 Montgomery St., San Francisco, CA 94111. (415) 788-3344.

NEPAL

MAY 23, BUDDHA JAYANTI, Lumbini. A celebration of Buddha's birth, enlightenment, and death (that is, his attainment of Nirvana), all of which are said to have taken place on this date, in different years. Lumbini, Buddha's birthplace, holds a huge fair in his honor.

AUGUST 10, NAGA PANCHAMI, throughout Nepal. Pictures of *naga*, or divine serpents, are affixed to the doorposts of houses as emblems of protection. People in Kathmandu do the Gunlalakhe dance, wearing demon masks.

AUGUST 19-26, GAIJATRA, throughout Nepal. The week begins with Janai Purnima, when all members of the twice-born castes take ritual baths and change the protective sacred threads on their wrists. People who have had a death in the family parade a cow—or, often, a teen-age male member of the family costumed as a cow—through the streets in a custom meant to smooth the way for the dead person's soul. All the Buddhist monasteries are open to visitors during the week, and there are street festivals of dance, drama, and satire on current events.

For information: Royal Nepalese Embassy, 2131 Leroy Place NW, Washington, DC 20008. (202) 667-4550.

NEW ZEALAND

MAY 15-19, BRASS BAND CHAMPIONSHIPS, Dunedin. Regional, army, police, and other bands compete in music and movement.

JUNE 12-14, NATIONAL AGRICULTURE FIELD DAYS, Hamilton. The largest agricultural show in the Southern Hemisphere, with participants from around the world.

AUGUST 30-31, NATIONAL CAMELLIA SHOW, Hamilton. Shows, competitions, and garden visits.

For information: New Zealand Tourist and Publicity Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 586-0060.

SINGAPORE

JUNE 9-JULY 8, SINGAPORE FESTIVAL OF ARTS AND HARI RAYA FESTIVAL. Hari Raya Puasa marks the end of the Moslem fasting month of Ramadan, with thanksgiving prayers at all the mosques and, of course, feasting everywhere. The always colorful Geylang Serai area is festively lighted for the whole month, during which various special events and celebrations take place.

AUGUST 9, NATIONAL DAY. The multi-cultural population joins together in the vast National Day parade: Chinese troupes perform dragon and lion dances; Indian temple dancers tell stories with their hands; Malays demonstrate Bersilat, the Malay art of self-defense; and military units, brass bands, trade unions, and business groups all march.

For information: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board, 342 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10173. (212) 687-0385.

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SOUTH KOREA

SEPTEMBER 20–OCTOBER 5, ASIAN GAMES, Seoul. More than 5,000 athletes from 36 countries will compete, whetting Seoul's appetite for the 1988 Olympics.

OCTOBER 8-10, SILLA CULTURAL FESTIVAL, Kyongju. Korea's largest annual festival, held in the ancient capital of the Silla kingdom, includes parades, wrestling matches, archery contests, folk music and dancing, a major classical-music concert, and ceremonies that recall the splendor of the past.

OCTOBER 9, HAN-GUL DAY, throughout South Korea. A national holiday for the anniversary of the promulgation of Han-gul, the Korean alphabet, which occurred in 1443, during the reign of King Sejong.

For information: Korea National Tourism Corporation, 460 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 688-7543.

THAILAND

APRIL 13-15, SONGKRAN, throughout Thailand. This is also known as Thai New Year and as the Water Festival. By tradition Thais observe the new year by going into the temples to sprinkle water on the images of Buddha and on the hands of elders. Over time this gentle custom has evolved into the merry splashing of water everywhere: water balloons and cupfuls and bucketfuls rain on people on the street. Songkran is perhaps at its most fun in Chiang Mai, in the north, where many colorful processions are held.

MAY 10-11, BUN BONG FAI, Yasothon. This Rocket Festival is intended to please the rain-making god, Taen, and ensure a good harvest. The local people build *bong fai*, or bamboo rockets, to enter in a competition; the judges award a prize for the most beautifully constructed rocket as well as for the one that fires most impressively. Parades, singing, dancing, and feasting round out the festival.

NOVEMBER 15-16, ELEPHANT ROUNDUP, Surin. Perhaps 150 elephants converge on little Surin for a parade, elephant races and football, a demonstration of the methods of capturing and training wild elephants, a tug-of-war between an elephant and 70 men, and a mock battle conducted on elephant-back.

For information: Tourism Authority of Thailand, 5 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10048. (212) 432-0433.

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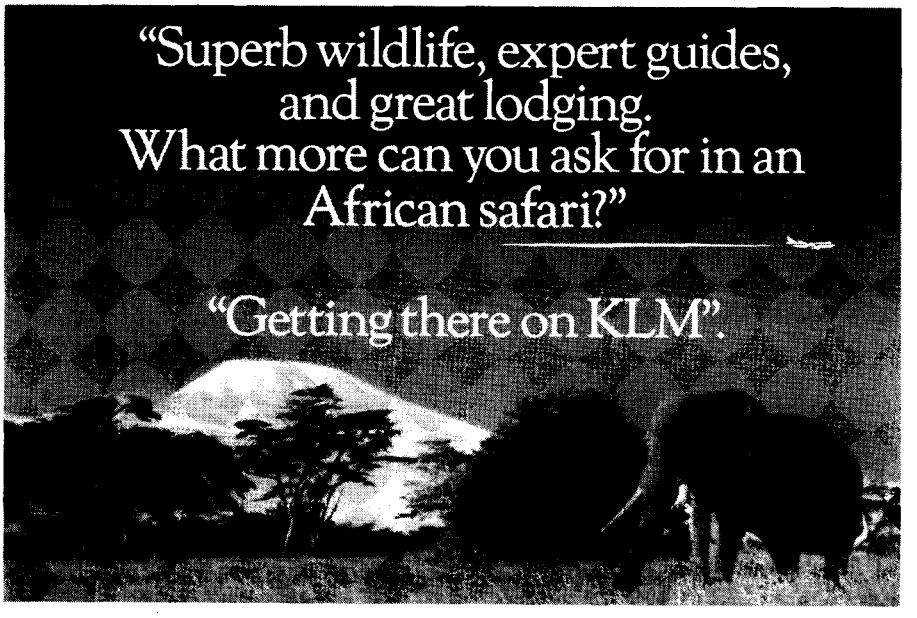

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LATIN AMERICA

ARGENTINA

EARLY AUGUST, SKI FESTIVAL, Bariloche. This week-long fiesta includes slalom and jumping competitions, races, and a lot of local color besides. This is the high point of the season in Bariloche, which is a sort of St.-Moritz South; reserve accommodations early.

OCTOBER 19 AND 26, FESTIVAL OF THE POT, La Quiaca. What's said to be the country's oldest festival takes place high in the Andes, near the Bolivian border. Locals load their burros and llamas with goods for bartering and converge on the town.

For information: Aerolineas Argentinas, Commercial Dept., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020. (212) 974-3300.

BRAZIL

MAY 9-15, CALVALHADA, Pirenopolis. A medieval celebration that originated in Portugal and somehow made its way to this small town west of Brasilia, Calvalhada is celebrated with jousting tournaments and entertainment by clowns and jesters.

JUNE 23–JULY 10, BUMBA-MEU-BOI, Sao Luis. This old-fashioned city in northern Brazil puts on an annual festival whose centerpiece is a pastoral, musical play on the theme of the death and resurrection of a bull. The actors play animals and creatures of fantasy as well as human beings.

For information: Brazilian Government Trade Bureau, 551 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10176. (212) 916-3206.

MEXICO

JUNE 1, CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, Papantla. Although the Totonac Indians now perform *El volador,* their flying pole dance, on Sundays year-round in homage to the tourist trade, this is the traditional time for it. Four brightly costumed dancers climb to the top of a pole in the town square, fall backward, and, suspended from ropes, "fly" around the pole thirteen times. Reserve accommodations early.

JULY 21 AND 28, GUELAGUETZA DANCE FESTIVAL, Oaxaca. Local people call this festival *Lunes del cerro,* or "Mondays of the Hill": on Fortin Hill, overlooking the city, traditionally costumed dancers from various mountain tribes engage in all-day marathons. Reserve accommodations and tickets for the main performances early.

Oaxacan weaver, at work on a fabric used in costumes for the Guelaguetza Dance Festival, Mexico

SEPTEMBER 15-16, INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS, throughout Mexico. Mexico City celebrates the national holiday with particular gusto. At 11 P.M. on the 15th a pugnacious ceremony takes place at the National Palace; bells peal and fireworks fly. On the 16th there's a huge parade and, usually, bullfights.

SEPTEMBER 22, MEXICO CITY MARATHON.

OCTOBER 17–NOVEMBER 1, INTERNATIONAL CERVANTINO FESTIVAL, Guanajuato. Orchestras, singers, guitarists, dance companies, folk groups, and, especially, theatrical companies from around the world. Reserve tickets and accommodations early.

For information: Mexican Government Tourist Office, 405 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 755-7212.

PERU

JUNE 24, INTI RAYMI, Cuzco. At the Inca Festival of the Sun richly costumed dancers and singers perform, and everyone drinks *chicha,* the local corn beer. Reserve accommodations early.

JULY 25-31, FEAST OF SANTIAGO, Isla Taquile. The community on this tiny island on Lake Titicaca is largely cut off from the outside world. It does, however, welcome visitors during the colorful folkloric festival of the patron saint of the island.

OCTOBER 18-19 AND 28, OUR LORD OF THE MIRACLES FESTIVALS, Lima. Vast ritual processions wind through the streets. A huge statue of El Senor de los Milagros is borne along, and many people wear purple, a symbol of devotion to Him. Major bullfights also take place.

For information: Pertour International, 30 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 682-0622.

VENEZUELA

MAY 31–JUNE 1, DEVIL DANCERS FESTIVAL, San Francisco de Yare. This small town near Caracas boasts the headquarters of the oldest devil dancers' society in the New World. Its members, dressed as devils and carrying rosaries, dance in front of a church until dusk, when they creep back to their headquarters.

OCTOBER 15, BAJADA DE LOS FURRUCOS, El Empedrado. *Gaitas* are the rap music of the Lake Maracaibo area: they consist of improvised, rhymed verses, sung to the beat of cuatros, charrascas, maracas, and furrucos. They are sung for only one season of the year, which begins on this day—the day of "Getting Down the Furrucos," when all normal activity gives way before an onslaught of *gaitas.*

For information: Venezuela Government Tourist and Information Center, 7 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 355-1101.

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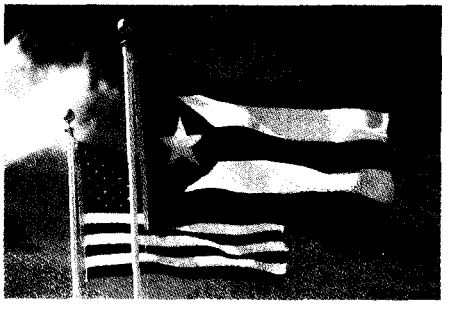

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THE BAHAMAS & BERMUDA

THE BAHAMAS

THROUGH JUNE 6, BAHAMAS BILLFISH CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENTS. This series of five sport-fishing championships began March 24-28 with the Hemingway Billfish Tournament, on Bimini. Here's the remainder of the series: April 7-11, Walker's Cay Billfish Tournament, Abaco; May 5-8, The Championship Tournament, Bimini; May 14-17, Cat Cay Billfish Tournament; and June 2-6, Chub Cay Bahamas Championship, Berry Islands.

APRIL 24-27, FAMILY ISLAND REGATTA, George Town, Great Exuma. Virtually every Bahamian workboat that can make it to Elizabeth Harbour does, either to join in the races for work sloops or to bring its passengers to the party on the harbor and in town. Reserve accommodations early.

JUNE–SEPTEMBER, GREAT GOOMBAY SUMMER FESTIVAL, Nassau, Cable Beach, and Paradise Island. Goombay, the traditional music of the Bahamas, features cowbells, horns, whistles, and other noisemakers, as well as goatskin goombay drums. Its namesake festival features parades, beach parties, street dancing, and other special events, as well as lots of goombay music.

JUNE 23–JULY 4, REGATTA TIME IN ABACO, Marsh Harbour, Great Abaco. Party days alternate with days of races for various categories of sailboats. The races culminate with the Green Turtle Regatta.

JULY 4-10, GREEN TURTLE REGATTA WEEK, Green Turtle Cay. And yet more sailing races, culminating with the Independence Day Regatta. You might suppose that the Green Turtle Regatta would be the climax of Green Turtle Regatta Week and that the Independence Day Regatta would be held on July 4, but this is the Bahamas, whose own Independence Day is July 10.

OCTOBER 12, DISCOVERY DAY, throughout the Bahamas. Bahamians like to refer to Christopher Columbus as the islands' first tourist. San Salvador, where his landfall in the New World occurred, is much the same as it was when he found it. Discovery Day is a national holiday, celebrated with a regatta, powerboat races (on the 13th), and various festivities.

For information: Bahamas Tourist Office, 150 E. 52nd St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 757-1611.

BERMUDA

APRIL 23, PEPPERCORN CEREMONY, St. George's. The Masonic Lodge of Bermuda has its headquarters at the State House, and when it comes time for the Lodge to pay its annual rent on this magnificent property—namely, one peppercorn—to the government, the governor acts as rent collector, amid pomp and military fanfare.

MAY, BERMUDA HERITAGE MONTH, throughout Bermuda. Many cultural and sporting activities anticipate Bermuda Day, May 23. The highlights of the day itself will include a boat race at St. George's and a parade from Hamilton to the National Stadium in Prospect, where the celebration will go on into the evening.

JUNE 13-21, OPERATION SAIL, Hamilton and St. George's. The international fleet of tall ships will converge and make ready to sail on June 22 for New York, where the ships will take part in the Statue of Liberty Festival.

JULY 31–AUGUST 1, CUP MATCH, Somerset. This cricket match, pitting the eastern end of the island against the western, is such an important sporting and social occasion that both days of it are public holidays. The Crown and Anchor tables set up on these days are Bermudians' only opportunity to gamble.

For information: Bermuda Department of Tourism, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 397-7700.

THE CARIBBEAN

ANTIGUA & BARBUDA

APRIL 27–MAY 3, SAILING WEEK, Antigua. The yacht races draw yachtsmen from all the coasts of the Atlantic. There's also a Sunfish regatta, a fishing-workboat race, and a lot of parties.

JULY 25–AUGUST 5, MID-SUMMER CARNIVAL, Antigua. The island's folk culture is the focus. Highlights include calypso and steel-band shows, a parade, and, starting before sunrise on August 4, J'Ouvert, with steel-band music and dancing in the streets.

For information: Government of Antigua and Barbuda, Dept. of Tourism, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 541-4117.

BARBADOS

JULY 14–AUGUST 5, CROP OVER FESTIVAL, throughout Barbados. Parades, plantation fairs, open-air concerts, and general celebrating, in honor of the recently completed sugarcane harvest. Kadooment is a national holiday, on August 5.

For information: Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 986-6516.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

APRIL 19-20, BATABANO CARNIVAL, George Town, Grand Cayman. Street dances, band concerts, parades, and costume competitions add up to a lot of local color.

JUNE, MILLION DOLLAR MONTH, throughout the Cayman Islands. A month-long fishing tournament. The angler who breaks the All-Tackle Atlantic Blue Marlin record of 1,282 pounds wins the $1 million grand prize.

OCTOBER 20-26, PIRATES WEEK, Grand Cayman and Cayman Brac. When the pirates land and take over the island, the festivities start: parades, fireworks, and sporting and folk-cultural events. A Family Day at the beach features contests and games for children.

For information: Cayman Islands Dept. of Tourism, 250 Catalonia Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33134. (305) 444-6551.

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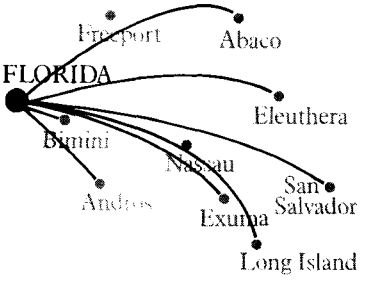

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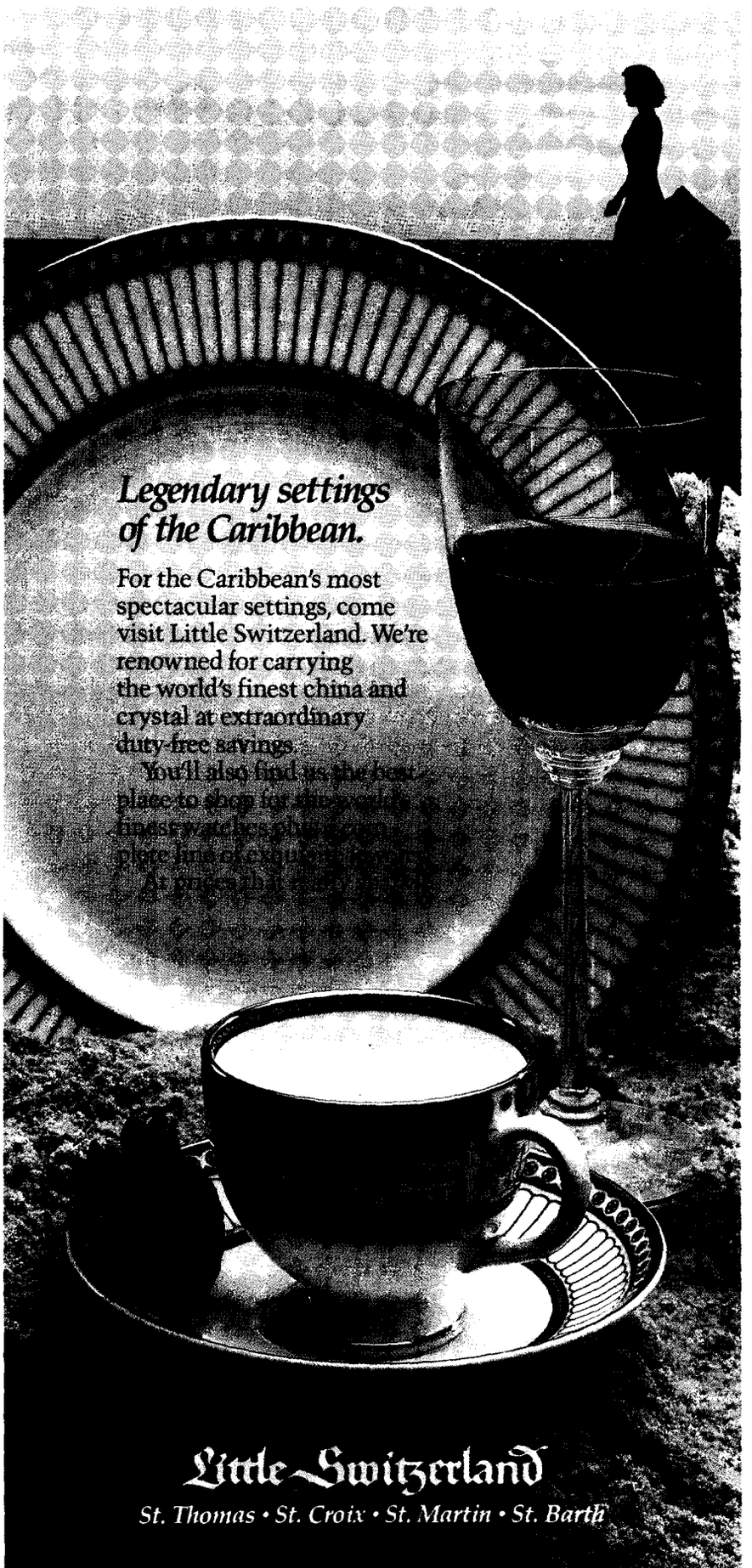

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CARIBBEAN

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

JULY 20–AUGUST 4, MERENGUE FESTIVAL, Santo Domingo. The comparatively mellow merengue is the Dominican Republic's chief contribution to Caribbean music and dance. This festival brings together a multitude of merengue orchestras, and the city shows off other aspects of its folk culture as well.

For information: Dominican Tourist Information Center, 485 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 826-0750.

FRENCH WEST INDIES

JULY 26–AUGUST 9, CARIBBEAN CULTURAL FESTIVAL, Guadeloupe. Music, dance, theater, films, and photography from all parts of the Caribbean.

AUGUST 9, FETE DES CUISINIERES, Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe. Women parade wearing Creole costumes and carrying baskets filled with island specialties—stuffed lobsters, for example. There's much singing and dancing, a High Mass at the Cathedral, and a five-hour banquet that island visitors may attend.

AUGUST 22-24, PATRON SAINT DAY CELEBRATION, St. Barthelemy. Colorful booths are set up on Gustavia's little streets, sports competitions are held, and the island takes on the aspect of a French country fair gone native.

SEPTEMBER 28, FETE NAUTIQUE DE ROBERT, Martinique. A nighttime celebration offshore near the town of Robert, with boat races, lighted flotillas, and folk dances on rafts.

For information: French West Indies Tourist Board, 628 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-1125.

JAMAICA

JULY OR AUGUST, REGGAE SUNSPLASH, Montego Bay. A beach party and three nights of concerts starring some of Jamaica's—which is to say the world's—top reggae musicians.

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For information: Jamaica Tourist Board, 866 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 688-7650.

PUERTO RICO

MAY 11-18, SEMANA DE LA DANZA, San Juan. Music and dance nightly at the 16th-century Dominican Convent.

JUNE 7-21, CASALS FESTIVAL, San Juan. Thirty years ago the cellist, composer, and conductor Pablo Casals came to Puerto Rico from Spain. This annual festival of classical music began soon after, bringing international musicians to perform.

NOVEMBER 15-22, JAYUYA INDIAN FESTIVAL. The Taino Indians of Jayuya celebrate their heritage with ceremonies, games, music, dances, and visits to historic sites, some a thousand years old.

NOVEMBER 28-30, PALMAS DEL MAR DEEP-SEA FISHING TOURNAMENT, Humacao. Puerto Rico's leading sport-fishing event for fishing craft 25 feet and up.

For information: Puerto Rico Tourism Co., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10104. (212) 541-6630.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

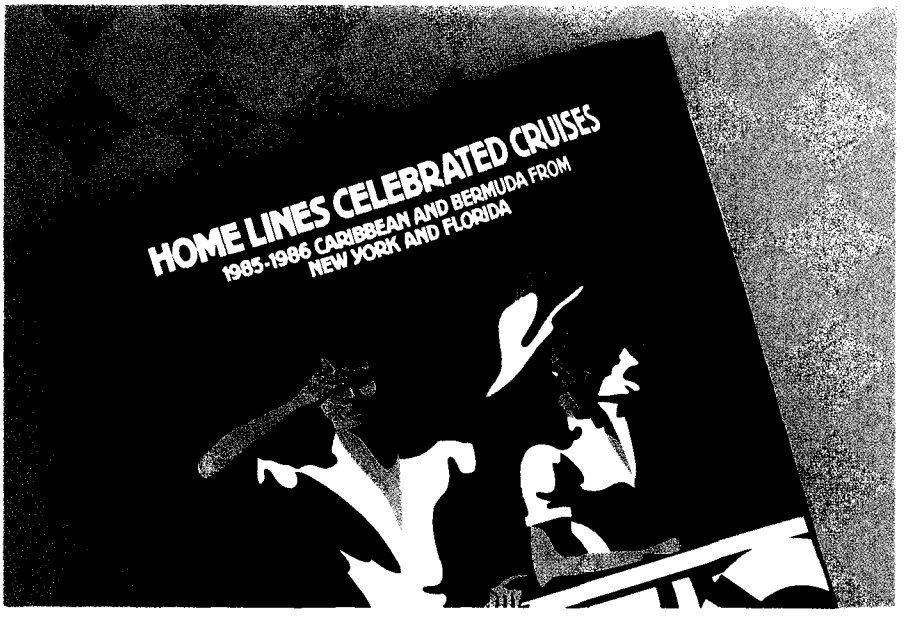
APRIL 13-19, CARNIVAL CALYPSO TENT, St. Thomas. A song competition for the title of Calypso King.

APRIL 20-26, CARNIVAL WEEK, St. Thomas. The first day of Carnival dawns—literally—to the tune of steel and brass bands, which join in on the J'Ouvert Morning Tramp. The final two days feature parades, with Mocko Jumbi stiltwalkers.

JUNE 27-JULY 7, HOOK IN AND HOLD ON, St. Thomas. An international windsurfing competition that includes island-to-island races and a freestyle event.

AUGUST, VIRGIN ISLANDS INTERNATIONAL OPEN BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT, St. Thomas. Sponsored by the Boy Scouts of America.

For information: U.S. Virgin Islands Dept. of Commerce, 1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. (212) 582-4520.



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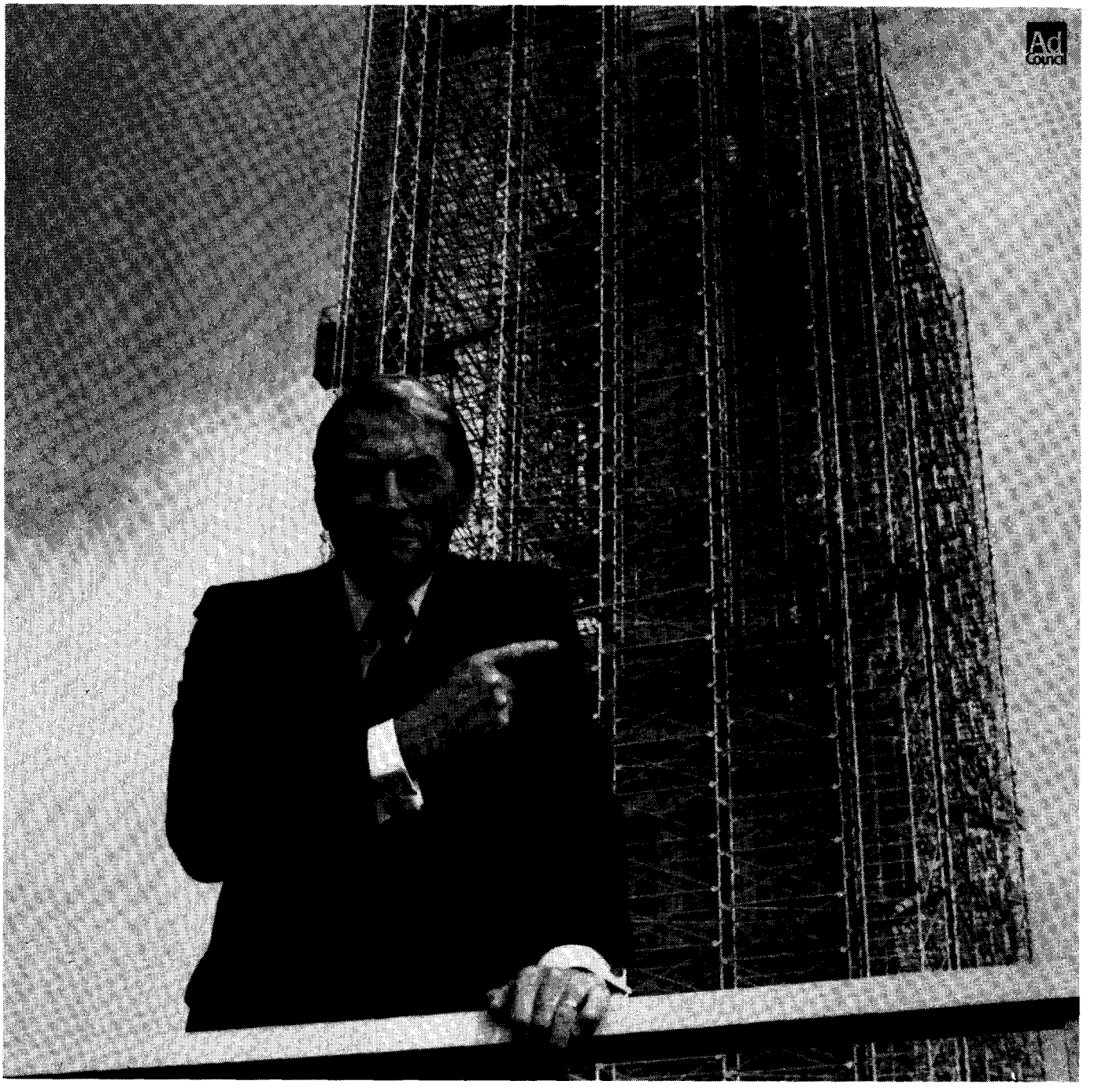

If you still believe in her, help finish the job.

Your help is needed to relight the beacon of freedom for generations to come.

Her body lies hidden by a network of scaffolding.

Her torch, a beacon of freedom to all the world for nearly a hundred years, has been destroyed by weather, pollution and age.

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In a workshop beneath the statue, many critical parts must be restored or replaced entirely. And that takes money. To make an exact duplicate of the original torch, highly skilled French and American workers had to start from scratch. Even craft special tools. Everyone loves the Statue of Liberty. But it will take money to save her. And for the work to be completed in time for the centennial celebration, she needs that money now.

The Statue of Liberty is an irreplaceable part of our heritage. A heritage of hope, generosity and opportunity. Her well-being is our responsibility.

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Send your tax deductible contribution to: The Lady, Box 1986, New York, N.Y. 10018.

KEEP THE TORCH LIT

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CANADA

MAY 2–OCTOBER 13, EXPO 86, Vancouver, BC. This major world exposition on the themes of transportation and communication will encompass 80 pavilions and theme plazas.

MAY 11-19, FESTIVAL OF SPRING, Ottawa, Ont. A boat parade and various other festivities, against a background of riotous color provided by hundreds of thousands of tulips in bloom.

MAY 18–OCTOBER 18, TREASURES AND SPLENDORS OF CHINA EXHIBITION, Montreal, Que. The Palais de la Civilisation will exhibit paintings, porcelains, bronzes, and other sculptures lent by 15 museums in the People's Republic. A substantial majority of the 175 works of art have never before been seen outside China.

JUNE 21, MIDNIGHT SUN GOLF TOURNAMENT, Yellowknife, NWT. Night is day, the "greens" are sand, and ravens steal the ball.

JUNE 26–JULY 6, MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL, Que. Swing, bebop, blues, salsa, reggae, modern jazz, and fusion, in profusion. About 800 musicians will perform, indoors and outdoors.

JULY 3-14, QUEBEC SUMMER FESTIVAL, Quebec City. North America's largest francophone cultural event fills the city's streets and parks.

JULY 4-13, CALGARY STAMPEDE, Alta. Said to be the largest professional rodeo in the world, with such special features as wild-horse and chuck-wagon races and a buffalo-riding event.

JULY 20-26, LOYALIST DAYS, St. John, NB. Costume parades, concerts, and a re-enactment of the landing of the Loyalists.

AUGUST 8-10, INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW, Abbottsford, BC. North America's biggest public air show and aviation trade fair, with numerous exhibitions of civilian and military aerobatic prowess.

AUGUST 13–SEPTEMBER 1, CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, Toronto, Ont. This is said to be the world's oldest and largest annual exhibition. It features live entertainment, a midway, and air shows, as well as many, many exhibits.

SEPTEMBER 28, MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL MARATHON, Que.

For information: Canadian Government Office of Tourism, 235 Queen St., Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0H6, Canada. (613) 996-4610.

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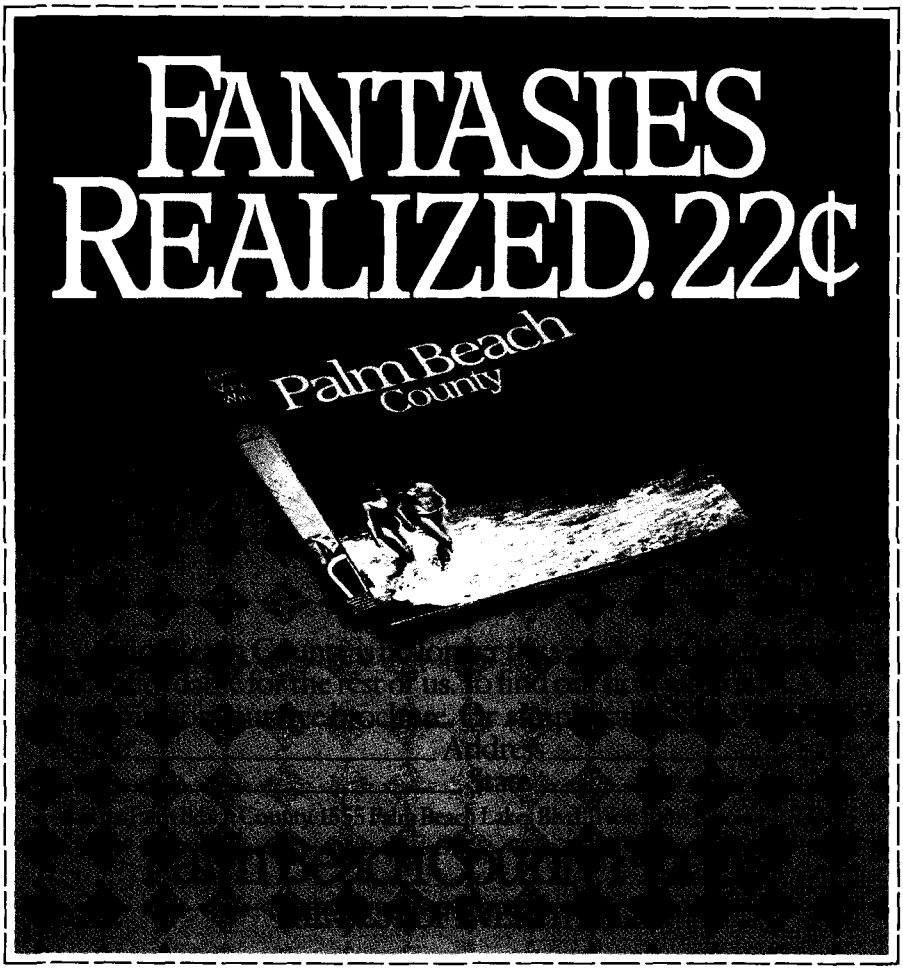

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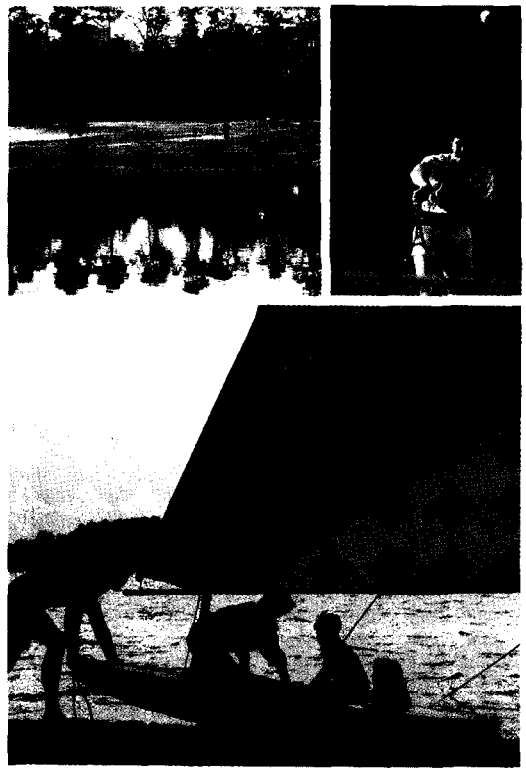

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NEW ENGLAND

APRIL 11-13, VERMONT MAPLE FESTIVAL, St. Albans. A maple parade, lumberjack competitions, syrup-tasting, and other variations on the theme. (802) 524-5800.

JUNE 11-13, NORTHFIELD QUILT FESTIVAL, Vt. Antique and contemporary quilts, a quilting competition, and workshops—in short, the largest quilt festival in the East. (802) 492-3590.

JUNE 20-22, AMERICAN CRAFT COUNCIL CRAFT FAIR, West Springfield, Mass. The nation's largest, with more than 500 artisans in clay, glass, wood, leather, fiber, and metal. (413) 787-0140.

JUNE 27–AUGUST 31, TANGLEWOOD MUSIC FESTIVAL, Lenox, Mass. The Boston Symphony Orchestra will be in residence, welcoming guests including Leonard Bernstein and Marilyn Horne. Among other special events, there will be a July 4th gala concert with Michael Tilson Thomas; an All-Brass Spectacular; and performances of *Oberon* in honor of the 200th anniversary of Carl von Weber's birth. (413) 637-1600.

AUGUST 1-3, THE MAINE LOBSTER FESTIVAL, Rockland. Maine's original lobster festival. (207) 596-0376.

AUGUST 1-10, LEAGUE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE CRAFTSMEN'S FAIR, Newbury. The oldest crafts fair in America, and a pleasantly rustic one, at Mount Sunapee State Park. (603) 224-3375.

AUGUST 9-10, MYSTIC OUTDOOR ARTS FESTIVAL, Conn. A mammoth outdoor art show. (203) 536-8559.

MID-AUGUST, NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL, RI. Legendary greats and rising stars in jazz perform. (401) 277-2601.

SEPTEMBER 6-8, OYSTER FESTIVAL, Norwalk, Conn. The largest waterfront festival on Long Island Sound, including entertainment on four stages, a boat parade, boat rides, an amusement park, nightly fireworks—oh, yes, and oysters, too. (203) 349-9262.

SEPTEMBER 19-21, COMMON GROUND COUNTRY FAIR, Windsor, Maine. A unique celebration of country life, featuring "appropriate technology" along with the abundance of food, produce, and livestock that's always appropriate to a country fair. (207) 622-3118.

The Buffalo Roundup, in Custer State Park, South Dakota

OCTOBER 3-5, WARNER FALL FOLIAGE FESTIVAL, NH. Oxen-pulling, ice-cream-eating, and woodsmen's contests, a chicken and lobster barbecue, a farmers' market, and a parade make up an elaborate sideshow to the beauty of the Mink Hills and Mount Kearsarge. (603) 668-3630.

MID-ATLANTIC

APRIL 6-13, CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, Washington, DC. Including the Japanese Lantern Lighting ceremony, the Cherry Blossom Marathon, the Cherry Blossom Festival parade, and fireworks. (202) 293-0480.

MAY 4, WINTERTHUR POINT-TO-POINT, Del. Four races over jumps and one on the flat, on the lovely grounds of the Winterthur Museum and Gardens. (302) 736-4271.

JUNE 6-22, THREE RIVERS ARTS FESTIVAL, Pittsburgh, Pa. One of the state's foremost annual cultural events. (412) 261-7040.

JUNE 7-8, POTOMAC RIVERFEST, Washington, DC. A tall-ships visit, boat rides and other water events, live entertainment, and fireworks. (202) 387-8292.

JUNE 9-15, U.S. OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, Southampton, NY. Reserve tickets early. (201) 234-2300.

JUNE 14, BELMONT STAKES, Elmont, NY. The third jewel in the Triple Crown of horse racing. (718) 641-4700.

JULY 12-27, TRICENTENNIAL WEEKS, Albany, NY. The nation's oldest chartered city will mark its 300th birthday with a tall-ships visit, parades on land and water, re-enactments of historic events, and arts and ethnic festivals. (518) 434-1217.

JULY 28, BASEBALL HALL OF FAME INDUCTION CEREMONIES, Cooperstown, NY. Admission will be free, and brand-new exhibits will be ready for viewing. (607) 547-9988.

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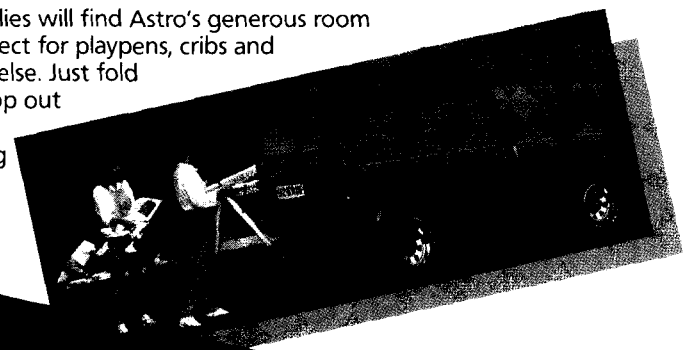

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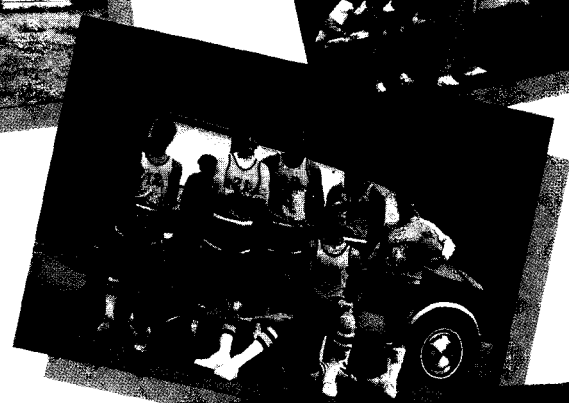

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about the advertisers in this special travel supplement, use one of the reader-service cards adjacent to pages T-13 and T-29.

UNITED STATES

SEPTEMBER 15-21, MISS AMERICA PAGEANT, Atlantic City, NJ. There are parades and other festivities, in addition to the competition. (609) 345-7536.

OCTOBER 28, RE-DEDICATION OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, New York, NY. Ceremonies to mark Lady Liberty's 100th birthday. (212) 488-7926.

NOVEMBER 2, MARINE CORPS MARATHON, Washington, DC. (703) 640-2225.

SOUTHEAST

APRIL 12, JOHN WILKES BOOTH ESCAPE ROUTE TOUR, Clinton, Md. This bus tour leaves from the scene of Lincoln's assassination and heads through the Maryland countryside to the site of Garrett's Farm, in Virginia, where Booth was captured. Reservations are required. (301) 868-1121.

APRIL 14-20, HERITAGE GOLF CLASSIC, Hilton Head Island, SC. (803) 842-5328.

APRIL 18-20, ARKANSAS FOLK FESTIVAL AND OZARK FOOTHILLS CRAFT GUILD SHOW AND SALE, Mountain View. Folk music, folk music, and more folk music, plus a parade, a rodeo, and crafts, crafts, and more crafts. (501) 269-8068.

APRIL 25–MAY 4, KENTUCKY DERBY FESTIVAL, Louisville. Steamboat, hot-air-balloon, and foot races, a parade, a jazz festival, and fireworks to while away the time until the race, on May 3. Reserve tickets and accommodations early. (502) 584-6383.

MAY 10-17, PREAKNESS FESTIVAL WEEK, Baltimore, Md. Parades, a hot-air-balloon race, concerts, and neighborhood festivals will anticipate the 111th running of the Preakness, on May 17. Reserve tickets and accommodations early. (301) 387-4636.

MAY 11, RE-ENACTMENT OF THE BATTLE OF NEW MARKET, Va. More than 1,200 authentically uniformed Confederate and Union soldiers take part. (703) 740-3102.

MAY 16-18 AND OCTOBER 10-12, KENTUCKY GUILD OF ARTISTS AND CRAFTMEN'S FAIRS, Berea. Fiddle, banjo, and guitar playing; quilt, pottery, and furniture displaying. (606) 986-3192.

MAY 23–JUNE 8, SPOLETO FESTIVAL USA, Charleston, SC. Menotti's *Saint of Bleecker Street,* Stravinsky's *Renard,* and de Banfield's *Lord Byron's Love Letter* are this year's operas. And the Scottish Ballet and the National Ballet of Spain are on the program, as are two orchestras and chamber-music, theater, and jazz groups. Reserve tickets and accommodations early. (803) 722-2764.

JUNE–JULY, OPERATION TURTLE WATCH, Jensen Beach, Fla. Guides will take small groups to a nesting site after a giant sea turtle has laid her eggs, to watch as the babies hatch and crawl to the sea. This organized effort is intended to protect the natural habitat of the sea turtle and the beach vegetation. Reservations are necessary. (305) 334-3444.

JULY 19-20, HEMINGWAY DAYS FESTIVAL, Key West, Fla. Including a billfish tournament, awards ceremonies for short-story and journalism competitions, and even the "Papa" Hemingway Look-Alike Contest. (305) 294-8585.

JULY 23-24, PONY PENNING, Chincoteague, Va. After the surplus wild ponies swim the channel between Assateague and Chincoteague, they are auctioned off by the local volunteer fire company. (804) 336-6519.

AUGUST 7-9, ASHEVILLE MOUNTAIN DANCE AND FOLK FESTIVAL, NC. Traditional clog, figure, and buck dancing, and music by balladeers, dulcimer players, and old-time and bluegrass string bands. (704) 258-3916.

AUGUST 14-23, KENTUCKY STATE FAIR, Louisville. The nation's largest air-conditioned state fair. Among the highlights is the World Championship American Saddlebred Horse Show. (502) 366-9592.

AUGUST 29-31, NATIONAL HARD CRAB DERBY, Crisfield, Md. Crab races, a crab-picking championship, and good old-fashioned non-competitive crab-eating. (301) 968-2500.

SEPTEMBER 19-20 AND 26-27, PENSACOLA SEAFOOD FESTIVAL, Fla. With drag boat and powerboat races, a water-skiing show, a sandcastle-building contest, band concerts, and lots of fresh local seafood. (904) 438-4081.

OCTOBER 2-4, ST. PETERSBURG GRAND PRIX, Fla. Various sporting events precede the grand-prix climax, which roars right through downtown St. Petersburg. (813) 896-7223.

OCTOBER 3-5, NATIONAL STORYTELLING FESTIVAL, Jonesborough, Tenn. Among the highlights

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UNITED STATES

is a ghost-story session around a bonfire in the city cemetery. (615) 753-2171.

OCTOBER 11-13, NATIONAL SHRIMP FESTIVAL, Gulf Shores, Ala. A seafood boardwalk, a seafood-cooking contest, plus clowns, cloggers, a sandcastle-building contest, and live entertainment. (205) 968-7511.

MIDWEST

APRIL 14-20, NEW MUSIC CHICAGO SPRING FESTIVAL, Ill. A showcase for contemporary composers. (312) 346-3278.

MAY 1-30, INDIANAPOLIS 500 FESTIVAL AND RACE, Ind. Time trials on the track and celebrations in the city lead up to the "Greatest Spectacle in Racing," on May 25. Reserve tickets and accommodations early. (317) 636-4556.

JUNE 21, GRANDMA'S MARATHON, Duluth, Minn. (218) 727-0947.

JULY 12-13, WORLD ON THE LAKE AIR AND WATER SHOW, Chicago, Ill. The aerial stunts and other air and sea events annually draw well over a million spectators to the shores of Lake Michigan. (312) 225-5000.

JULY 13, CIRCUS WORLD PARADE, Milwaukee, Wis. Said to be the only authentic circus street parade left in the world, this has clowns, wild animals, marching bands, and five dozen antique circus wagons. (608) 266-3978.

JULY 17-19, BLACK HILLS CORVETTE CLASSIC, S.Dak. Featuring the world's longest and largest Corvette caravan, traveling from Sioux Falls all the way to Spearfish. (605) 361-2908.

JULY 18-27, MINNEAPOLIS AQUATENNIAL, Minn. Parades, live entertainment, and many sporting events, aquatic and otherwise. (612) 377-4621.

AUGUST 1-8, EAA FLY-IN, Oshkosh, Wis. Air shows and acres of experimental planes—antiques, warplanes, and home-builts—displayed under the sponsorship of the Experimental Aircraft Association. (414) 426-4800.

AUGUST 9, VENETIAN NIGHT, Chicago, Ill. Fireworks and a parade of decorated, illuminated yachts put a twinkle on Lake Michigan's shoreline. (312) 744-3315.

AUGUST 11-16, AMERICAN INDIAN EXPOSITION, Anadarko, Okla. Dances, ceremonies, contests, games, races, and shows, as thousands of Plains Indians from

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14 tribes gather to renew their customs and rituals. (405) 247-6651.

AUGUST 27-31, CHICAGO JAZZ FESTIVAL, Ill. Said to be the world's largest free jazz festival. (312) 744-3315.

AUGUST 27–SEPTEMBER 1, MONTREUX/DETROIT JAZZ FESTIVAL, Mich. In music halls and public arenas and parks. (313) 259-5400.

SEPTEMBER 29–OCTOBER 1, BUFFALO ROUNDUP, Custer State Park, S.Dak. The park's buffalo population jumps by about 50 percent when the calves are born each spring. In the fall the herd is rounded up so that the calves can be branded and excess animals sold at an auction that takes place in November. (605) 255-4515.

WEST

THROUGH MAY 10, TUCSON FESTIVAL, Ariz. A celebration of Hispanic culture and heritage. The highlights include the San Xavier Mission Pageant on April 4, the Folk Festival April 5-6, the Fiesta del Presidio April 12-13, and the International Mariachi Conference May 7-10. (602) 622-6911.

APRIL 18-27, FIESTA SAN ANTONIO, Texas. An octogenarian among festivals—and going strong, with musicals, concerts, fireworks, and three parades. (512) 227-5191.

MAY 17, ELK ANTLER AUCTION, Jackson Hole, Wyo. The world's only public auction of elk antlers. The antlers are shed in the spring by elk in the herd of 7,000 that winters in the National Elk Refuge. Local Boy Scouts gather them up. Proceeds from the auction benefit the refuge's winter feeding program. (307) 733-3316.

JUNE 27–AUGUST 4, ASPEN MUSIC FESTIVAL, Colo. A summer's worth of classical and contemporary music, jazz, and opera. (303) 925-5482.

JULY 9–AUGUST 23, GRAND TETON MUSIC FESTIVAL, Wyo. Classical and modern music in a magnificent setting. (307) 733-3316.

JULY 18-24, DAYS OF '47 CELEBRATION, throughout Utah. The state's Founder's Day festivities. On July 24, the anniversary itself, the small town of Deseret hosts Utah's largest marathon; when the runners finish, they join the local parade. Salt Lake City celebrates for the whole week, with a horse parade and a rodeo in anticipation of the big day, and fireworks and another parade when it arrives. (801) 533-5681.

JULY 18-27, CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAYS, Wyo. The oldest outdoor rodeo in the U.S. Reserve tickets and accommodations early. (307) 638-3388.

AUGUST 27–SEPTEMBER 7, WORLD CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Colorado Springs, Colo. For the first time in the U.S. (303) 578-4627.

SEPTEMBER 6-7, VIRGINIA CITY CAMEL RACES, Nev. A satire by Mark Twain that appeared in the town's *Territorial Enterprise* newspaper in the 1860s was the inspiration for these annual races, in which teams of jockeys ride their mounts down the ghost town's streets. (702) 847-0311.

SEPTEMBER 11-14, RENO NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AIR RACES, Nev. Eight races a day, by aircraft in four classes, from small homemade planes to Second World War fighters. The U.S. Air Force Thunderbirds and the Canadian Snowbirds will be among the aerobatic acts on hand to entertain. (702) 847-0311.

SEPTEMBER 26–OCTOBER 26, STATE FAIR OF TEXAS, Dallas. The nation's largest, of course. (214) 565-9931.

EARLY OCTOBER, BISON ROUNDUP, Moiese, Mont. A yearly roundup of a herd of nearly 500 bison, or buffalo, from the 19,000 acres where they roam. (406) 644-2211.

LATE OCTOBER–NOVEMBER, BALD EAGLE GATHERING, West Glacier, Mont. Each fall eagles pause in their migration to feed on spawning Kokanee salmon in lower McDonald Creek, making for what's reported to be the densest concentration of bald eagles in the lower 48. (406) 888-5441.

NOVEMBER 7-9, FOUR CORNER STATES BLUEGRASS MUSIC FESTIVAL, Wickenburg, Ariz. Sessions for mandolin, flat-pick guitar, banjo, old-time fiddlin', old-time bands, family bands, and specialty vocals and instruments. (602) 684-5479.

PACIFIC

APRIL 18-20 AND 25-27, CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, San Francisco, Calif. More than 2,000 Californians of Japanese descent participate in the most elaborate offering of Japanese culture this side of Hokkaido. (415) 922-6776.

APRIL 19-27, AMERICA'S CUP WEEK, Honolulu, Hawaii. (808) 942-7760.

MAY 23-26, DIXIELAND JUBILEE, Sacramento, Calif. More than 100 bands

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from around the world figure in what's said to be the world's largest Dixieland festival. (916) 372-5277.

MAY 30–JUNE 15, PORTLAND ROSE FESTIVAL, Oreg. The state's largest community festival, with parades, entertainment, auto races, a carnival, and, of course, a rose show. The Grand Floral Parade will take place on June 7. (503) 227-2681.

JULY 6, BIG ISLAND MARATHON AND HALF MARATHON, Hilo, Hawaii. (808) 959-7987.

JULY 9–AUGUST 28, PAGEANT OF THE MASTERS, Laguna Beach, Calif. This unusual pageant, in its 54th year, re-creates great works of art with living models. (714) 494-1345.

JULY 23-30, OCEAN PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL SAILBOARD CHAMPIONSHIP INVITATIONAL, Honolulu, Hawaii. (808) 262-8571.

JULY 25–AUGUST 9, WORLD'S FAIR INTERNATIONAL INDIAN POWWOW. Everson, Wash. Native Americans and Canadians will show off their traditional ceremonies, cooking, and crafts, on a 60-acre site not far from British Columbia's Expo. (206) 748-0024.

JULY 30–AUGUST 2, WORLD ESKIMO INDIAN OLYMPICS, Fairbanks, Alaska. Eskimo, Aleut, Athabascan, and other Alaska natives represent their villages in the blanket toss, the arm pull, the Alaska high kick, the knuckle hop, and other traditional contests. (907) 456-5774.

AUGUST 1-10, HAWAIIAN INTERNATIONAL BILLFISH TOURNAMENT, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii. (808) 922-9708.

SEPTEMBER 19–OCTOBER 16, ALOHA WEEK FESTIVALS, throughout Hawaii. Each of the major islands takes a turn, for a week, at sponsoring parades, Hawaiian pageantry, canoe races, and street entertainment, in this order: Oahu, Kauai, Hawaii and Maui simultaneously, and Molokai. (808) 944-8857.

OCTOBER 3-5, SONOMA COUNTY HARVEST FESTIVAL, Santa Rosa, Calif. Tasting of award-winning wines, a jazz festival, a 10-km run, and the World Championship Grape Stomp. (707) 545-4203.

OCTOBER 17-26, GRAND NATIONAL RODEO, HORSE SHOW, AND LIVESTOCK EXPOSITION, Daly City, Calif. (415) 469-6065.

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INDEPENDENCE DAY

The guest of honor at the Statue of Liberty Festival, New York

CHAMPIONSHIP RODEO, Folsom, Calif., July 3-6. Said to be the largest Independence Day rodeo in the U.S. Fireworks fly nightly. (916) 985-2698.

EMANCIPATION DAY AND FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS, U.S. Virgin Islands, July 3-4. The U.S. Virgins were Danish until 1917, and the anniversary of the day in 1848 when the Danish West Indies freed its slaves is still observed, on July 3. On the 4th on St. John, besides the usual concerts and fireworks, the entertainments include Mocko Jumbi stiltwalkers. (212) 582-4520.

FIDDLERS' JAMBOREE AND CRAFTS FESTIVAL, Smithville, Tenn., July 4-5. Musicians, singers, and dancers will be competing in 21 categories and, when they're not doing that, will be jamming under the trees around the courthouse. (615) 597-4971.

FREEDOM WEEKEND ALOFT, Greenville, SC, July 3-6. Each evening more than 200 hot-air balloons will be launched. After the balloons fly on July 4, there will be a concert and fireworks. (803) 242-1040.

FRONTIER DAYS, Prescott, Ariz., July 2-6. Back when Arizona was a territory, Prescott was its capital. Now the town relives those days of glory annually, with a parade, fireworks, a rodeo, and various contests in the historic Courthouse Plaza on Whiskey Row. (602) 445-2000.

THE GREAT WHATEVER RACE, Kennebec River, Maine, July 5. Whoever and whatever can float will float down the Kennebec, through Augusta, Hallowell, and Gardiner. (207) 623-4559.

HARBORFEST, Boston, Mass., July 2-6. The *USS Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," makes her annual turnaround, and there are guided walks of the harbor islands, regattas, the Boston Chowderfest, concerts, and fireworks. (617) 227-1528.

INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION, Washington, DC, July 4. The National Independence Day Parade, a concert by the National Symphony Orchestra on the steps of the Capitol building, and fireworks over the Washington Monument. (202) 426-6700.

MADISON REGATTA AND INDIANA GOVERNOR'S CUP RACE, June 30–July 7. Hot-air-balloon races, concerts, and fireworks get Madison in the mood for the Governor's Cup Race, for unlimited hydroplanes. These are the world's fastest racing boats, traveling at speeds up to 180 mph. (812) 265-2956.

NATIONAL TOM SAWYER DAYS, Hannibal, Mo., July 2-6. Mark Twain's home town will host fence-painting, raft-racing, frog-jumping, and mud volleyball competitions. (314) 221-2477.

PIRATE DAYS, Treasure Island, Fla., July 3-5. Here the big day features a pirate invasion as well as the usual music, festivities, and fireworks. (813) 360-0811.

STATUE OF LIBERTY FESTIVAL, New York, NY, July 3-14. The Lady is 100 years old this year and more beautiful than ever. Her lamp will be re-lighted on the 3rd amid much fanfare, including a tall-ships parade and fireworks. The tall-ships activities and historic and ethnic celebrations will continue throughout the long weekend, primarily along the harborfront. The most notable ethnic celebration, though, will be the citywide "France Salutes New York," a gesture of friendship reinforcing the one that France made by giving Lady Liberty to America in the first place. The Paris Opera Ballet will perform at the Metropolitan Opera; the high-wire walker Philippe Petit will do something outrageous, to the accompaniment of Urban Sax, a French group of 50 saxophonists; and a street festival and a concert *avec* fireworks will provide the grand finale, on Bastille Day. (212) 488-7926.

SUMMERFEST, Milwaukee, Wis., June 26–July 6. On the Lake Michigan waterfront jazz, country, ethnic, and rock music will issue from ten stages. (608) 266-3978.

TASTE OF CHICAGO, Ill., June 30–July 6. Chicago nibbles its way through the 4th, with a fair featuring bite-size samples of local restaurants' specialties. There are also nightly concerts; the fireworks will go up during the one on July 3. (312) 744-3315.

VEILED PROPHET FAIR, St. Louis, Mo., July 3-6. The nation's largest Independence Day celebration—at least it is usually, when there's no Statue of Liberty Festival to contend with. Parades, foot races, air and water events, live entertainment, and fireworks, along the riverfront near the Gateway Arch. (314) 421-1023.

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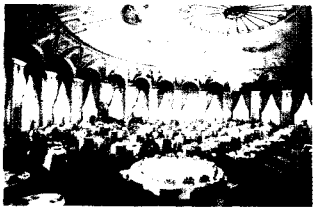

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State College.) "In a standard, basic escape-avoidance study—the first one was done in 1948, by a guy named Neal Miller, but his experiment was a little more complicated than this—you'd put a rat in a box. On one side of the box there are shock grids on the floor, and on the other side there are none. The two sides are divided by a small hurdle. A light comes on, and a second later electrical stimulation is sent through the floor. The rat hops around—no attempt is made to make this a nice experience for the rat—and then jumps over to the other side." With repeated trials, Tortora said, the rat learns to jump to the other side of the box as soon as the light comes on, before the electrical stimulation begins. "So the rat goes from *escaping* the stimulation—that is, jumping when it is on, when he's sort of having a hotfoot—to *avoiding* it. Now, once you teach a rat a really clear and unambiguous avoidance response, it sticks; it's very hard to extinguish that habit." Many behaviors learned by lab animals fade away when the reinforcement used to elicit them, whether positive or negative, is removed. If pecking a key no longer yields a morsel of grain, the pigeon soon loses the inclination to peck. If turning the wrong way in a maze no longer causes its foot to be shocked, the rat soon ceases to go the right way. In short, when the rules of the game change, the animal's behavior changes as well. But in avoidance learning the animal does not know that the rules have changed. "If you turn off the electricity," Tortora said, "so the light comes on but there's no shock following it, the rat *still* jumps. It makes sense, because the rat's jumping before it can find out that there's no electricity anymore."

In *Understanding Electronic Dog-Training*, a book written for and published by the manufacturers of the Tri-Tronics training collars, Tortora explained the principle of avoidance learning in dog-training terms:

> Research has proved that a habit learned through avoidance training is the most permanent of all habits. To understand why, look at the situation from the dog's perspective. Let's say you trained your dog to sit using avoidance training. This means that you have convinced your dog to expect that sitting on command prevents discomfort. Thus, every time he sits on command, he feels that he has successfully avoided the discomfort, regardless of whether he really did or not. Everytime he sits on command, he reinforces his belief that the rules are still in effect since he didn't feel electrical stimulation.
>
> There's an old joke that conveys the powerful effects of avoidance training. It goes like this: A man walks into a psychiatrist's office and sits on his hands. When asked by the psychiatrist why he is sitting in such a peculiar position, he says, "I always sit on my hands, it keeps the lions away." The psychiatrist replies, "There are no lions in Manhattan." To which the man responds, "See! It works."
>
> After the dog has been trained to sit on command with avoidance training, if he could be asked, "Why are you sitting so nicely when commanded, you haven't felt electrical stimulation in years?" the dog would reply, "See! It works."

Tortora began working with dogs again after he completed his doctorate, in 1973. Within about a year he had hung out his shingle as an animal psychologist in Spring Valley, New York, not far from his present home. But he did not immediately understand how relevant his academic training was to the problems that pet owners were bringing him. When he first encountered the electronic dog-training collar, he didn't even see the connection between it and the shock grids that he had worked with in grad school.

"I was taking dogs in, and I was running up against problems like, Here's a dog doing something wrong when I'm not there, and I need to be able to stop it. I think stealing food was the first case like that. What I needed was a device to deliver an aversive stimulus when I wasn't around. But I didn't even know that radio-control collars existed." At the time, a few shock collars were on the market; in principle (though not in electrical output) they were basically remote-control cattle prods, popular especially with the trainers of tracking and retrieving dogs, who need a way to correct their dogs at great distances. Before such devices were developed, some hunters used the fishing-line method that Bill Koehler advocates. Others used such imaginative techniques as "dusting," which is essentially shooting a load of buckshot at the ground near the dog, so that the earth appears to explode forbiddingly in response to the dog's mistake. Tortora sought something a little more practical. "I made a few calls," he said, "and bought my first radio-control collar from a trainer who said, 'Oh yeah, I got one of those.' He dusted it off—I think he was grateful to find somebody to take it off his hands." Tortora soon learned why. "When I first used it, I used it the same way everyone else was using it—to punish the dog. And I quickly saw the problems. The intensity was too high, and the results were not predictable. If a dog was jumping up on the kitchen counter, I could fix that problem using the collar, but then the dog wouldn't even go into the kitchen anymore. Or if the phone rang just before I pressed the button, the dog would be afraid of the phone. These were unpredictable results you wouldn't get when you had an animal in a Skinner box, where there was only one thing it could do."

Tortora said he floundered with the collar for about a month before realizing, suddenly, that he had been seduced by the ethos of traditional dog training and had abandoned the principles of behavioral psychology. "I remember sitting in my old office, in Spring Valley, and doing one of these," he said, smacking his hand against his forehead. "I said, 'What, did I forget what I've been doing for the last seven years?' Then I started thinking about how to use the collar in the escape-avoidance paradigm, and everything grew out of that."

Tortora began talking with the collar's manufacturers, who were in the process of transforming their product from a dirty little secret into a rather sophisticated behavior-modification tool. The original Tri-Tronics collar was fairly simple: pushing a button on a hand-held, battery-powered

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transmitter sent a radio signal to a box on the dog's collar; two pronglike contacts protruding from the box conducted an electrical charge to the skin of the dog's neck. The charge was supposed to hurt, just as a jerk on a leash is supposed to hurt; the purpose was punishment, and no one pretended otherwise. Present models are different. Now the user can set the electrical stimulation at one of five levels, the highest of which corresponds to the single level available previously. Tortora, who helped the company determine which levels would work best, believes that the change allows the collar to be used as a motivation rather than a punishment. At a low level, he says, the electricity may stimulate the dog's neck muscles, causing them to tense, without activating the pain nerves, whose response threshhold is higher. Thus the stimulation may be felt not as pain but as a "pressure to perform," similar perhaps to the pressure that a dog feels when a choke collar binds it in a heeling position. Tortora has some reason to believe that when a dog is naturally motivated to perform—for example, when a retriever is fetching, indulging the instincts bred into it over centuries—the stimulation may even be felt as a form of arousal. Both Tortora and John Maurice, a trainer who was working for him when I visited his kennels, told me that a dog's perception of the electrical stimulation can depend on the way the handler presents it. Tortora demonstrated this to me with one of his own dogs, Levi, a German short-haired pointer. He gave her a jolt while she was running full-tilt after an airborne Frisbee; she ran right through the stimulation, with no reaction that I could discern. A few minutes later she made a mistake in another exercise. Tortora yelled "No!" and gave her another jolt of equal intensity. She yelped in pain.

(I have felt the third strongest of the five available shocks on my finger, which is no doubt more sensitive than a dog's neck. The sensation was certainly uncomfortable, but I'm not sure I can call it pain. I have seen the collar used on several different dogs by several different handlers, at Tortora's kennels and elsewhere. Usually the dogs flinch or tense visibly in reaction to the stimulus, but they do not act as though they have been struck or punished.)

Two of the three remote-control trainers now available from Tri-Tronics are designed explicitly to serve as escape-avoidance teaching devices. In these models each burst of electrical stimulation is preceded by a conditioning tone audible to the dog—a brief buzz that predicts the onset of stimulation, just as the light does for the rat in the shock box. Like the rat, the dog can learn to avoid the shock by responding quickly to the buzz. A button on the transmitter allows the handler to send the buzz only, without any accompanying electrical stimulation. In addition, the top-of-the-line Tri-Tronics trainer also produces a second tone, a beep that follows the electrical stimulation. This feature, added at Tortora's instigation, is based on "relaxation theory," a concept developed at Michigan State by Tortora's major professor, M. Ray Denny. The beep serves as a "safety tone," an indication that the shock is over. It too can be decoupled from the electrical stimulation, and can therefore be used to signal the dog that it has performed well and has avoided the aversive stimulus. "From half a block away," Tortora says, "I can say 'Good dog' by pushing a button." Eventually, if the training goes according to plan, the electricity drops out of the system and the dog can be trained entirely through the use of the conditioning tones.

In "Safety Training: The Elimination of Avoidance-Motivated Aggression in Dogs," a study he published in the *Journal of Experimental Psychology: General*, Tortora describes using the remote-control collar to train thirty-six problem pets—biters, snappers, and growlers referred to him by veterinarians. These were what he calls "avoidance-motivated aggressors"—dogs that in his judgment had learned to use aggressive behaviors as means of avoiding stressful or unpleasant experiences. (Rambo, the kitchen terrorist invented for the beginning of this article, would probably qualify as an avoidance-motivated aggressor.) Tortora trained these dogs to respond to the standard obedience commands—come, heel, sit, stay, and so forth—according to his usual procedures. That is, he introduced the electronic collar only after each dog had learned the commands through more conventional training methods, and he played fetch or tug-of-war with the dog as a part of the training regime, because he believes that such play—the only chance most dogs ever get to exercise predatory instincts, which they no longer really need—is the most powerful reward a trainer has at his disposal. (It is also, he points out, more convenient than a pocketful of smelly liver treats.) In the end, Tortora claimed, every one of the thirty-six dogs was cured completely. Having learned aggression as an avoidance response, he explained, they were able to discard it, or suppress it, after learning a new set of avoidance responses in training. By imposing stress on the dogs, in the form of electrical stimulation, and teaching them that they could avoid it by obeying commands, training gave them alternative ways of coping, and ultimately a sense of control over their environment. Even their carriage—"the manner of holding and moving the head or body"—improved. In a word, the dogs became confident.

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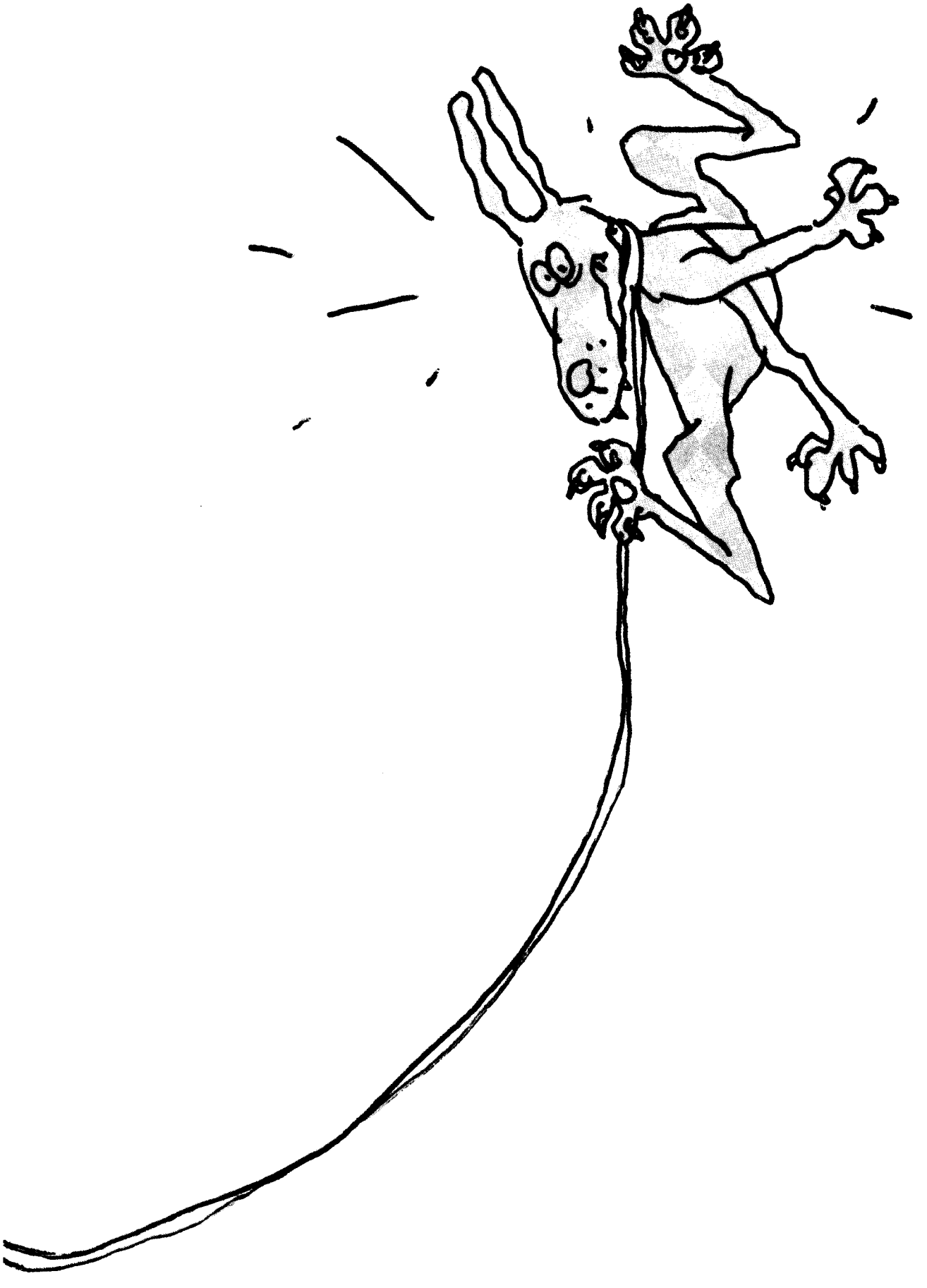

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THE TRI-TRONICS COMPANY, WHICH RETAINS TORtora as a consultant, has taken pains to inform dog people that its products seem to be most effective when used as behaviorist tools rather than as instruments of punishment. But prejudice against the shock collar dies hard. I have encountered several dog trainers who dismiss it as vile but who apparently don't understand how the manufacturer recommends using it. I have heard the editor of a dog magazine announce that he'd never publish an article encouraging its use. Tortora believes that the prejudice is rooted in the mind-set of traditional dominance-submission dog training: trainers who know only punishment and physical dominance naturally assume that these are the purposes for which the collar must be used.

Tortora thinks that dominance does enter into training, but as a consequence, not as a starting point—something a trainer earns rather than something he seizes. A well-trained dog perceives its teacher as one who "gives good advice," Tortora says. "When I say something and the dog does what I say, or if the dog makes a certain movement after I make a certain sound, the dog eliminates pressure and gains reinforcement. If you consistently give the dog good advice about how to deal with its environment, then of course you're going to be the leader. If you think about the head of a pack, a dog or a wolf may bite or attack the subordinate members if they get out of line, but I don't think that's the key to holding dominance. I think the key is successfully controlling the whole pack's movements. If you ever saw a pack hunting, you know that the way the leader moves controls the rest of the pack. The result of that of course is the chase, or the successful bringing down of the prey. So it's movements—not obedience, not right and wrong, and not necessarily dominance. You never seek that, you get it. It's a by-product.

"If you look very carefully at the successful correction trainer, you'll see that he's using the terminology of correction training but he's actually doing escape-avoidance learning. I've watched, I've had the opportunity of being sent around the country to watch very successful trainers. They use the same words as other trainers, but they're a little out of kilter. They've learned to do it a little different because they say it gives them a 'better result.' They have discovered escape-avoidance learning." So have horse trainers and elephant trainers, Tortora says. When a rider wants a horse to turn, he applies pressure to the head or mouth, and the horse turns to escape the pressure. A mahout trains an elephant the same way, using a clawlike device to pull the animal's ear. "Horses have a dominance hierarchy," Tortora says. "Elephants do too. But I don't think the mahout seeks to dominate the elephant. Ultimately he does dominate, but—you know, with a dog the suggestion is you throw it over on its back. What do you do with an elephant?"

"HEEL," USUALLY THE FIRST COMMAND A DOG hears in training, is one of the last learned by a Seeing Eye dog. From the start these dogs are taught to pull ahead. Only after their training is well along—when they have learned to stop at intersections and walk around ladders and ignore the attentions of other dogs, children, and well-meaning adults—can they be introduced to the idea of heeling. When giving the command, the trainer drops the handle of the special working harness and holds the dog only by its conventional leather leash. The dog must learn that on leash it's a follower; in harness it's the boss.

The Seeing Eye, Inc., of Morristown, New Jersey—the

FROM THE RAPIDO: LA SPEZIA–GENOVA

Glossies of Eden? The slim beaches curled
Between rocks and the frill of foam—that's when
There's thunder of tunnels and the underworld.

Pitch-black, down Pluto's flue—till out we're hurled
Back to sea-dazzle and tile roofs' cayenne,
To glossies of Eden, to slim beaches curled

Like sinuous Eve, her lassitudes. The muraled
Villas uphill—it's Steinberg heaven!—then
That shudder of tunnels and the underworld.

But swimtogs merry in blue coves! Their swirled
Piquant revealings—glory be! Amen
To glossies of Eden! to slim beaches curled,
Pavilion, pier, a blazon of towels unfurled,
Twined lovers, barmen, kids, a pup—again
A thunder of tunnels and the underworld.

Books talk of Bede's warm hall, how winter whirled
Through wassailing scops—back into night—that wren,
Sparrow, whatever. But these beaches! curled
So close to abutments of the underworld?

—John Frederick Nims

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first organization in the United States to provide guide dogs for the blind (and the only one entitled to the name Seeing Eye)—places about 230 dogs every year. A few of these dogs, mostly golden retrievers, are bought from breeders; a few are donated by the public; the rest are German shepherds and Labrador retrievers bred by the organization in its own kennels. Seeing Eye dogs are selected and bred generally for calm disposition and convenient size—they must fit comfortably under desks, restaurant tables, and so on—but a certain amount of variation is desirable. Blind people come in all sizes and temperaments, and so must their dogs.

Seeing Eye dogs are not quite the astounding creatures that myth makes them out to be. For example, they do not typically respond to such commands as "library" or "coffee shop"; their blind masters must tell them to go right, left, or forward at every intersection. Nor do Seeing Eye dogs read traffic lights. A much-repeated misconception is that, being color blind (as all dogs evidently are), they learn to stop for the top light on a traffic signal and to go for the bottom light. In fact their masters decide when it is time to cross the street, usually on the basis of what they hear; the dogs' job is to disobey the command when crossing would not be safe. Seeing Eye people call it "intelligent disobedience."

Most dogs need about four months to learn the job. For the first two weeks of this period they are drilled in basic obedience. For the last four weeks they practice guide work with the blind people to whom they have been assigned. In between they walk, walk, walk the streets of Morristown, five days a week, rain, snow, or shine, pulling behind them a band of dedicated and very well conditioned young men and women, mostly hearty, good-looking people dressed in the functional attire of the outdoor-fashion catalogue houses. Last summer I spent some time following one of these trainers, Pete Jackson, on his rounds. And I do mean following.

"THE BASIC THING WE'RE PLAYING WITH HERE IS that the average domesticated dog wants to please humans. My goal is to teach the dog what makes me happy." Jackson, blond, well tanned, and voluble, thirty-seven years old, was driving into Morristown when he offered this capsule analysis of dog training, nearly shouting to be heard over the clatter of his Seeing Eye van. Behind us, clipped to chains hanging from the truck's walls, were his students for the morning, Zoë, Walt, and Mickey—two shepherds and a yellow Lab. (The names of all Seeing Eye dogs have been changed.) Jackson was working a string of eight dogs, all in their eighth week of training, their sixth week in town. Today, as on every weekday, each would get thirty to forty minutes of work. "The dog has its own concept of safety," Jackson continued. "It doesn't have to be trained to avoid bumping into things. What the instructor has to do is increase the dog's degree of clearance, so its body becomes two and a half feet wider. It's like the dog grows an extension. The most difficult thing for the dog is to learn how to start and stop this 150-pound human being at the end of the harness. They develop a skill similar to that of the leading partner in a dance."

The Seeing Eye must take special measures to ensure that the puppies it raises will become devoted partners. Though they are not ready for formal training until they are about a year old, they cannot be kept in kennels much past their second month of life. Researchers have found that dogs undergo a critical socialization period, from about three to about twelve weeks of age, during which they form social habits that persist more or less throughout their lives. Puppies removed from the litter and given lots of human attention early in this period have been known to identify so strongly with people that as adults they have had difficulty mating with other dogs. Similarly, if a puppy's principal companions throughout this period are litter mates or other dogs, it will probably never get along well with human beings; kennel-raised dogs are often nervous around people and distrustful of them. The general belief among dog people is that puppies should begin to receive a significant amount of human attention at seven or eight weeks of age; this gives them the opportunity to socialize with both dogs and human beings. The Seeing Eye farms its puppies out at the age of eight weeks to the families of 4-H Club members in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. The 4-H families adopt the dogs for about a year, during which time they introduce them to elementary obedience exercises. Then the dogs return to the Seeing Eye for the first phase of their formal education, two weeks of intensive training in the basic obedience commands. They learn to sit, come stay—no heeling, of course—and fetch, because guide dogs are sometimes called upon to retrieve dropped gloves or wallets for their masters.

The obedience drilling continues after the dogs begin training in the streets of Morristown. In a garage beneath the building that serves as the Seeing Eye's downtown headquarters there, Pete Jackson took Zoë from the van—the others lay there quietly awaiting their turns—and began her training session with a brief obedience review. "It's very important," he said, "to continually remind the dog who the master is. In this obedience session there is no intelligent disobedience. It's simply come, sit—you do it when you're told to do it. If you do it you get praised, and if you don't you're punished. The dog has to be reminded of this every day, at least once a day. We do it in a neutral area where no guide work is involved, no responsibility other than to obey the master. Because five minutes later we could be out on the street and be in a situation where the dog might have to intelligently disobey a command."

On the streets as well as in the obedience sessions the standard Seeing Eye punishment is a conventional leash correction paired with the reprimand "Pfui!" (The word is a German exclamation, a reminder that the first Seeing Eye dog, a German shepherd named Buddy, was raised

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and trained in Switzerland.) At this stage of training most of Jackson's dogs were hearing only a few *pfuis* and a great deal of enthusiastic verbal praise, which is an important part of the Seeing Eye training formula. Zoë walked Jackson up to an intersection and stopped. "Good girl!" He commanded her to cross the street, which was empty, and she set out. "Good girl, Zoë." At the opposite curb she slowed down so that he could feel his way forward by tapping his foot in front of him, as a blind person would. "Good girl." Up on the sidewalk he told her to go left and she did, walking as far as the curb and stopping again. "Attagirl, Zoë. Good girl!" After crossing the street again, she steered him around a parking meter. "Good girl." She slowed for a second to sniff a patch of grass. "Pfui!" She put her mind back on her work. "Good girl." Jackson, who has been a Seeing Eye trainer for about twelve years, was so sensitive to the dog's movement, and his reactions were so immediate, that sometimes I didn't know which of the dog's actions he was responding to. He told me, "People who are watching can't appreciate the communication that's going on between the dog and the handler." The people of Morristown long ago accustomed themselves to the ubiquity of these harnessed dogs and their young trainers, but they may never get used to the merry babble that issues constantly from the trainers' mouths. It seems to make sense to the dogs, though. The conviction that dogs understand and can be motivated by verbal praise—through tones of voice if not through the meanings of the words themselves—is nearly universal among dog people.

As Zoë led us toward a streetlight pole, Jackson showed me how he teaches a dog to allow for the person at the end of its harness. "Let's say the dog was too far to the right here. What I would do to teach her clearance . . . " He deliberately walked smack into the metal pole, made a great deal of noise—including a loud "Pfui!"—and stumbled around histrionically for a second, a poor blind fellow who'd bopped his noggin because of his dog's incompetence. Zoë was visibly upset. She stopped and cringed, as though his pain were her own. "Then I'd back up," Jackson said, "to give the dog the chance to see the object in the perspective of its environment, so she can plan her move: *How am I gonna get around that thing?* This also gives the dog a chance to relax after the reprimand. You walk back, give her a chance to relax, turn around—*Huh, there it is again*; now let's go and see if we can do it better this time."

It's not merely a matter of mechanics, Jackson emphasized. "Sooner or later the dog has just got to reach inside and draw on its own ability to figure things out. And that's where the fun part comes in—after you've taught the dog basic avoidance, taught it to clear those extra two feet on the right-hand side, and you can feel that the dog is really starting to work for you. When you put the harness on, the dog knows it's not going out for a walk. It may not understand completely everything that's going on out there, but it does realize that for some special reason you need its help." What's in it for the dog? "I think these dogs could be some of the happiest creatures around," Jackson said. "They're not left alone in a kennel all day, they're with someone, they're working, they have companionship, and if you accept the idea that the dog wants to please human beings, this dog and all the other dogs in this program really have the ideal opportunity to please their masters all day long."

Zoë brought us to a halt, for what reason I could not determine. But Jackson, who is several inches taller than I, was pleased. Though I had not noticed it—and would have failed to see its significance even if I had—Zoë, standing about two feet tall, had noticed a tree to our left whose branches were hanging over the sidewalk. Avoiding these overheads, as the Seeing Eye trainers call them—awnings and ledges as well as branches—is one of the most difficult lessons for dogs to learn, because they have no natural need to look for trouble six feet in the air. Jackson said, "Hup-up," a command to go on. After hesitating a moment Zoë walked him to the right edge of the sidewalk, beyond the branches' reach, and then continued on her way. "Good girl!"

"You could see her pause and wait there," Jackson explained. "Without any pressure I just encouraged her to go on, and then she could have done one of two things. She could have just stopped and not moved, which would have signaled to me that I better start feeling [by waving his hand in the air] to see if there's anything here. I could have found the tree, and then we could have walked under it. But instead, she made her initial move to the right, and I encouraged her by saying 'Good girl, good girl,' *Think, think, do it, do it.* She could have gone all the way out into the street and around, but she looked and saw we could get by the tree without having to step off the curb. It was a very good move; it showed a lot of good thinking power and confidence in this dog, which is exactly what I want to see at this stage of training. You know, there was no fear involved at all, she just thought it all out. This is the kind of thing that's going to help a dog take care of someone."

MICKEY, THE NEXT DOG OUT OF THE VAN, responded so well to verbal correction that Jackson almost never had to jerk his leash, even during the obedience session. A simple "Pfui!" was enough to make him wince and do better next time. Some of this was conditioning, Jackson explained: all of the dogs learn to expect a leash correction when they hear the reprimand. But not all of them respond to the word alone. Zoë, though Jackson described her as "fairly sensitive," was also "active, lively, quick-thinking." She needed to be jerked. But "Mickey wants to please me so badly that, even though he's physically strong, I don't need to jerk on him a lot. Every dog has to be handled differently."

I saw Mickey thinking, or whatever it is that dogs do instead. We were standing at an intersection. Jackson said, "Mickey, forward," and gave the signal that always accompanies the command, a sort of underarm wave with the

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free hand. Mickey's job now was to check the street for traffic and go forward only if all was clear. Instead he stepped immediately into the street. Just as immediately he stopped and began looking about nervously. I could see it in his face: he knew he'd made a mistake, and he didn't know what to do next. "Sometimes a dog will do that because he's too bold," Jackson told me. "Other times they do it because they're too nervous." Mickey, he said, had been doing this a lot a few weeks earlier, though lately he'd been improving. "He was so nervous and afraid of me that when I said 'Forward,' he'd always obey me initially, and then say"—here Jackson began looking around frantically, in an uncanny mimicry of Mickey's curbside panic—*"Oh-God-I-shouldn't-have, oh-no-I-gotta-stop.* He wasn't relaxed enough to think, *Wait a minute, let's take a look at things before we go forward here."*

What Jackson wants in a dog is a delicate balance between obedience and independence. In practical terms, he believes, this means he must be judicious in the use of force and dominance. "I could get a better obedience dog by being harder and more demanding, correcting them harder, but if you do that, what happens is you create a dog that's *too* obedient, and then it's reluctant to intelligently disobey out on the street." Jackson told me that he sometimes experiments with a string of dogs, introducing subtle changes to the training routine to see what will develop from them. This time, he said, he was using less force in the obedience exercises, particularly in the fetch, which is the hardest to teach (the dogs have to pick up with their mouths such distasteful objects as flattened tin cans). The result seemed to be that the dogs, although they weren't learning to fetch as quickly as usual, were learning their guide work a bit more readily. Jackson thought that by demanding a little less obedience he had won a little more imagination and initiative.

"I used to spend a lot of time jerking on the leash, because I figured it was the easy way," he said. The dogs take it, and somehow you can be successful with it. But after twelve years I think I've sort of run out of energy for it. There is probably a time and place for force with almost every dog. But I've found, year by year, that the more careful you are and the more attempt you make to get into the dog's brain first—find out what the dog is, what he knows, individually, each dog—the less you have to do it."

Seeing Eye trainers have several other reasons for minimizing the force they use. They cannot rely too heavily on their physical strength, because they cannot be sure that the blind person who receives a certain dog will be strong enough to control it in the same way. Public relations must also be considered. Guide dogs, whether they are working or training, are often in the eye of a public that does not react well to the sight of a dog being physically corrected; the Seeing Eye receives a small but steady number of calls and letters complaining about blind people who have been seen "abusing" their dogs. Finally, the Seeing Eye can get away with a little less dominance than other trainers find necessary; the sort of strict obedience demanded by Bill Koehler, for example, is not required of Seeing Eye dogs, because they are always on leash or in harness.

None of which is to say that Pete Jackson won't get physical when he thinks he has to. One of the dogs he was training while I was in Morristown was a German shepherd female that "had my number for a while," Jackson confessed. "I was being a softy with her because I didn't want to push her, I wanted her to learn at her own pace—but in a month and a half she never got any better, she would just never come around. Finally last week I just took the leash and yanked her hard once, stung her a little bit—you know, she yelped in pain—and ever since then she's been an angel. I said, Damn, she's been playing with me for a month and a half, making me do all the work. That happens all the time." Another shepherd female was losing interest in her guide work about halfway through every training session, as though she were starting to think about getting off the street and back to the kennel. "I always ask myself," Jackson said, "Would I take this dog if I were blind? And until I can say yes, I don't pass the dog." This dog was what Jackson would call dangerous—so far from ready that he had decided to hold her for another three months of training. Before giving up on her entirely, he said, he would try force, but he didn't think it would work. "I'm fairly certain that if I get tough with this dog, what's going to happen is I can make her obedient but I can't make her guide." Jackson's attitude reminded me of Bernie Brown and his ladder of escalating force. Like Brown, Jackson believes that force works on some dogs—is indeed necessary with some dogs—but he starts with minimal force, to accommodate the "soft" dogs that do not react well to pressure. He resorts to sterner methods only when the easygoing approach fails, and when he reaches this point he begins, again like Brown, to lose confidence in the dog. Both trainers want their dogs to do things that they don't believe dogs can be *made* to do. And unlike trainers at obedience classes—who take all comers thirty or forty at a time—both can afford to go slowly, and both have a surefire cure for the dog that doesn't pass muster: wash it out of the program and give it to some pet people.

ONE MORNING I LEFT PETE JACKSON TO HIS DOGS and met his boss in the upstairs lounge of the Seeing Eye's downtown building, where blind people wait with their dogs for a session of practice in the streets. Doug Roberts, the assistant director of instruction and training, started at the Seeing Eye as an apprentice trainer and has been there for some eighteen years. Now in his forties, he's a relaxed, friendly man who's serious about dogs. As we talked, he brushed the coat of Gilda, a golden retriever that had recently returned to Morristown because her blind master had died. Gilda was a special case. She was headed for the home of another blind person, which is not unusual in itself—but this person required a dog that would walk on the right side instead of the left. Later Rob-

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erts would be taking her into the streets to teach her new habits.

Roberts told me that a large part of Seeing Eye training is suppressing the instincts that the domestic dog has inherited from its predatory ancestors. "Dogs are just loaded with instincts," he said. "In different dogs some instincts are more powerful than others." Some dogs have a high chase instinct—"the squirrel goes, he's gotta go." In others, the sniffing instinct may predominate, or the scavenging instinct. "When we train a dog," Roberts said, "we cannot eliminate an instinct. What we do is put it under the surface. The blind person then must keep it from the surface." This involves drilling the dog in obedience every day as well as controlling it while it's working. "If you've got a powerful, energetic dog that's got that chase instinct, then it has to be matched carefully with a person who can handle that, who is energetic enough himself to keep that instinct down." Training a dog to suppress its instincts involves a fairly straightforward application of Bill Koehler–style tempt-and-correct tactics. A scavenger might be walked along a route scattered with popcorn; a fighter might be led down a block where a particularly obnoxious and belligerent mutt is known to reside.

C. O. Whitman, as quoted by Konrad Lorenz in *Man Meets Dog*, said that the decline of instinctive behavior is "the open door through which the great teacher, Experience, can enter and bring about all the wonders of the intellect." He was speaking in an evolutionary sense, not about individual dogs, but it occurred to me as I listened to Doug Roberts that something similar happens in the Seeing Eye dog. Roberts is the only trainer I met who was able to synthesize for me the viewpoint of the Koehler-style trainers—that dogs will behave reliably only if forced to—with the opposing view that dogs want to please their human masters. He said that while the Seeing Eye trains a dog, and for about six months after it has gone home with a blind person, the dog is in its "teenage years." It knows what it's supposed to do, but it is subject to distractions. "Like a teenager, it can do marvelously—both because it wants to, sometimes, and because it has to, at other times. Later, after it has gone through the adjustment of its teenage years, it *wants* to do the work." It becomes, in other words, a responsible adult—able to curb its instinctive appetite for self-gratification, to appreciate the value of useful work, and, most important, to form lasting relationships based on trust and devotion. "When the dog is fully mature," Roberts said, "it becomes what everyone considers the 'Seeing Eye dog'—a special sort of bonding occurs where the dog feels like it is part of the person. You don't get that in many human-dog associations. You can get really close attachment between a pet owner and his pet—you know, really superclose—but the twenty-four-hour-a-day *I'll take care of you* association, that's a bit different."

How, I asked him, can such a bond be transferred? How will Gilda, the dog lying at our feet, develop that kind of devotion for a new master? A dog suffers tremendously when its master dies, Roberts admitted, but in a way its desperate need for affection and security—another instinct—makes the transfer easy. Since losing her master Gilda had been living in the Seeing Eye kennels without much human contact. "She hasn't had any hands on in about a month," Roberts said as he brushed her. "You can see she's just loving this." Her deprivation would last a while longer. "What we've done, and what we will do, is to give this little girl a break from any ability to bond herself to anyone else for a little while—not long. She's not neglected by any means, but you can see she wants to go to you—*Will you love me? Will* you *love me?* The dog needs the security, the affection, the bonding. Therefore, if you give it a break, let it rest for awhile, and match it with someone else, it will rebond. You can humanize it if you want to: you can be totally devoted to your wife and she can die, and you can have a very good second marriage."

One does not hang around the Seeing Eye long without hearing analogies like this. I once left the office of Richard Krokus, the Seeing Eye's director of instruction and training, wondering if he realized how often and how easily his conversation slid from dog training to child rearing. Many trainers do it. A large part of the reason, I think, is simply that the human analogy is the handiest way of expressing what I've come to think of as a fundamental lesson, perhaps *the* fundamental lesson, of dog training: Dogs are individuals.

One of the classic studies of dog behavior, by John L. Fuller and John Paul Scott, was undertaken to shed some light on how genetics affects the behavior of human beings. The scientists chose the dog for their study, they wrote, "because it shows one of the basic hereditary characteristics of human behavior: a high degree of individual variability." Michael Fox and his associate Randall Lockwood have explained how such diversity benefits the wolf pack: in a social unit characterized by hierarchy, cooperation, and division of labor, a range of temperaments is necessary. Only one wolf can be the alpha; as a rule only one female at a time can bear young. Such a society requires the timid as well as the aggressive, the deliberate as well as the impulsive, followers as well as leaders. Perhaps variety of temperament is another of the traits that qualify the dog for pethood; the unique relationship between dogs and people cannot be hurt by the fact that a dog can be found to match almost every human personality.

That individual dogs of the same breed—even of the same litter—can have vastly different "personalities" is no great secret. Any experienced dog person, and countless popular books, will tell you as much; certainly a great many have tried to tell me. But the lesson and its importance did not sink in for me until I visited the Seeing Eye. It's in the air there. Every day Pete Jackson works with eight or ten different dogs—a bold one, a lazy one, a sensitive one, a nervous one, a shy one. Every fourth Saturday a new group of blind people arrives on the campus—bold ones, lazy ones, and every other type—and on Sunday each goes on a "Juno walk" with one of the trainers. The trainer, holding one end of a working harness, plays the

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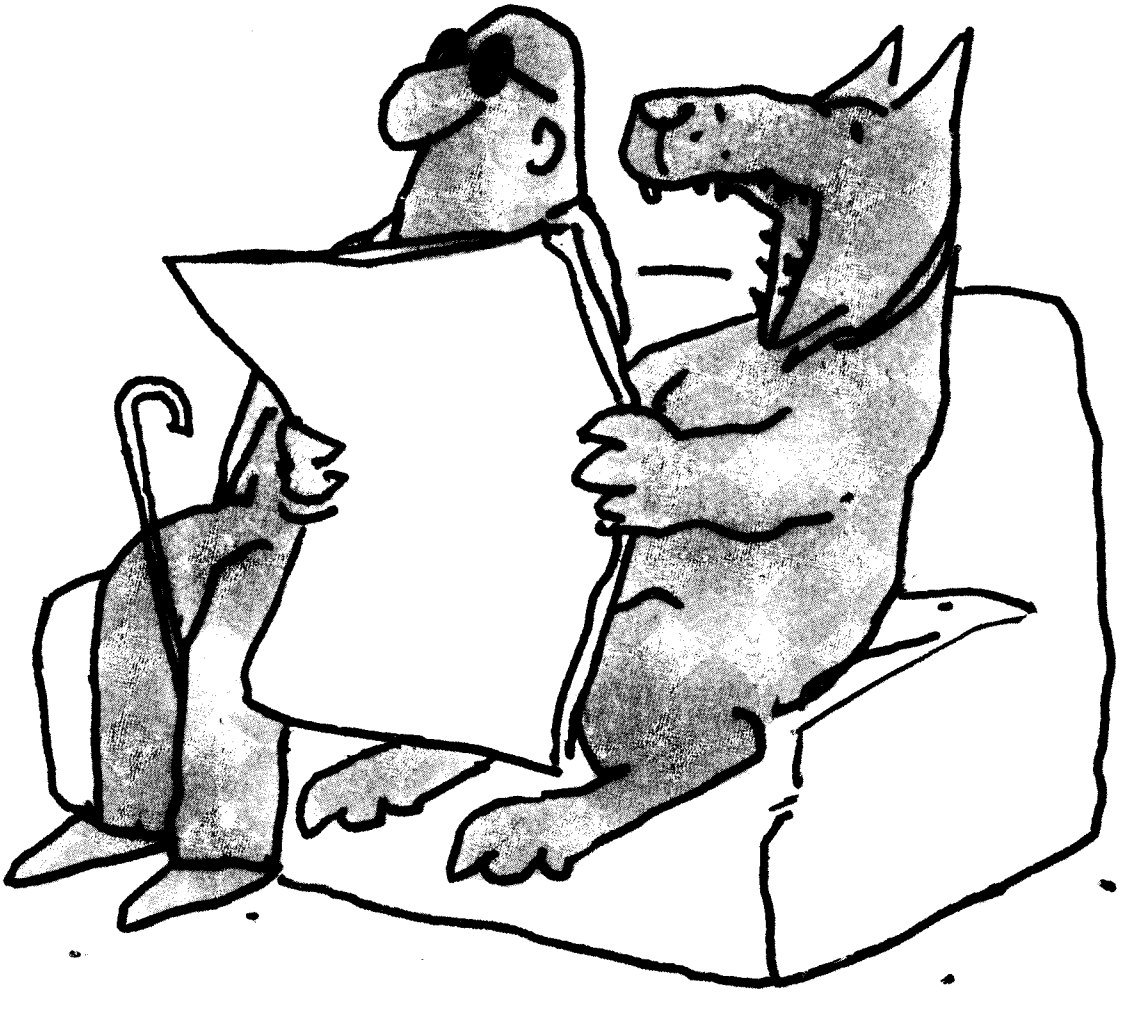
role of Juno, a trained guide dog, and leads the person through the streets of Morristown. After this opportunity to judge their students' physical strength, walking pace, and personality, the trainers huddle with their supervisors and decide which dog is best suited to which person. Making the right matches, they say, is one of the most important elements of the program.

I began to appreciate this when I met my own match, a German shepherd I'll call Solly. Pete Jackson had prepared me to dislike this dog. He told me that Solly was timid, that he jumped at loud noises; for his first three weeks of training he had literally refused to come out from between Jackson's legs. I was attracted to the dog from the moment I saw him. Unlike most of the Seeing Eye dogs I'd encountered, Solly walked at a pace that seemed sensible to me. He did not respond to precious talk or phony enthusiasm. He did not require elaborate displays of affection, nor did he give any. He did his work deliberately, intelligently, and (by the time I saw him) never made a mistake. I wanted to tell Jackson: This dog is not slow, he's *careful.* This dog is not afraid, he's *reserved.* This dog is not skittish—*I don't like loud noises either!* When I did confess my admiration for the dog, Jackson was not a bit surprised. "Sure. He's your kind of dog," he told me. Jackson had known me less than two days at this point. He proceeded to deliver a brief analysis of my personality, enumerating a few traits that I thought only my wife understood fully.

When Solly and Pete Jackson taught me that dogs really do have personalities, I felt that I was beginning to understand dog training. All the conflicting claims of the trainers I had met, the hostile ideologies, the various methods that seemed to have nothing in common except that they all worked—now they fell into place behind words that Jackson had said to me on our first day together: "Every dog has to be treated differently." If this is true, perhaps it follows that every method of training will work on some dogs, and no method will work on all of them. Dogs are resilient; most of them will do fine no matter what they are subjected to. But why shouldn't some thrive on gentle patience while others thrive on discipline? Military school is not for everyone. Neither is *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood.*



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ARE DOGS PEOPLE TOO? DO THEY (TO PUT THE QUESTION in less sensational terms) think, reason, or experience mental states that are in any way comparable to our own? Bernie Brown assumes that they do not. Bill and Dick Koehler and Pete Jackson believe they do. Dan Tortora's answer surprised me. He admits to being the product of a "very strict behaviorist upbringing," and I expected him therefore to tell me that the question was a waste of time; that it's useless to speculate about things we cannot observe; that we must restrict our study to things we can see—the input, the command, the stimulus, and the output, the behavior, the response; that what happens in between is not science, it's philosophy. In other words, I expected the behaviorist party line, the sort of lecture that animal psychologists have been delivering since before B. F. Skinner was a grad student. Instead, Tortora answered my question with a brief disquisition on the difference between serial logic and right-brain parallel mental processes. His response was involved, somewhat technical, and full of careful qualifications, but its first words were "Yes, I think dogs think. . . ."

Tortora told me that when he studied psychology, he had a professor who would cock his eyebrows whenever he heard someone use a word such as *mind* or *mental* in connection with animals. About six months ago, Tortora said, he visited Michigan State and found the same fellow working on an experiment that looked suspiciously like a study in animal cognition. Times are changing. As evidence accumulates that chimps can use sign language and dolphins can imitate other animals, including their human keepers, scientists are being forced to confront the question of what goes on in an animal's mind. One who has confronted it head-on, and has struggled manfully to drag his kicking and screaming colleagues along with him, is Donald R. Griffin, a former chairman of Harvard's biology department and now a professor at the Rockefeller University. In 1976 Griffin published a book whose title, *The Question of Animal Awareness*, must have seemed blasphemous to some. His purpose was not so much to offer new evidence on the subject as to plead for an "open-minded agnosticism" regarding it—to clear away the orthodoxy of strict behaviorism.

One tenet of behaviorism that Griffin attacked quite directly was its claim to "parsimony." This is science's name for one of its most cherished concepts, the conviction that the best solution to any problem is the simplest and most direct. According to traditional behaviorism, parsimony dictates that a scientist who interprets animal behavior must do so without resort to a subjective mental state such as "thinking." One of the earliest and most influential investigators of animal behavior, the British zoologist C. Lloyd Morgan, expressed it this way: "In no case may we interpret an action as the outcome of the exercise of a higher psychical faculty, if it can be interpreted as the outcome of the exercise of one that stands lower in the psychological scale." In *The Question of Animal Awareness*, Griffin argued that this invocation of parsimony has become outdated, and he did so by turning the behaviorists' own thinking against them. Behaviorists, he said, contend that mental processes are identical with neurophysiological processes (that is, they believe that the workings of the mind can be explained in terms of physical structures, chemical events, and so forth); neurophysiology, he pointed out, has yet to discover any fundamental difference between human neurons and those of other animals. So how can it be parsimonious, he asked, to claim that a vast gulf exists between human and animal mental experiences? "Unless one denies the reality of human mental experiences," he wrote, "it is actually parsimonious to assume that mental experiences are as similar from species to species as are the neurophysiological processes with which they are held to be identical." Further, Griffin asked, how can it be parsimonious to acknowledge our physiological continuity with other animal species, as we routinely do in any discussion of evolution, while postulating a huge discontinuity in mental abilities?

Griffin attacked behaviorism's claim to parsimony in another way; this argument, though I suspect it is only incidentally important to him, may touch a nerve in anyone who has ever stood slack-jawed and awestruck at the things that animals are capable of doing. Griffin mentioned laboratory research showing that animals sometimes respond to stimuli not immediately, as is normally the case, but after some delay. Since this is incompatible with strict stimulus-response behaviorism, Griffin wrote, "psychologists have struggled to explain what keeps an animal ready to respond after appropriate delay by calling it 'bridging.' But," he continued,

> this seems a major problem only if one's thinking about animal behavior is constrained within the narrow limits of conventional, behavioristic learning theory. If we assume that the animal simply understands what it has learned, the delayed responses cease to be especially puzzling. Perhaps postulating simple thoughts in the minds of animals may result in more parsimonious, as well as more nearly correct, explanations.

I may be stretching this argument further than Griffin would like, but it reminded me of the marvelously complex dance of the honeybee, which Griffin described in another context early in the book. With the waggle dance, as it is called, a worker bee directs her comrades to a place where she has recently obtained food. In the darkness of the hive she dances in semicircles, alternating left and right, and after each she moves in a straight line, waggling her abdomen as she goes. The direction of these straight lines indicates the flower's position with respect to the sun; the amount of time devoted to them indicates distance from the hive. Griffin points out that a bee will perform this dance not only immediately upon returning to the hive but also, under experimental circumstances, some time later. I wonder: How many events must a behaviorist arrange, and how artfully must he arrange them, to explain this extraordinary form of communication in terms of simple stimuli and automatic responses? How long before the "parsimonious" explanation becomes a hopelessly

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complicated house of cards? At what point does it become simpler to say that the bee remembers where the nectar came from and tells her friends how to get there?

By 1984, when he published another book, *Animal Thinking*, Griffin was able to report in his preface that now, "because of impressive progress in ethology and psychology, animal thinking is again receiving serious scientific attention." I suspect that some time will pass, however, before this new open-mindedness filters down to the public at large. A case in point is Bernie Brown. At the obedience seminar in Tennessee, he recommended to his audience a newspaper article that he had read recently, in which some eminent academic had summarized the consensus among scientists—that animals do not think. Later the same weekend, Brown told a story that made me wonder if he hadn't accepted this scientific orthodoxy at the expense of his own experience. He said that he and Duster had been competing in a dog show and had come to the retrieve exercise, in which the dog is required to fetch a small wooden dumbbell thrown by the handler. Because Duster was not in the habit of watching the dumbbell to see where it would land—part of his magic being that he kept his eyes fixed on his master—Brown considered it his job to make an accurate throw so that the dumbbell would be easy to find. But this time it took a freak bounce and landed behind a stanchion at the perimeter of the ring. Brown gave the command to retrieve. Duster bolted confidently from his side to the place where he expected the dumbbell to be—and stopped, frozen in panic. He began charging across the ring, this way and that, his speed increasing all the while, searching for the dumbbell that he'd been sent for. "He must have been out there three minutes," Brown said. (The exercise normally takes less than fifteen seconds.) "Finally, his working pattern got him near the fence; he saw the dumbbell, charged the fence, picked the dumbbell up, brought it to me, did a perfect front, a perfect finish; and the expression on his face was like *My God! Thank God!* . . . The judge gave me a perfect score. Duster won that trial, and my peers were all over that judge. 'How could you give that dog a perfect score? He worked three minutes before he picked up the dumbbell!' And the judge's answer was, 'If I could have given extra points, I would have.' Because the dog *knew* he just couldn't find the dumbbell."

Brown doesn't believe that Duster was "thinking" when he performed this feat; rather, he says, the dog had simply learned, through years of training in this exercise, that he should not return to his master until he had something to bring back with him. I don't mean to question Brown's knowledge of his own dog (and I should point out that I have met many dog-trainers who would agree with him) but I wonder: How often do we choke back an intuitive response to such a story in order to satisfy ourselves that we are scientific thinkers? To what length will we go to protect the notion that we are different in kind, not merely in degree, from the animals around us?

Our resistance to the idea that animals have mental abilities was once spoofed by the psycholinguist Roger Brown, whom Griffin quoted in his 1976 book: "Most people are determined to hold the line against animals," Brown wrote in 1958. "Grant them the ability to make linguistic reference and they will be putting in a claim for minds and souls. The whole phyletic scale will come trooping into Heaven demanding immortality for every tadpole and hippopotamus." As the animal-rights advocates remind us constantly, we cannot dwell long on the possibility that animals think without confronting the moral questions raised by the way we treat them. If animals are like us, the reasoning goes, what right do we have to kill them, eat them, tame them for our work and pleasure? What right have we to play God?

I don't know, but as I visited with dog trainers and read their books, I bumped repeatedly into the idea that human beings are the gods of the dog universe. Bill Koehler says that dogs have knowledge of right and wrong, but of course he is the one who defines the terms and metes out the appropriate reward or punishment. Dick Koehler told me, "Come, sit, down, stay—that's not really dog training. What you're trying to do is get the dog to be responsible for his own actions, so that when he has to avoid a dog fight, stay out of trouble, or remain on a sit-stay or a down-stay on a blanket with six other dogs and you're a quarter of a mile away, he knows that if he moves, God is gonna strike him dead on the spot, or you're gonna come flying through the air and make a correction." Barbara Woodhouse recommends that if a dog is in the habit of tearing at trouser cuffs and overcoats, the surest cure is to pour water on its head. "This method is better than all the scolding in the world," she writes, "for the dog doesn't know where the water comes from, he only comes to realize that cloth-tearing causes it to flow." One of Daniel Tortora's rules for the use of punishment is that it "should be like a 'bolt from heaven.' The dog should feel that no matter where you are, when he has transgressed he will be punished." Richard Krokus, of the Seeing Eye, said it in so many words: "A dog is a dog, and you have to understand what makes them tick, and you have to get under their skin and make them think you're God."

Michael Fox wrote in *The Soul of the Wolf* that "man has made the dog in his own image." In fact we have made the dog in a bewildering variety of images—a menagerie of shapes, sizes, and colors, none of which have much use or meaning without us. The English bulldog, carefully crafted over centuries of selective breeding, is just one example of our creativity. Today a "prize" bulldog is likely to be born by cesarean section for fear of the damage that its grossly enlarged head—a desirable trait in the show ring—might inflict on its mother during delivery. This breed and most of the others would not exist but for human meddling, and they wouldn't last long if we didn't provide their daily kibble. What right have we to play God with our dogs? A dog trainer might answer that it's not a right but a responsibility: You made this animal, now you teach it how to get along in the world. □

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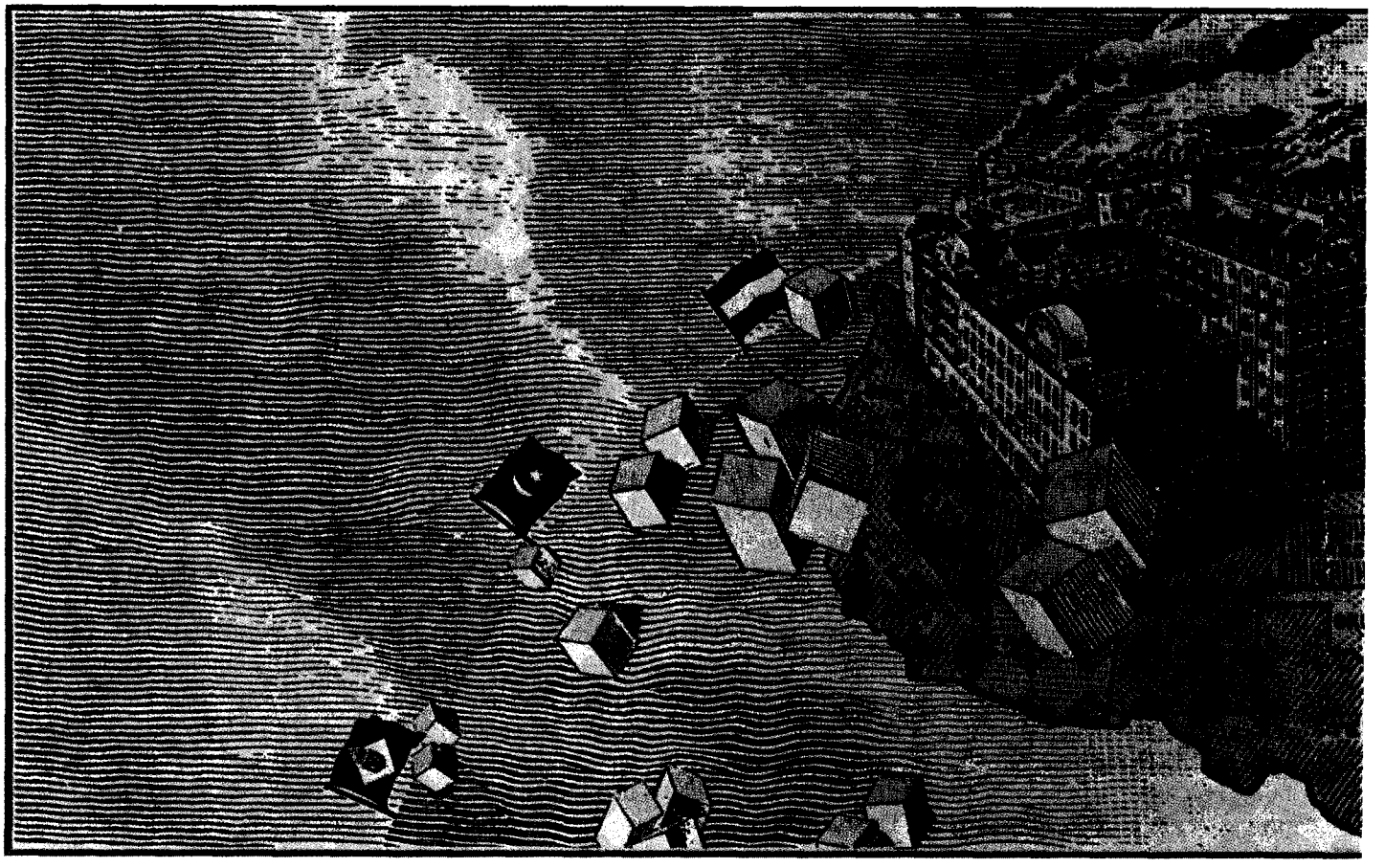

An argument for a trade policy that would seek to insulate the U.S. economy from the pressures of the world economy

DO WE NEED TO BE NO. 1?

BY DAVID M. GORDON

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES RECALLED IN 1933 THAT, LIKE most Englishmen, he had been brought up "to respect free trade not only as an economic doctrine . . . but almost as a part of the moral law. I regarded ordinary departures from it as being at the same time an imbecility and an outrage." And yet, Keynes went on, he was now firmly of another opinion on the matter. He had come to sympathize "with those who would minimize, rather than with those who would maximize, economic entanglement among nations." Britain should aim to be its own master. A policy of increased national self-sufficiency, he wrote, "is to be considered, not as an ideal in itself, but as directed to the creation of an environment in which other ideals can be safely and conveniently pursued."

In the United States of the 1980s, with the foreign-trade issue moving to center stage, Keynes's words are worth bearing in mind. Political attention to foreign economic policy is warranted and probably overdue, because the global economy has been casting longer and more-threatening shadows across the United States for several years. The terms of the current debate, however, are fundamentally misleading. The political airwaves reverberate with the conflict between free trade and protectionism, but that is a false and outmoded choice. Another, more basic choice about foreign economic policy has been overlooked: Should the United States sponsor foreign-trade policies designed to restore U.S. global dominance? Or should we reduce our dependence on a capricious global economy, concentrating on putting our own house in order without seeking to be number one in world trade?

I shall argue that we should not seek and do not need to be number one. Strategies that pursue international primacy not only are economically unreliable but also pose a political threat to democracy at home and peace abroad. We should begin instead to work toward greater independence from the world economy, seeking self-sufficiency not so

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much for its own sake but, as Keynes concluded, in order to provide wider domestic room for political maneuver—opening the space for efforts to forge greater security, democracy, and equality at home.

But first, why are the current terms of debate—free trade versus protectionism—so wide of the mark?

Free trade remains the standard by which many policy proposals are judged, even though they often include interventionist elements. The rhetoric of free trade still appeals powerfully to President Reagan, despite his Administration's recent policy shifts from a strong free-trade emphasis to modest policy intervention seeking export promotion and dollar devaluation. Witness some representative presidential hyperbole from late 1985:

> Our trade policy rests firmly on the foundation of free and open markets, free trade. I, like you, recognize the inescapable conclusion that all of history has taught: the freer the flow of world trade, the stronger the tides for human progress and peace among nations.

The logic of the free-trade argument is straightforward: market exchange works best when markets are most open and competitive. Any barriers impeding the international movement of goods, services, capital, and workers—whether tariffs or quotas—will only undermine the effective discipline of market competition, reducing productive efficiency or raising prices or both. It is in everyone's interest, both domestically and internationally, to let the invisible hand of the market pull the strings no matter what the results—whether a Youngstown or a Singapore.

To generations schooled in neoclassical economics free trade sounds like an irresistible and probably irrefutable idea. (Who could possibly be against access to less expensive shoes?) But pure free-trade policies, which are still used as the intellectual benchmark of the debate, suffer from two critical flaws.

First, free trade is an idea whose time comes primarily whenever a single nation dominates the global political economy. As one expression of laissez-faire economics, free trade reached its first ideological apogee during the decades of Pax Britannica—the peak period of British dominance of the world economy, in the mid-nineteenth century. Britain, because no other nations could yet contest with it economically, richly benefited from the free circulation of goods within the Empire and beyond. In his magisterial survey of economic thought and ideology Joseph Schumpeter wrote:

> The superiority of England's industry in 1840 was unchallengeable for the calculable future. And this superiority had everything to gain from cheaper raw materials and foodstuffs. These were no delusions: so satisfied was the nation with what it took to be the results of this policy that criticism was almost silenced until the depression of the eighties.

Given the historical parallels between the respective periods of British and U.S. global dominance, it is little

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wonder that the rhetoric of free trade gained such a strong foothold in the United States following the Second World War. "Like Aequilibrium Britannicum before it," Michael Moffitt concluded in *The World's Money*, "Aequilibrium Americanum depended upon the political, economic and military power of the United States." Indeed, the U.S. share of global industrial production in 1950, according to the best available data, was higher than the British share in 1850. Whether under British or under American auspices, free-trade policies exploited the pliancy and economic subordination of colonies and junior trading partners, which were effectively forced to tolerate the open circulation of advantaged and highly attractive imperial goods.

That kind of international domination is now all but irretrievably lost. The modern world has nearly 200 nation-states. A number of countries, particularly those in northern Europe, now rival the United States in per capita income and are fast gaining on it in worker productivity. Several countries or blocs of nations, including Japan, the Soviet Union, and the Common Market, have begun to compete with the United States in absolute economic size and muscle. In the modern international political economy, barring a miraculous restoration of U.S. global hegemony (more on this possibility later) it is unrealistic to expect other nations to tolerate free circulation of U.S. exports if that does not advance their own economic interests.

Those seem, for better or worse, to be the prevailing political realities. The second flaw in pure free-trade policies is an economic one. The U.S. economy has been losing its advantaged position for decades, not just over the past several years of soaring dollar values. From 1950 to 1979, for example, the U.S. economy's share of total world trade declined from 17 percent to 11 percent, while the combined Japanese and Common Market shares doubled, rising from 17 to 34 percent. One of the most important reasons for this declining advantage has been lagging U.S. productivity growth. From 1960 to 1979, to focus on the period immediately preceding the rapid rise of the dollar, the ratio of U.S. manufacturing productivity to that of our leading competitors fell by 40 percent; in contrast, the same ratio for Japanese manufacturing increased by 150 percent. Pure free-trade policies would do nothing to reverse this erosion of comparative advantage—except foster the hope that the pressures of competition will somehow induce U.S. firms to try harder.

But there is little reason to believe that increasing market competition, by itself, will reverse the relative productivity decline of the U.S. economy. For example, the erosion of relative U.S. manufacturing productivity was just as rapid in the years from 1973 to 1979, when the institution of free exchange rates intensified international competitive pressures, as it had been in the previous period of fixed exchange rates, in the 1960s and early 1970s. Unfettered competition leads to great uncertainty about the future, leaving many firms reluctant to make long-term investments in their future productivity—as long as the future looks so unpredictable.

Furthermore, as exports continue to slump and the trade deficit widens, total demand for U.S. products lags. This leads to lower levels of exploitation of existing plants and equipment and, other things being equal, to even feebler productivity growth—since firms use less effectively what they already have in place. (This effect has been particularly sharp since 1979, as soaring dollar values have compounded our trade deficits.) Our productivity problems are amplified, not resolved.

In the meantime, while free-traders wait for the pressures of competition to spur U.S. business initiative, other governments are providing investment subsidies, aid in market promotion, selective protection from international competition, and support for research and development, and their industries are exploring new products and technologies. "As a result," a recent *Business Week* editorial observed, "many businessmen and members of Congress feel strongly that the U.S. is increasingly a free-trade patsy in a world of protectionist pickpockets."

In short, if government policy promotes nothing more than free trade and open markets, the U.S. economy is likely to experience continuing trade deficits, a loss of employment, and cyclical instability. If it responds simply with intermittent dollar devaluation, that will add substantially to inflationary pressures and make financing the federal deficit increasingly difficult. These arguments do not close the book on the free-trade approach, since it needs to be compared with its alternatives. But they do suggest that it has serious political and economic weaknesses. "Market principles and forces have to be used," Lester C. Thurow concluded in his recent book, *The Zero-Sum Solution*, "but 'leaving it to the market' is a recipe for failure." And while we wait, many voters will, not surprisingly, rebel against the harsh side-effects of free-trade medicine.

This likelihood, of course, makes the protectionist response politically salient. The strongest advocates of protectionism are those most politically sensitive to the plight of U.S. workers displaced by intensifying foreign competition. Whether through higher trade tariffs or actual quotas on foreign imports, pure protectionist policies are short-term efforts to cushion the blows of international economic combat.

The fundamental problem with protectionism, as many free-traders repeatedly insist, is that the harsh realities will not go away. If anything, they are likely to grow harsher as a result of protectionist initiatives.

This short-sightedness seems fairly obvious along the economic front. If U.S. industries are disabled because of increasing competitive disadvantage, protecting them from international competition without establishing other policy supports will very probably compound the disadvantages over time. Afflicted U.S. industries are likely to stand still while their foreign competitors race ahead. "In short," the Brookings economist Charles Schultze argues, "we will be strongly encouraging these protected industries to become even more uncompetitive than they are now."

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The political problems seem likewise self-evident. If we move toward more-restrictive trade policies, what is to prevent our chief competitors from copying us? What is to guarantee that our temporary trade-balance gains in reduced imports will not be swamped by our subsequent losses in exports? What is to prevent an increasingly generalized trade war from leading to sharp contractions in international trade and to an increasingly general economic slump?

THE CHOICE BETWEEN FREE TRADE AND PROTECTIONISM is hardly inviting. (This may explain why the critical arguments on both sides of the debate sound more persuasive than the constructive proposals.) In the end, both positions have an intrinsic flaw: they treat only the symptoms of America's troubles in the global economy. Both play a waiting game: free-traders ask us to wait for that promised moment when open markets and perfect international competition will finally whip us into competitive shape; protectionists ask us to wait, period.

Fortunately, these are not our only choices. Their superficiality has driven many people to consider more-basic solutions to our international economic problems. Two schools of thought have emerged that share a determination to change the nature of our economy's links to the global economy. One seeks to deepen our international involvement through aggressive efforts to restore U.S. power in the global economy, the other to reduce that involvement through increasing domestic independence and increasingly cooperative international economic relations. Each asks not how we can transform our needs to suit international economic pressures but rather how we can transform those international economic pressures to suit our needs.

The first of these two alternatives, which I shall call the Staying on Top strategy, after the book of that title by the conservative analyst Kevin Phillips, has begun to occupy a position at the center of the political spectrum. It proposes what Phillips calls a "strategy of industrial competitiveness."

The Staying on Top strategy relies heavily on export promotion and the promise of America's growing high-tech industries. (President Reagan, despite his disavowals, is moving toward this strategy and away from pure free-trade policies, with his recent promises of selective export supports.) Domestically the strategy would mean active government intervention to promote public planning and coordination which would foster large-scale capital investments, research and development, marketing, and export expansion. Internationally it would mean aggressive responses to other governments' protectionism and export subsidies, and attempts to out-hustle and outbid them for markets and favors. Preoccupied with Japanese success in world markets, the Staying on Top strategists would have us emulate Japan through intensive business-government cooperation. "In fact," Kevin Phillips observed, "fierce debate over and reaction to the Japanese challenge are probably a precondition of our economic mobilization." Whether expressed in old phrases or in the language of "new ideas," this general approach is attractive to younger politicians in both parties—the Gary Harts, Bill Bradleys, and Richard Gephardts among the Democrats, and proponents of the Conservative Opportunity Society among House Republicans.

There is a considerable range of emphases within this general approach—from sophisticated trade planning to pugnacious jingoism. But a common thread runs through almost all recent discussions within this camp: a determination to restore the United States as the dominant power in the global economy. The strategy presupposes that the interests of U.S. citizens are tied to the relative international strength of the U.S. economy. It takes for granted what the *Business Week* Team, writing in *The Reindustrialization of America*, termed a "fundamental correlation between the nation's strength as a trader in an increasingly interdependent world economy, its domestic prosperity, and the augmented political influence that a competitive economy will enable the United States to exert around the world." Aggressive images of competition permeate the discussion. Even an egalitarian like Lester Thurow can lapse into the language of the high school locker room or the war-room council table: "To be successful in the world market a country must organize itself to win," Thurow argued in *The Zero-Sum Solution*. "From now on Americans will have to learn how to invade foreign markets with exports from America." And Phillips called for the "emotional equivalent of war." He wrote:

> A genuine confrontation . . . may now be in the offing for the United States: the challenge of reestablishing our global economic primacy, and doing so in a world very greatly changed from the era of comfortable American trade and industrial leadership that obtained before Vietnam.

A SECOND POSSIBLE STRATEGY WOULD PROMOTE A transition away from domestic dependence on the global economy and toward international cooperation with our friends and allies abroad. Rather than aiming to beggar our neighbors, it would concentrate on tending our own front yard—so I call it the Front Yard strategy. To many readers the very idea may seem archaic, a relic of nineteenth-century visions of isolation and insulation from an unknown and threatening world, but that is not an accurate view. The Front Yard strategy does not propose mindless protectionism. It would pursue more-effective domestic production of necessities—such as energy, clothing, and transportation—not indulgent succor of backward industries. And it would take full account of the technical achievements of the modern age. For, indeed, modern developments make economic self-sufficiency more plausible and attractive, not less so.

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The initial, short-term steps dictated by the Front Yard strategy are these:

- Chart the sectors of the economy that are experiencing the most rapid increases in foreign imports, and explore concrete domestic alternatives to those imports—for example, federal subsidies for developing conservation and renewable-energy alternatives to imported oil.
- Negotiate trade agreements that not only aim at reductions in tariffs but also seek multilateral treaties allocating imports and exports for each nation participating. At the moment we have few such agreements, and those we have are largely obsolete. We need, in effect, to update the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), first negotiated nearly forty years ago, through either a new general treaty or a set of bilateral or multilateral agreements.
- Establish programs during the transition to a Front Yard economy which are aimed at cushioning the costs of adjustment for U.S. workers in affected industries, emulating (for example) the Japanese program for "structurally depressed industries."
- Adopt specific proposals such as recently debated legislation for a domestic-content requirement for automobiles. Such measures are less protectionist than quotas, because they both encourage production in the United States—under domestic-content legislation foreign firms would be mandated to invest and produce in the United States—and expose U.S. enterprises to the best of foreign technical and managerial practice. (This proposal, despite widespread sponsorship in the House, has effectively been stalled by opposition in the Senate and by diffuse free-trade skepticism.)
- Institute plant-closing legislation that would to some degree protect workers against the sudden flight of capital abroad, by making advance notification and indemnification provisions for plant shutdowns and sudden shifts of investment abroad, and by removing current tax incentives for domestic firms to invest abroad.

These are only short-term steps. The Staying on Top and Front Yard strategies differ most profoundly in their long-term objectives for foreign economic policy.

THE FIRST DIFFERENCE CONCERNS PRODUCTIVITY growth. The two strategies agree that faster growth of domestic productivity is the best possible response to the international economic challenge, and both criticize free-traders and protectionists alike for failing to address the underlying sources of slow productivity growth in the U.S. economy. But the two strategies sharply diverge over how to speed up productivity growth.

The Front Yard strategy builds upon what my colleagues and I call "wage-led productivity growth," which would strengthen the whole economy by promoting fuller employment, wage growth, and wage equalization. This strategy would speed up productivity growth by creating more customers for business, by pressuring corporations to make more-efficient use of their increasingly costly labor force, and by giving workers more of a stake in the way their companies and the broader economy perform. These objectives could be pursued through the medium term by policies aimed at, for example, faster economic growth, the creation of a public-jobs program, labor-law reform to reduce barriers to unionization, a substantial increase in the minimum wage, and legislation to require equal pay for jobs of comparable worth.

Staying on Top strategists, in sharp contrast, can hardly be accused of advocating higher wages. When confronted with the prospect of U.S. workers' having to accept lower-wage employment, they respond with analytic diffidence, arguing that lower, more-flexible wages are good for the economy—if not for the workers who earn them. High-tech entrepreneurs are now some of the most passionate opponents of labor unions in the United States. A *Business Week* feature on the "new corporate elite" noted, "With the exception of corporate rejuvenators who have inherited unions, virtually everyone else in the service and high-tech areas will do anything to keep organized labor out."

This important difference between the strategies is not simply over the justice of higher or lower wages; much more critically, it is over the most effective strategy for increasing economic efficiency. Improving international competitiveness depends on changes in unit labor costs—which are a product of both wage costs and labor productivity—and not just on changes in relative wage levels. One can therefore seek to improve the competitive position of U.S. industries through efforts to reduce wage growth or to increase productivity growth. My colleagues Samuel Bowles and Thomas E. Weisskopf and I have argued not only that rapid productivity growth helps create room for continuing wage growth but also, more important, that rapid wage growth and wage equalization can help foster productivity growth and actually improve the competitive position of the United States. Since rapid wage growth and wage equalization would benefit the vast majority of Americans, wage-led productivity growth has great potential political appeal. But where would the money to finance both wage growth and more rapid investment come from? In our book, *Beyond the Waste Land*, we argue that both investment and wage growth could be financed by the dividends provided by a more stable high-growth economy.

In the current anti-union political climate these arguments may seem counterintuitive. But historical experience suggests that they are plausible. The example of a number of European countries in the postwar period, it can be argued, indicates that rapid wage growth can help stimulate rapid productivity growth, and therefore that rapid wage growth accompanied by rapid productivity growth is consistent with significant increases in an economy's shares of world production and trade. Even in the postwar United States there have been short periods when rapid wage growth has been consistent with improving international competitiveness. From 1960 to 1966, for example, real hourly earnings in U.S. manufacturing rose at an

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average annual rate of 3.1 percent a year—fructiferous growth compared with the actual decline in real hourly earnings from 1978 to 1984. Those rapid wage gains did not keep the relative competitiveness of U.S. manufacturing firms, measured by their relative unit labor costs, from improving over those same six years—at an average annual rate of 2.6 percent. How was that possible? Productivity growth was more rapid than wage growth, *and* the difference was greater for us than for our competitors.

There is more than a simple coincidence of numbers in these experiences. When workers are faced with demands for wage concessions and threats of job loss, they commonly resist efforts at improving productivity through either technological change or work reorganization. But when offered job security and promises of stable wage growth in the proper management climate, they can actually take the initiative in spurring productivity growth. At the huge, reorganized auto-assembly plant in Fremont, California, for example, the new (joint) Toyota–General Motors management team has provided contractual guarantees of job security which are the strongest in the U.S. auto industry, substantial increases in fringe benefits, and advance consultation with workers on layoffs, production-schedule changes, and major investments (wages themselves are protected at prevailing U.S. industry-wide union scales). Workers have responded enthusiastically to the changes in the work climate, cooperating through work teams to try to improve the quality and the speed of output. The key is the workers' stake in the future of the enterprise. Bruce Lee, the union regional director, concludes, "We've ensured that the positive attitude and commitment [management] expects from our members is matched by respect for and attention to the needs and desires of the workers."

But aren't U.S. workers' wages too high in any case? Critics often point their fingers at the U.S. auto and steel industries, in which production workers' wages are arguably the highest in the world. Don't these two examples demonstrate the risks of rapid wage growth? In fact it appears that poor management strategy, not excessive workers' wages, was the principal long-term cause of the erosion of those industries' international positions. Ira C. Magaziner and Robert B. Reich concluded in *Minding America's Business* that "the U.S. steel industry's underlying assumptions about the steel business prevented it from making the aggressive investments in modernization that were needed to match the pace of Japanese investment." Especially in recent years, lagging relative productivity, not rising relative wages, has been the chief problem in both industries. For example, U.S. auto workers' real average hourly wages declined by more than five percent from 1978 to 1984, while real earnings for their Japanese counterparts increased by nearly nine percent. Why did the cost advantages of Japanese cars improve so dramatically over this period? Japanese productivity continued to increase while U.S. productivity stagnated. And the rising value of the dollar relative to the yen added another 14 percent to the cost advantages of imported cars.

A SECOND DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE STAYING ON Top and Front Yard strategies involves plotting our trade targets. Staying on Top strategists argue in favor of accepting increasing international economic interdependence as a fact of modern life and of expanding exports to the rest of the world, while Front Yard strategists propose that we begin a slow transition toward greater economic self-sufficiency in those goods and services we need most.

Some statistics can help clarify how the strategies differ. In 1966 imports totaled 4.9 percent of the gross national product, exports 5.5 percent. By 1984 the import share had doubled to 9.8 percent while the export share was lagging at 8.9 percent, resulting in a net goods-and-services trade deficit, in 1984 dollars, of $64.2 billion. The Staying on Top strategy would have us close the widening gap between imports and exports through aggressive efforts to increase the rate of growth of exports while tolerating the continuing growth in imports. The Front Yard strategy, in contrast, calls for reducing both the export and the import share over the long term, while reducing the import share by a somewhat wider margin. The former strategy would reinforce the trend toward increasing trade dependence; the latter would reverse it.

In one sense, the difference between the two approaches reflects little more than a difference in time horizon and orientation. Take the case of imported oil and the aftermath of the OPEC price hikes of 1973 and 1979. One response to the immediately higher costs of imports was to seek compensating increases in our exports—searching vigorously for commodities such as grain, arms, and computers for which we could find new markets abroad. Another approach could have placed a higher priority than the government did during the 1970s on reducing our dependence on imported oil—through invigorated energy-conservation programs and an emphasis on locally available and renewable sources of energy like solar and geothermal power. The former strategy might work over the short term but is likely to lose effectiveness over the longer term, because international markets and prices periodically shift. The latter strategy has clear promise for both the short and the long term, because it would more or less permanently lessen our demand for a substance that is a significant component of our import bill. The former would require that we continually adjust to unexpected shocks from beyond our borders. The latter would gradually reduce our exposure to such shocks.

More generally, the two strategies reflect quite different evaluations of the characteristics of world trade and world markets. Staying on Top strategists tout the benefits of international trade and often, though they are hardly pure free-traders, argue the comparative advantages of adjusting to world prices and supplies. But we should not necessarily allow our lives to be dictated by prices and supplies elsewhere—as if they were some magic measure of productive efficiency. The unit labor costs of imported goods may sometimes be lower because of more efficient produc-

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tion practices (as is now true of some Japanese goods) or because of lower standards of living. But they may also be lower because those goods are produced or extracted under authoritarian regimes where workers have few or no rights. Should U.S. citizens unequivocally embrace the lower-cost goods produced in South Korea, where trade unions are reduced to chattel organizations? We need to discriminate carefully among the sources of low-cost imports. When imported goods are less expensive because of more effective production techniques, as with many Japanese goods, we should respond by improving our domestic production. But when imported goods are less expensive because of limits on workers' wages and bargaining rights, we should think carefully about the appropriate response.

Trade decisions are intrinsically political. If we practice free trade by allowing perfect access to goods produced anywhere, then we run the risk of corroding our own democratic institutions by exposing U.S. workers to the lowest common denominator of foreign competition. Pressures can grow to reduce workers' access to trade unions, to narrow unions' and workers' rights to influence workplace conditions, to expose workers to hazardous working conditions. U.S. workers already have fewer rights than unionized workers in northern Europe (which has outcompeted us for years). Indiscriminate responses to import competition, such as blanket reductions in wages and benefits, can only make matters worse.

The proper response is not to exclude every commodity produced under distasteful conditions but to plan foreign-trade needs and opportunities. We must constantly weigh the trade-offs between access to inexpensive commodities and the political and social implications of that access. Where the trade-off is most unfavorable to our democratic institutions and our standard of living, we should seek to reduce our dependence on those foreign commodities—not simply by excluding them but by improving the quality or reducing the costs of substitutes produced at home. We should not allow politics or poverty abroad to dictate our politics at home.

But doesn't economic logic require that each country specialize in the production of commodities in which it has a special comparative advantage? Up to this point I have argued that such advantages are contingent, subject to continual re-evaluation and, if necessary for political reasons, alteration. But an additional point is pertinent here: One of the chief implications of rapid technological change is that it continually narrows the "rooted" geographic variations among nations in their potential productivity. Climatic differences can often be transcended. The increasing potential of renewable energy sources reduces the importance of fixed deposits of minerals. Computer technology can help to diffuse the potential for advanced technological production. More and more of what matters in labor productivity can be reproduced almost anywhere.

What counts, again, is unit labor cost. If we apply our vast economic wealth to continual productive investments, providing our workers with the most advanced equipment possible, we can improve the relative productivity of American manufacturing without increasing the costs of our goods to U.S. consumers. And through careful strategic planning we can gradually increase the percentage of consumed goods and services that we produce domestically, reducing our exposure to insidious political and economic pressures, transmitted through international markets, from oppressive regimes and poor countries. A staff report of the Committee on Energy and Commerce of the U.S. House of Representives recently concluded,

> The final major goal of international economic policy involves the question of national sovereignty. . . . While realism requires flexibility in the face of international competition, the U.S. cannot agree to abandon its standard of living or its traditional commitment to restrain exploitation of child labor, preserve the health of its workforce, protect its environment, provide retired, unemployed, or handicapped citizens with an adequate level income. . . . If we permit ourselves to become locked into the competitive "race to the bottom" we will inevitably lose control over the most basic social and political aspects of our national life.

THE THIRD PRINCIPAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE Staying on Top and Front Yard strategies involves our priorities in relationships with other nations and people abroad. History should have taught us by now that the aggressive pursuit of foreign economic advantage can easily compromise the pursuit of international peace. Keynes put it delicately when he wrote, in the 1930s,

> It does not now seem obvious that a great concentration of national effort on the capture of foreign trade, that the penetration of a country's economic structure by the resources and the influence of foreign capitalists, and that a close dependence of our own economic life on the fluctuating economic policies of foreign countries are safeguards and assurances of international peace. It is easier, in the light of experience and foresight, to argue quite the contrary.

The imperatives of neither experience nor foresight have changed since the 1930s. The neo-conservative thinker Irving Kristol was candid about the connections between economic and military policy in a 1979 article:

> The 1980s will see a disintegrating international order in which economic growth is going to be extraordinarily difficult to achieve. . . . It will therefore have to be an overriding goal of American foreign policy to help shape this world. . . . What will be relevant is an American foreign policy in which power, and the readiness to use it boldly, will play a far more central role than has ever before been the case in our history. . . . Our economic growth will henceforth be as dependent on our foreign policy as on our economic policy. . . . Today it is military rearmament that is the first priority, economic as well as political.

Obviously, considering the historical experience of the twentieth century, reduced dependence on foreign trade would promote peaceful international relations better than

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HOW TO AVOID THE DANGERS OF COUNTERFEIT AUTO PARTS

INFERIOR PARTS COULD THREATEN YOUR SAFETY

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For people who buy and use counterfeit auto parts, though, the consequences can be costly. For example, body panels may require expensive labor to bring their finish quality up to the rest of the car. Bogus oil filters have failed after 200 miles, causing unprotected engines to seize up, requiring their complete replacement.

Inferior transmission fluid has solidified at 0° Fahrenheit, ruining transmissions. And counterfeit antifreeze has eaten right through aluminum parts.

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would an aggressive pursuit of foreign markets and favored trading relations. These conclusions will remain mere pieties, however, unless they are coupled with policies that will alter the calculus of foreign-trade advantage. If we value the quest for peace, then we should also reduce the economic interests—yours and mine and our neighbors'—that are vested in taking advantage of lower costs and attractive resources around the globe. Do some Americans lust for the restoration of privileged access to bounteous Middle Eastern oil fields? Then we should intensify our efforts to conserve domestic energy and develop renewable-energy alternatives. Without such efforts international peace remains vulnerable to potential conflicts in the oil-rich Persian Gulf, which the Carter Doctrine commits us to defend.

THE STAYING ON TOP AND FRONT YARD STRATEGIES can both be distinguished from free-trade strategies, because both favor government intervention to shape our links to international markets. Neither is purely protectionist, because each would improve the relative economic attractiveness of U.S.-manufactured goods and not merely protect endangered species. Neither is more ambitious or more practical than the other, for both propose major transformations in the shape of our foreign economic policy. Of the two, the Front Yard strategy seems preferable, for the three reasons I have argued.

And yet many people have become so accustomed to the language if not the logic of free trade or export promotion that the arguments in favor of the Front Yard strategy may seem beside the point. What about the U.S. consumer? Won't any interference with the market raise the costs to the U.S. consumer? Won't reduced trade dependence ruin him? Won't somebody have to pay the price of transition to the Front Yard economy?

First, the Front Yard strategy, like the Staying on Top strategy but unlike simple protectionism, aims primarily to reduce the cost attractiveness of foreign imports by improving the competitiveness of domestically produced goods, not to prevent U.S. consumers from buying them. Unless one believes that there is no way public policy can help improve the productivity of U.S. enterprise—a notion that would amuse the Japanese—the most important choice we face is not between consumers' costs and workers' jobs or wages, since more-rapid productivity growth would help both, but how best to strengthen our domestic economic foundations.

Second, free-traders' repeated alarms about consumer choice often suggest that U.S. workers and consumers are somehow two entirely different groups, with sharply conflicting interests. But mostly they are the same people. Suppose that import competition lowers the average cost of living to consumers by two percent. But suppose further that we respond to it by forcing or tolerating a decline in the average worker's earnings by two percent. The average worker is no better off than before. (From 1979 to 1984, while the shift to imports helped bring down the rate of inflation, private nonfarm nonsupervisory employees, who make up five sixths of all U.S. private nonfarm employees, witnessed a *decline* in the real purchasing power of their earnings of 2.7 percent.) The only people who are better off are those consumers whose earnings are not sensitive to import competition.

But—and this raises a third point—how long can even the most insulated earners and consumers continue to prosper while other workers join the unemployment lines? It is worth recalling a legendary exchange between a Ford Motor Company plant manager and Walter Reuther, the longtime president of the United Auto Workers. The manager was boasting about his newly automated plant: "Well, Reuther, how are you going to collect dues from these machines?" Reminding the manager of his firm's dependence on consumer purchasing power, Reuther retorted, "How are you going to sell your cars to these machines?"

The story's moral still applies. In what economists call a closed economy—neglecting the impact of foreign trade for a moment—firms benefit from both lower prevailing wages, through lower costs, and higher prevailing wages, through expanding consumer demand. Some balance between the two is needed. Rising productivity growth can help create wider margins within which to find the proper balance.

In an open economy—taking international effects into account—the need for balance remains. If domestic workers suffer real declines in their purchasing power, protected earners must assume that foreign buyers will make up the difference in total demand for U.S. goods and services, buying enough of them to support those who benefit from lower import prices. But that depends, in turn, on U.S. buyers' having the purchasing power to buy foreign goods—which depends in the end on the levels of U.S. workers' earnings. Other countries cannot tolerate continuing trade deficits any more than we can.

The point, then, is that free-traders' repeated reminders about "consumers" are one-sided: they fail to heed some basic economic principles about balance at home and in the world economy. Both the Staying on Top and the Front Yard strategy are concerned with improving the terms of that balance over time.

But there the similarities end. The Staying on Top strategy could lead toward increasing pressure on workers' rights in the United States and greater international tension. The Front Yard strategy would concentrate instead on nurturing our economic welfare and democratic rights at home and would eschew the temptation to take advantage of others' vulnerability or weakness. The choice is not easy, but it is ours. □

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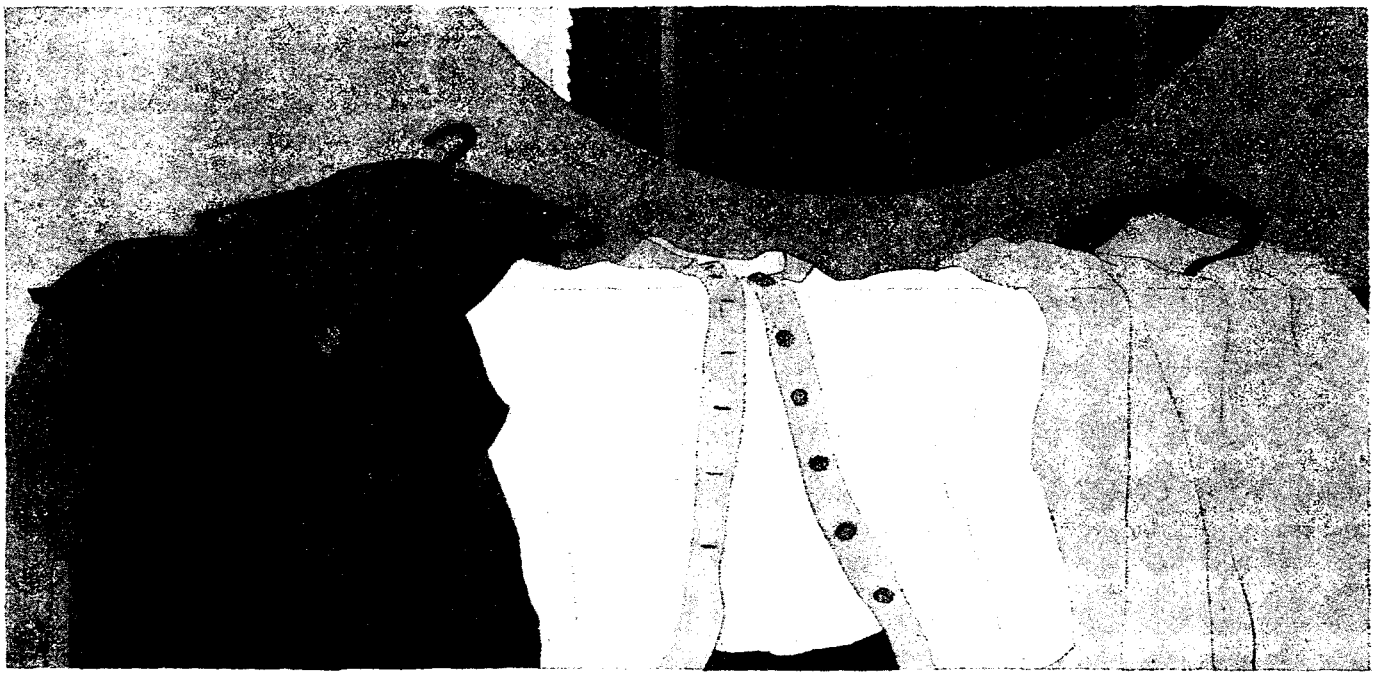
A Short Story

MY MOTHER'S CLOTHES: THE SCHOOL OF BEAUTY AND SHAME

BY RICHARD MCCANN

He is troubled by any image *of himself, suffers when he is named. He finds the perfection of a human relationship in this vacancy of the image: to abolish—in oneself, between oneself and others*—adjectives; *a relationship which adjectivizes is on the side of the image, on the side of domination, of death.*

—Roland Barthes, *Roland Barthes*



LIKE EVERY CORNER HOUSE IN CARROLL KNOLLS, THE corner house on our block was turned backward on its lot, a quirk introduced by the developer of the subdivision, who, having run short of money, sought variety without additional expense. The turned-around houses, as we kids called them, were not popular, perhaps because they seemed too public, their casement bedroom windows cranking open onto sunstruck asphalt streets. In actuality, however, it was the rest of the houses that were public, their picture windows offering dioramic glimpses of early-American sofas and Mediterranean-style pole lamps whose mottled globes hung like iridescent melons from wrought-iron chains. In order not to be seen walking across the living room to the kitchen in our pajamas, we had to close the venetian blinds. The corner house on our block was secretive, as though it had turned its back on all of us, whether in superiority or in shame, refusing to acknowledge even its own unkempt yard of yellowing zoysia grass. After its initial occupants moved away, the corner house remained vacant for months.

The spring I was in sixth grade, it was sold. When I came down the block from school, I saw a moving van parked at its curb. "Careful with that!" a woman was shouting at a mover as he unloaded a tiered end table from the truck. He stared at her in silence. The veneer had already been splintered from the table's edge, as though someone had nervously picked at it while watching TV. Then another mover walked from the truck carrying a child's bicycle, a wire basket bolted over its thick rear tire, brightly colored plastic streamers dangling from its handlebars.

The woman looked at me. "What have you got there? In your hand."

I was holding a scallop shell spray-painted gold, with

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imitation pearls glued along its edges. Mrs. Eidus, the art teacher who visited our class each Friday, had showed me how to make it.

"A hatpin tray," I said. "It's for my mother."

"It's real pretty." She glanced up the street as though trying to guess which house I belonged to. "I'm Mrs. Tyree," she said, "and I've got a boy about your age. His daddy's bringing him tonight in the new Plymouth. I bet you haven't sat in a new Plymouth."

"We have a Ford." I studied her housedress, tiny blue and purple flowers imprinted on thin cotton, a line of white buttons as large as Necco Wafers marching toward its basted hemline. She was the kind of mother my mother laughed at for cutting recipes out of *Woman's Day*. Staring from our picture window, my mother would sometimes watch the neighborhood mothers drag their folding chairs into a circle on someone's lawn. "There they go," she'd say, "a regular meeting of the Daughters of the Eastern Star!" "They're hardly even *women*," she'd whisper to my father, "and their *clothes*." She'd criticize their appearance—their loud nylon scarves tied beneath their chins, their disintegrating figures stuffed into pedal pushers—until my father, worried that my brother, Davis, and I could hear, although laughing himself, would beg her, "Stop it, Maria, please stop; it isn't funny." But she wouldn't stop, not ever. "Not even thirty and they look like they belong to the DAR! They wear their pearls inside their bosoms in case the rope should break!" She was the oldest mother on the block but she was the most glamorous, sitting alone on the front lawn in her sleek kick-pleated skirts and cashmere sweaters, reading her thick paperback novels, whose bindings had split. Her hair was lightly hennaed, so that when I saw her pillowcases piled atop the washer, they seemed dusted with powdery rouge. She had once lived in New York City.

After dinner, when it was dark, I joined the other children congregated beneath the streetlamp across from the turned-around house. Bucky Trueblood, an eighth-grader who had once twisted the stems off my brother's eyeglasses, was crouched in the center, describing his mother's naked body to us elementary school children gathered around him, our faces slightly upturned, as though searching for a distant constellation, or for the bats that Bucky said would fly into our hair. I sat at the edge, one half of my body within the circle of light, the other half lost to darkness. When Bucky described his mother's nipples, which he'd glimpsed when she bent to kiss him good-night, everyone giggled; but when he described her genitals, which he'd seen by dropping his pencil on the floor and looking up her nightie while her feet were propped on a hassock as she watched TV, everyone huddled nervously together, as though listening to a ghost story that made them fear something dangerous in the nearby dark. "I don't believe you," someone said; "I'm telling you," Bucky said, "*that's what it looks like.*"

I slowly moved outside the circle. Across the street a cream-colored Plymouth was parked at the curb. In a lighted bedroom window Mrs. Tyree was hanging café curtains. Behind the chain-link fence, within the low branches of a willow tree, the new child was standing in his yard. I could see his white T-shirt and the pale oval of his face, a face deprived of detail by darkness and distance. Behind him, at the open bedroom window, his mother slowly fiddled with a valance. Behind me the children sat spellbound beneath the light. Then Bucky jumped up and pointed in the new child's direction—"Hey, you, you want to hear something really *good*?"—and even before the others had a chance to spot him, he vanished as suddenly and completely as an imaginary playmate.

The next morning, as we waited at our bus stop, he loitered by the mailbox on the opposite corner, not crossing the street until the yellow school bus pulled up and flung open its door. Then he dashed aboard and sat down beside me. "I'm Denny," he said. Denny: a heavy, unbeautiful child, who, had his parents stayed in their native Kentucky, would have been a farm boy, but who in Carroll Knolls seemed to belong to no particular world at all, walking past the identical ranch houses in his overalls and Keds, his whitish-blond hair close-cropped all around except for the distinguishing, stigmatizing feature of a wave that crested perfectly just above his forehead, a wave that neither rose nor fell, a wave he trained with Hopalong Cassidy hair tonic, a wave he tended fussily, as though it were the only loveliness he allowed himself.

WHAT IN CARROLL KNOLLS MIGHT HAVE BEEN described by someone not native to those parts—a visiting expert, say—as *beautiful*, capable of arousing terror and joy? The brick ramblers strung with multicolored Christmas lights? The occasional front-yard plaster Virgin entrapped within a chicken-wire grotto entwined with plastic roses? The spring Denny moved to Carroll Knolls, I begged my parents to take me to a nightclub, had begged so hard for months, in fact, that by summer they finally agreed to a Sunday matinee. Waiting in the back seat of our Country Squire, a red bow tie clipped to my collar, I watched our house float like a mirage behind the sprinkler's web of water. The front door opened, and a white dress fluttered within the mirage's ascending waves: slipping on her sunglasses, my mother emerged onto the concrete stoop, adjusted her shoulder strap, and teetered across the wet grass in new spectator shoes. Then my father stepped out and cut the sprinkler off. We drove—the warm breeze inside the car sweetened by my mother's Shalimar—past ranch houses tethered to yards by chain-link fences; past the Silver Spring Volunteer Fire Department and Carroll Knolls Elementary School; past the Polar Bear Soft-Serv stand, its white stucco siding shimmery with mirror shards; past a bulldozed red-clay field where a weathered billboard advertised IF YOU LIVED HERE YOU'D BE HOME BY NOW, until we arrived at the border—a line of cinder-block discount liquor stores, a traffic light—of Washington, D.C. The light turned red. We

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stopped. The breeze died and the Shalimar fell from the air. Exhaust fumes mixed with the smell of hot tar. A drunk man stumbled into the crosswalk, followed by an old woman shielding herself from the sun with an orange umbrella, and two teen-aged boys dribbling a basketball back and forth between them. My mother put down her sun visor. "Lock your door," she said.

Then the light changed, releasing us into another country. The station wagon sailed down boulevards of Chinese elms and flowering Bradford pears, through hot, dense streets where black families sat on wooden chairs at curbs, along old streetcar tracks that caused the tires to shimmy and the car to swerve, onto Pennsylvania Avenue, past the White House, encircled by its fence of iron spears, and down 14th Street, past the Treasury Building, until at last we reached the Neptune Room, a cocktail lounge in the basement of a shabbily elegant hotel.

Inside, the Neptune Room's walls were painted with garish mermaids reclining seductively on underwater rocks, and human frogmen who stared longingly through their diving helmets' glass masks at a loveliness they could not possess on dry earth. On stage, leaning against the baby grand piano, a *chanteuse* (as my mother called her) was singing of her grief, her wrists weighted with rhinestone bracelets, a single blue spotlight making her seem like one who lived, as did the mermaids, underwater.

I was transfixed. I clutched my Roy Rogers cocktail (the same as a Shirley Temple, but without the cheerful, girlish grenadine) tight in my fist. In the middle of "The Man I Love" I stood and struggled toward the stage.

I strayed into the spotlight's soft-blue underwater world. Close up, from within the light, the singer was a boozy, plump peroxide blonde in a tight black cocktail dress; but these indiscretions made her yet more lovely, for they showed what she had lost, just as her songs seemed to carry her backward into endless regret. When I got close to her, she extended one hand—red nails, a huge glass ring—and seized one of mine.

"Why, what kind of little sailor have we got here?" she asked the audience.

I stared through the border of blue light and into the room, where I saw my parents gesturing, although whether they were telling me to step closer to her microphone or to step farther away, I could not tell. The whole club was staring.

"Maybe he knows a song!" a man shouted from the back.

"Sing with me," she whispered. "What can you sing?"

I wanted to lift her microphone from its stand and bow deeply from the waist, as Judy Garland did on her weekly TV show. But I could not. As she began to sing, I stood voiceless, pressed against the protection of her black dress; or, more accurately, I stood beside her, silently lip-synching to myself. I do not recall what she sang, although I do recall a quick, farcical ending in which she falsettoed, like Betty Boop, "Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Ya, Huh?" and brushed my forehead with pursed red lips.

THAT SUMMER, HUMIDITY ENVELOPING THE LANDfill subdivision, Denny, "the new kid," stood on the boundaries, while we neighborhood boys played War, a game in which someone stood on Stanley Allen's front porch and machine-gunned the rest of us, who one by one clutched our bellies, coughed as if choking on blood, and rolled in exquisite death throes down the grassy hill. When Stanley's father came up the walk from work, he ducked imaginary bullets. "Hi, Dad," Stanley would call, rising from the dead to greet him. Then we began the game again: whoever died best in the last round got to kill in the next. Later, after dusk, we'd smear the wings of balsa planes with glue, ignite them, and send them flaming through the dark on kamikaze missions. Long after the streets were deserted, we children sprawled beneath the corner streetlamp, praying our mothers would not call us—"*Time to come in!*"—back to our oven-like houses; and then sometimes Bucky, hoping to scare the elementary school kids, would lead his solemn procession of junior high "hoods" down the block, their penises hanging from their unzipped trousers.

Denny and I began to play together, first in secret, then visiting each other's houses almost daily, and by the end of the summer I imagined him to be my best friend. Our friendship was sealed by our shared dread of junior high school. Davis, who had just finished seventh grade, brought back reports of corridors so long that one could get lost in them, of gangs who fought to control the lunchroom and the bathrooms. The only safe place seemed to be the Health Room, where a pretty nurse let you lie down on a cot behind a folding screen. Denny told me about a movie he'd seen in which the children, all girls, did not have to go to school at all but were taught at home by a beautiful governess, who, upon coming to their rooms each morning, threw open their shutters so that sunlight fell like bolts of satin across their beds, whispered their pet names while kissing them, and combed their long hair with a silver brush. "She never got mad," said Denny, beating his fingers up and down through the air as though striking a keyboard, "except once when some old man told the girls they could never play piano again."

With my father at work in the Pentagon and my mother off driving the two-tone Welcome Wagon Chevy to new

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subdivisions, Denny and I spent whole days in the gloom of my living room, the picture window's venetian blinds closed against an August sun so fierce that it bleached the design from the carpet. Dreaming of fabulous prizes—sets of matching Samsonite luggage, French Provincial bedroom suites, Corvettes, jet flights to Hawaii—we watched Jan Murray's *Treasure Hunt* and Bob Barker's *Truth or Consequences* (a name that seemed strangely threatening). We watched *The Loretta Young Show*, worshipping yet critiquing her elaborate gowns. When *The Early Show* came on, we watched old Bette Davis, Gene Tierney, and Joan Crawford movies—*Dark Victory, Leave Her to Heaven, A Woman's Face*. Hoping to become their pen pals, we wrote long letters to fading movie stars, who in turn sent us autographed photos we traded between ourselves. We searched the house for secrets, like contraceptives, Kotex, and my mother's hidden supply of Hershey bars. And finally, Denny and I, running to the front window every few minutes to make sure no one was coming unexpectedly up the sidewalk, inspected the secrets of my mother's dresser: her satin nightgowns and padded brassieres, folded atop pink drawer liners and scattered with loose sachet; her black mantilla, pressed inside a shroud of lilac tissue paper; her heart-shaped candy box, a flapper doll strapped to its lid with a ribbon, from which spilled galaxies of cocktail rings and cultured pearls. Small shrines to deeper intentions, private grottoes of yearning: her triangular cloisonné earrings, her brooch of enameled butterfly wings.

Because beauty's source was longing, it was infused with romantic sorrow; because beauty was defined as "feminine," and therefore as "other," it became hopelessly confused with my mother: Mother, who quickly sorted through new batches of photographs, throwing unflattering shots of herself directly into the fire before they could be seen. Mother, who dramatized herself, telling us and our playmates, "My name is Maria Dolores; in Spanish, that means 'Mother of Sorrows.' Mother, who had once wished to be a writer and who said, looking up briefly from whatever she was reading, "Books are my best friends." Mother, who read aloud from Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* and O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* with a voice so grave I could not tell the difference between them. Mother, who lifted cut-glass vases and antique clocks from her obsessively dusted curio shelves to ask, "If this could talk, what story would it tell?"

And more, always more, for she was the only woman in our house, a "people-watcher," a "talker," a woman whose mysteries and moods seemed endless: Our Mother of the White Silk Gloves; Our Mother of the Veiled Hats; Our Mother of the Paper Lilacs; Our Mother of the Sighs and Heartaches; Our Mother of the Gorgeous Gypsy Earrings; Our Mother of the Late Movies and the Cigarettes; Our Mother whom I adored and who, in adoring, I ran from, knowing it "wrong" for a son to wish to be like his mother; Our Mother who wished to influence us, passing the best of herself along, yet who held the fear common to that era, the fear that by loving a son too intensely she would render him unfit—"Momma's boy," "tied to apron strings"—and who therefore alternately drew us close and sent us away, believing a son needed "male influence" in large doses, that female influence was pernicious except as a final finishing, like manners; Our Mother of the Mixed Messages; Our Mother of Sudden Attentiveness; Our Mother of Sudden Distances; Our Mother of Anger; Our Mother of Apology. The simplest objects of her life, objects scattered accidentally about the house, became my shrines to beauty, my grottoes of romantic sorrow: her Revlon lipstick tubes, "Cherries in the Snow"; her Art Nouveau atomizers on the blue mirror top of her vanity; her pastel silk scarves knotted to a wire hanger in her closet; her white handkerchiefs blotted with red mouths. Voiceless objects; silences. The world halved with a cleaver: "masculine," "feminine." In these ways was the plainest ordinary love made complicated and grotesque. And in these ways was beauty, already confused with the "feminine," also confused with shame, for all these longings were secret, and to control me all my brother had to do was to threaten to expose that Denny and I were dressing ourselves in my mother's clothes.

DENNY CHOSE MY MOTHER'S DRABBEST OUTFITS, AS though he were ruled by the deepest of modesties, or by his family's austere Methodism: a pink wraparound skirt from which the color had been laundered, its hem almost to his ankles; a sleeveless white cotton blouse with a Peter Pan collar; a small straw summer clutch. But he seemed to challenge his own primness, as though he dared it with his "effects": an undershirt worn over his head to approximate cascading hair; gummed holepunch reinforcements pasted to his fingernails so that his hands, palms up, might look like a woman's—flimsy crescent moons waxing above his fingertips.

He dressed slowly, hesitantly, but once dressed, he was a manic Proteus metamorphosizing into contradictory, half-realized forms, throwing his "long hair" back and balling it violently into a French twist; tapping his paper nails on the glass-topped vanity as though he were an important woman kept waiting at a cosmetics counter; stabbing his nails into the air as though he were an angry teacher assigning an hour of detention; touching his temple as though he were a shy schoolgirl tucking back a wisp of stray hair; resting his fingertips on the rim of his glass of Kool-Aid as though he were an actress seated over an ornamental cocktail—a Pink Lady, say, or a Silver Slipper. Sometimes, in an orgy of jerky movement, his gestures overtaking him with greater and greater force, a dynamo of theatricality unleashed, he would hurl himself across the room like a mad girl having a fit, or like one possessed; or he would snatch the chenille spread from my parents' bed and drape it over his head to fashion for himself the long train of a bride. "Do you like it?" he'd ask anxiously, making me his mirror. "Does it look *real*?" He wanted, as did I, to become something he'd neither yet seen nor dreamed of, something he'd recognize the moment he saw it: himself. Yet he

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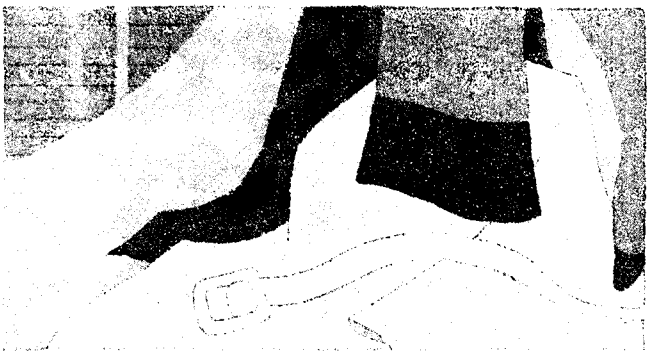
was constantly confounded, for no matter how much he adorned himself with scarves and jewelry, he could not understand that this was himself, as was also and at the same time the boy in overalls and Keds. He was split in two pieces—as who was not?—the blond wave cresting rigidly above his close-cropped hair.

"HE MAKES ME NERVOUS," I HEARD MY FATHER tell my mother one night as I lay in bed. They were speaking about me. That morning I'd stood awkwardly on the front lawn—"Maybe you should go help your father," my mother had said—while he propped an extension ladder against the house, climbed up through power lines he separated with his bare hands, and staggered across the pitched roof he was reshingling. When his hammer slid down the incline, catching on the gutter, I screamed, "You're falling!" Startled, he almost fell.

"He needs to spend more time with you," I heard my mother say.

I couldn't sleep. Out in the distance a mother was calling her child home. A screen door slammed. I heard cicadas, their chorus as steady and loud as the hum of a power line. *He needs to spend more time with you.* Didn't she know? Saturday mornings, when he stood in his rubber hip boots fishing off the shore of Triadelphia Reservoir, I was afraid of the slimy bottom and could not wade after him; for whatever reasons of his own—something as simple as shyness, perhaps—he could not come to get me. I sat in the parking lot drinking Tru-Ade and reading *Betty and Veronica*, wondering if Denny had walked alone to Wheaton Plaza, where the weekend manager of Port-o'-Call allowed us to Windex the illuminated glass shelves that held Lladro figurines, the porcelain ballerina's hands so realistic one could see tiny life and heart lines etched into her palms. *He needs to spend more time with you.* Was she planning to discontinue the long summer afternoons that she and I spent together when there were no new families for her to greet in her Welcome Wagon car? "I don't feel like being alone today," she'd say, inviting me to sit on their chenille bedspread and watch her model new clothes in her mirror. Behind her an oscillating fan fluttered nylons and scarves she'd heaped, discarded, on a chair. "Should I wear the red belt with this dress or the black one?" she'd ask, turning suddenly toward me and cinching her waist with her hands.



Afterward we would sit together at the rattan table on the screened-in porch, holding cocktail napkins around sweaty glasses of iced Russian tea and listening to big-band music on the Zenith.

"You look so pretty," I'd say. Sometimes she wore outfits I'd selected for her from her closet—pastel chiffon dresses, an apricot blouse with real mother-of-pearl buttons.

One afternoon she leaned over suddenly and shut off the radio. "You know you're going to leave me one day," she said. When I put my arms around her, smelling the dry carnation talc she wore in hot weather, she stood up and marched out of the room. When she returned, she was wearing Bermuda shorts and a plain cotton blouse. "Let's wait for your father on the stoop," she said.

Late that summer—the summer before he died—my father took me with him to Fort Benjamin Harrison, near Indianapolis, where, as a colonel in the U.S. Army Reserves, he did his annual tour of duty. On the propjet he drank bourbon and read newspapers while I made a souvenir packet for Denny: an airsickness bag, into which I placed the Chiclets given me by the stewardess to help pop my ears during take-off, and the laminated white card that showed the location of emergency exits. Fort Benjamin Harrison looked like Carroll Knolls: hundreds of acres of concrete and sun-scorched shrubbery inside a cyclone fence. Daytimes I waited for my father in the dining mess with the sons of other officers, drinking chocolate milk that came from a silver machine, and desultorily setting fires in ashtrays. When he came to collect me, I walked behind him—gold braid hung from his epaulets—while enlisted men saluted us and opened doors. At night, sitting in our BOQ room, he asked me questions about myself: "Are you looking forward to seventh grade?" "What do you think you'll want to be?" When these topics faltered—I stammered what I hoped were right answers—we watched TV, trying to pre-guess lines of dialogue on reruns of his favorite shows, *The Untouchables* and *Rawhide*. "That Della Street," he said as we watched *Perry Mason*, "is almost as pretty as your mother." On the last day, eager to make the trip memorable, he brought me a glassine envelope filled with punched IBM cards that told me my life story as his secretary had typed it into the office computer. Card One: *You live at 10406 Lillians Mill Court, Silver Spring, Maryland.* Card Two: *You are entering seventh grade.* Card Three: *Last year your teacher was Mrs. Dillard.* Card Four: *Your favorite color is blue.* Card Five: *You love the Kingston Trio.* Card Six: *You love basketball and football.* Card Seven: *Your favorite sport is swimming.*

Whose son did these cards describe? The address was correct, as was the teacher's name and the favorite color; and he'd remembered that one morning during breakfast I'd put a dime in the jukebox and played the Kingston Trio's song about "the man who never returned." But whose fiction was the rest? Had I, who played no sport

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other than kickball and Kitty-Kitty-Kick-the-Can, lied to him when he asked me about myself? Had he not heard from my mother the outcome of the previous summer's swim lessons? At the swim club a young man in black trunks had taught us, as we held hands, to dunk ourselves in water, surface, and then go down. When he had told her to let go of me, I had thrashed across the surface, violently afraid I'd sink. But perhaps I had not lied to him; perhaps he merely did not wish to see. It was my job, I felt, to reassure him that I was the son he imagined me to be, perhaps because the role of reassurer gave me power. In any case, I thanked him for the computer cards. I thanked him the way a father thanks a child for a well-intentioned gift he'll never use—a set of handkerchiefs, say, on which the embroidered swirls construct a monogram of no particular initial, and which thus might be used by anyone.

As for me, when I dressed in my mother's clothes, I seldom moved at all: I held myself rigid before the mirror. The kind of beauty I'd seen practiced in movies and in fashion magazines was beauty attained by lacquered stasis, beauty attained by fixed poses—"ladylike stillness," the stillness of mannequins, the stillness of models "caught" in mid-gesture, the stillness of the passive moon around which active meteors orbited and burst. My costume was of the greatest solemnity: I dressed like the *chanteuse* in the Neptune Room, carefully shimmying my mother's black slip over my head so as not to stain it with Brylcreem, draping her black mantilla over my bare shoulders, clipping her rhinestone dangles to my ears. Had I at that time already seen the movie in which French women who had fraternized with German soldiers were made to shave their heads and walk through the streets, jeered by their fellow villagers? And if so, did I imagine myself to be one of the collaborators, or one of the villagers, taunting her from the curb? I ask because no matter how elaborate my costume, I made no effort to camouflage my crew cut or my male body.

How did I perceive myself in my mother's triple-mirrored vanity, its endless repetitions? I saw myself as doubled—both an image and he who studied it. I saw myself as beautiful, and guilty: the lipstick made my mouth seem the ripest rose, or a wound; the small rose on the black slip opened like my mother's heart disclosed, or like the Sacred Heart of Mary, aflame and pierced by arrows; the mantilla transformed me into a Mexican penitent or a Latin movie star, like Dolores Del Rio. The mirror was a silvery stream: on the far side, in a clearing, stood the woman who was icily immune from the boy's terror and contempt;

FEATHER BAG, STICK BAG

This five strands bear hair in a split match,
this about seeing two at love kindle my heart.
How much you pay to hear the rest?

This willow stick red thread tied
be that song before Eve wore shame,
before God pluck the garden key out Adam's mouth.
How much you pay to hear it all?

That ship, mother, go down singing.
You hold feather of the bird that saw,
hold feather of the bird that told me
how they all sang when water closed.
You pay me now, I sing it.

Feather bag, stick bag, this little bone
worry me honest about my people
waiting for me pull the skein of that road
all the way out my fist and be done.
They wait, I sing, you pay, that road
ravel me out.

Dust and water, winter road. Feather
bag, stick bag, bone bag, all I had
when dust and water been my food.
Not so always. This blue scrap
be ribbon silk, and wrapped inside
she hides, she laughs my song.
Your money jangle out why.

Feather bag, stick bag—see this
penny my anvil hammer pounded flat?
This the song I sing about you
if you don't buy my songs.

Hah! Feather bag, stick bag, bone bag.

—*Kim R. Stafford*

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on the close side, in the bedroom, stood the boy who feared and yet longed after her inviolability. (Perhaps, it occurs to me now, this doubleness is the source of drag queens' vulnerable ferocity.) Sometimes, when I saw that person in the mirror, I felt as though I had at last been lifted from that dull, locked room, with its mahogany bedroom suite and chalky blue walls. But other times, particularly when I saw Denny and me together, so that his reality shattered my fantasies, we seemed merely ludicrous and sadly comic, as though we were dressed in the garments of another species, like dogs in human clothes. I became aware of my spatulate hands, my scarred knees, my large feet; I became aware of the drooping, unfilled bodice of my slip. Like Denny, I could neither dispense with images nor take their flexibility as pleasure, for the idea of self I had learned and was learning still was that one was constructed by one's images—*"When boys cross their legs, they cross one ankle atop the knee"*—so that one finally sought the protection of believing in one's own image and, in believing in it as reality, condemned oneself to its poverty.

(That locked room. My mother's vanity; my father's highboy. If Denny and I, still in our costumes, had left that bedroom, its floor strewn with my mother's shoes and handbags, and gone through the darkened living room, out onto the sunstruck porch, down the sidewalk, and up the street, how would we have carried ourselves? Would we have walked boldly, chattering extravagantly back and forth between ourselves, like drag queens refusing to acknowledge the stares of contempt that are meant to halt them? Would we have walked humbly, with the calculated, impervious piety of the condemned walking barefoot to the public scaffold? Would we have walked simply, as deeply accustomed to the normalcy of our own strangeness as Siamese twins? Or would we have walked gravely, a solemn procession, like Bucky Trueblood's gang, their manhood hanging from their unzipped trousers?

(We were eleven years old. Why now, more than two decades later, do I wonder for the first time how we would have carried ourselves through a publicness we would have neither sought nor dared? I am six feet two inches tall; I weigh 198 pounds. Given my size, the question I am most often asked about my youth is "What football position did you play?" Overseas I am most commonly taken to be a German or a Swede. Right now, as I write this, I am wearing L. L. Bean khaki trousers, a LaCoste shirt, Weejuns: the anonymous American costume, although partaking of certain signs of class and education, and, most recently, partaking also of certain signs of sexual orientation, this costume having become the standard garb of the urban American gay man. Why do I tell you these things? Am I trying—not subtly—to inform us of my "maleness," to reassure us that I have "survived" without noticeable "complexes"? Or is this my urge, my constant urge, to complicate my portrait of myself to both of us, so that I might layer my selves like so many multicolored crinoline slips, each rustling as I walk? When the wind blows, lifting my skirt, I do not know which slip will be revealed.)

SOMETIMES, WHILE DENNY AND I WERE DRESSING UP, Davis would come home unexpectedly from the bowling alley, where he'd been hanging out since entering junior high. At the bowling alley he was courting the protection of Bucky's gang.

"Let me in!" he'd demand, banging fiercely on the bedroom door, behind which Denny and I were scurrying to wipe the makeup off our faces with Kleenex.

"We're not doing anything," I'd protest, buying time.

"Let me in this minute or I'll tell!"

Once in the room, Davis would police the wreckage we'd made, the emptied hatboxes, the scattered jewelry, the piled skirts and blouses. "You'd better clean this up right now," he'd warn. "You two make me *sick*."

Yet his scorn seemed modified by awe. When he helped us rehang the clothes in the closet and replace the jewelry in the candy box, a sullen accomplice destroying someone else's evidence, he sometimes handled the garments as though they were infused with something of himself, although at the precise moment when he seemed to find them loveliest, holding them close, he would cast them down.

After our dress-up sessions Denny would leave the house without good-byes. I was glad to see him go. We would not see each other for days, unless we met by accident; we never referred to what we'd done the last time we'd been together. We met like those who have murdered are said to meet, each tentatively and warily examining the other for signs of betrayal. But whom had we murdered? The boys who walked into that room? Or the women who briefly came to life within it? Perhaps this metaphor has outlived its meaning. Perhaps our shame derived not from our having killed but from our having created.

IN EARLY SEPTEMBER, AS DENNY AND I ENTERED SEVenth grade, my father became ill. Over Labor Day weekend he was too tired to go fishing. On Monday his skin had vaguely yellowed; by Thursday he was severely jaundiced. On Friday he entered the hospital, his liver rapidly failing; Sunday he was dead. He died from acute hepatitis, possibly acquired while cleaning up after our sick dog, the doctor said. He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery, down the hill from the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. After the twenty-one-gun salute, our mother pinned his colonel's insignia to our jacket lapels. I carried the flag from his coffin to the car. For two weeks I stayed home with my mother, helping her write thank-you notes on small white cards with black borders; one afternoon, as I was affixing postage to the square, plain envelopes, she looked at me across the dining room table. "You and Davis are all I have left," she said. She went into the kitchen and came back. "Tomorrow," she said, gathering up the note cards, "you'll have to go to school." Mornings I wandered the long corridors alone, separated from Denny by the fate of our last names, which had cast us into different homerooms and daily schedules. Lunchtimes we sat

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together in silence in the rear of the cafeteria. Afternoons, just before gym class, I went to the Health Room, where, lying on a cot, I'd imagine the Phys. Ed. coach calling my name from the class roll, and imagine my name, unclaimed, unanswered to, floating weightlessly away, like a balloon that one jumps to grab hold of but that is already out of reach. Then I'd hear the nurse dial the telephone. "He's sick again," she'd say. "Can you come pick him up?" At home I helped my mother empty my father's highboy. "No, we want to save that," she said when I folded his uniform into a huge brown bag that read GOODWILL INDUSTRIES; I wrapped it in a plastic dry-cleaner's bag and hung it in the hall closet.

After my father's death my relationship to my mother's things grew yet more complex, for as she retreated into her grief, she left behind only her mute objects as evidence of her life among us: objects that seemed as lonely and vulnerable as she was, objects that I longed to console, objects with which I longed to console myself—a tangled gold chain, thrown in frustration on the mantel; a wineglass, its rim stained with lipstick, left unwashed in the sink. Sometimes at night Davis and I heard her prop her pillow up against her bedroom wall, lean back heavily, and tune her radio to a call-in show: *"Nightcaps, what are you thinking at this late hour?"* Sunday evenings, in order to help her prepare for the next day's job hunt, I stood over her beneath the bare basement bulb, the same bulb that first illuminated my father's jaundice. I set her hair, slicking each wet strand with gel and rolling it, inventing gossip that seemed to draw us together, a beautician and his customer.

"You have such pretty hair," I'd say.

"At my age, don't you think I should cut it?" She was almost fifty.

"No, never."

THAT FALL DENNY AND I WERE CAUGHT. ONE EVENING my mother noticed something out of place in her closet. (Perhaps now that she no longer shared it, she knew where every belt and scarf should have been.)

I was in my bedroom doing my French homework, dreaming of one day visiting Au Printemps, the store my teacher spoke of so excitedly as she played us the Edith Piaf records that she had brought back from France. In the mirror above my desk I saw my mother appear at my door.

"Get into the living room," she said. Her anger made her small, reflected body seem taut and dangerous.

In the living room Davis was watching TV with Uncle Joe, our father's brother, who sometimes came to take us fishing. Uncle Joe was lying in our father's La-Z-Boy recliner.

"There aren't going to be any secrets in this house," she said. "You've been in my closet. What were you doing there?"

"No, we weren't," I said. "We were watching TV all afternoon."

"*We?* Was Denny here with you? Don't you think I've heard about that? Were you and Denny going through my clothes? Were you wearing them?"

"No, Mom," I said.

"Don't lie!" She turned to Uncle Joe, who was staring at us. "Make him stop! He's lying to me!"

She slapped me. Although I was already taller than she, she slapped me over and over, slapped me across the room until I was backed against the TV. Davis was motionless, afraid. But Uncle Joe jumped up and stood between my mother and me, holding her until her rage turned to sobs. "I can't be both a mother and a father," she said to him. "I can't, I can't do it." I could not look at Uncle Joe, who, although he was protecting me, did not know I was lying.

She looked at me. "We'll discuss this later," she said. "Get out of my sight."

We never discussed it. Denny was outlawed. I believe, in fact, that it was I who suggested he never be allowed in our house again. I told my mother I hated him. I do not think I was lying when I said this. I truly hated him—hated him, I mean, for being me.

For two or three weeks Denny tried to speak with me at the bus stop, but whenever he approached, I busied myself with kids I barely knew. After a while Denny found a new best friend, Lee, a child despised by everyone, for Lee was "effeminate." His clothes were too fastidious; he often wore his cardigan over his shoulders, like an old woman feeling a chill. Sometimes, watching the street from our picture window, I'd see Lee walking toward Denny's house. "What a queer," I'd say to whoever might be listening. "He walks like a *girl*." Or sometimes, at the junior high school, I'd see him and Denny walking down the corridor, their shoulders pressed together as if they were telling each other secrets, or as if they were joined in mutual defense. Sometimes when I saw them, I turned quickly away, as though I'd forgotten something important in my locker. But when I felt brave enough to risk rejection, for I belonged to no group, I joined Bucky Trueblood's gang, sitting on the radiator in the main hall, and waited for Lee and Denny to pass us. As Lee and Denny got close, they stiffened and looked straight ahead.

"Faggots," I muttered.

I looked at Bucky, sitting in the middle of the radiator. As Lee and Denny passed, he leaned forward from the wall, accidentally disarranging the practiced severity of his clothes, his jeans puckering beneath his tooled belt, the breast pocket of his T-shirt drooping with the weight of a pack of Pall Malls. He whistled. Lee and Denny flinched. He whistled again. Then he leaned back, the hard lines of his body reasserting themselves, his left foot striking a steady beat on the tile floor with the silver V tap of his black loafer. □

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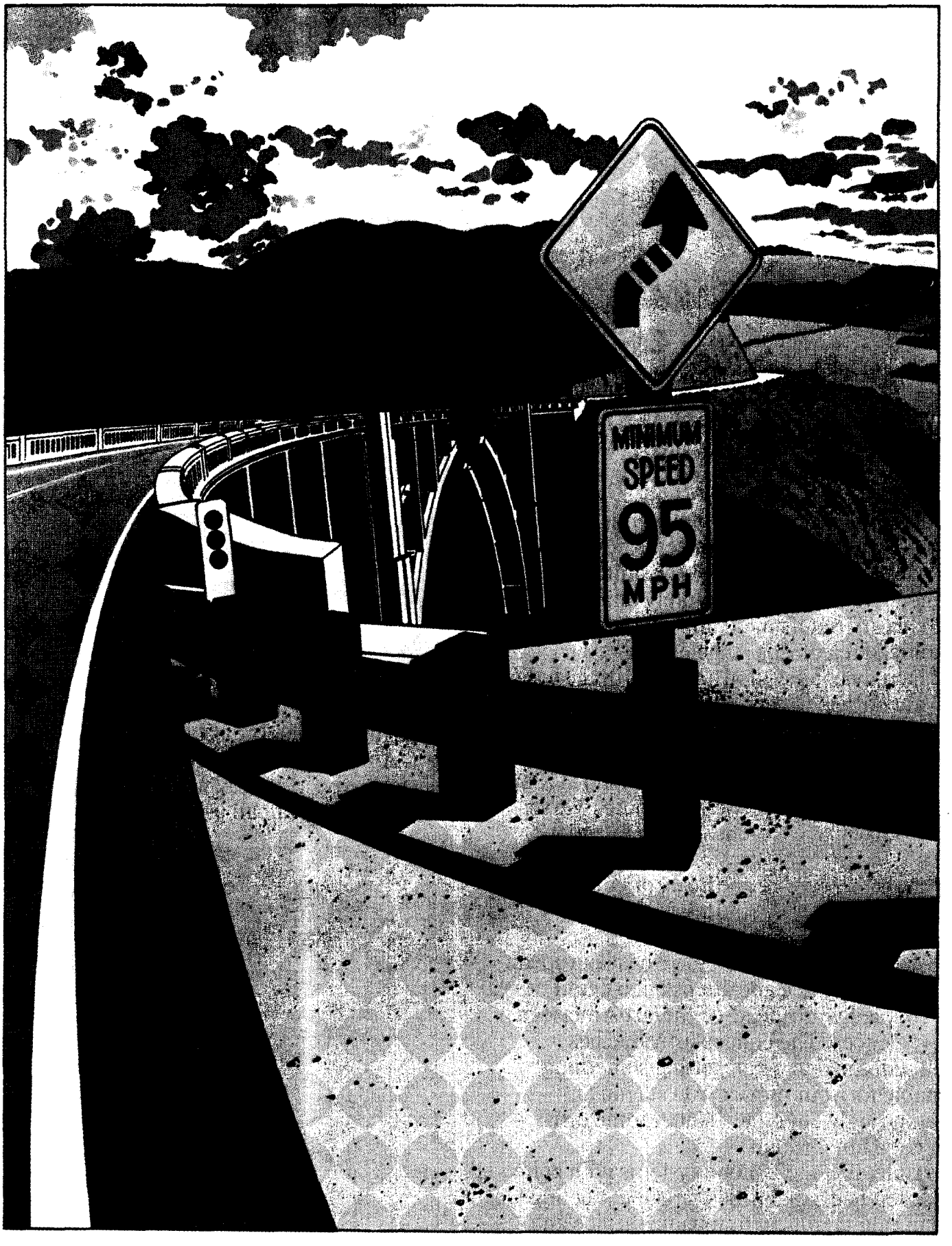
BALLISTICS

BY GUY BILLOUT



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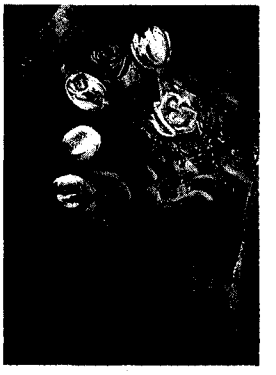

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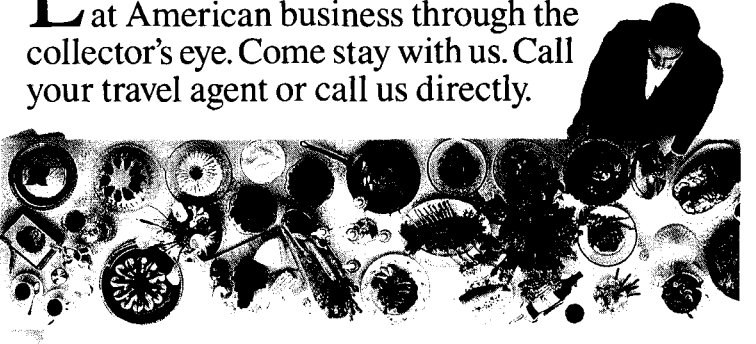

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MUSIC

LAST OF A BREED

BY FRANCIS DAVIS

WOODY HERMAN BEGAN his career as a big-band leader opposite the Count Basie Orchestra at the Roseland Ballroom, in Brooklyn, on November 3, 1936. He was only twenty-three, but he had already been in show business for fifteen years, having started off as a tap dancer in his native Milwaukee while still in grade school. A half century later, at an age when most of his contemporaries are enjoying contented semi-retirement or resting in peace, the old vaudevillian is still barnstorming with his Thundering Herd, still crisscrossing the map six months out of every twelve for one-nighters at jazz festivals and state fairs, swank nightclubs and boondock colleges. During the rest of the year he is usually in New York or Los Angeles, leading small groups composed of alumni from his big bands, and playing his three instruments—clarinet and alto and soprano saxophone. In effect he is working for the government now, paying off back taxes he owes as a result of a former business manager's double dealings in the 1960s. But chances are that he would still hit the road even if he didn't have to, because he has been there so long it must seem like home.

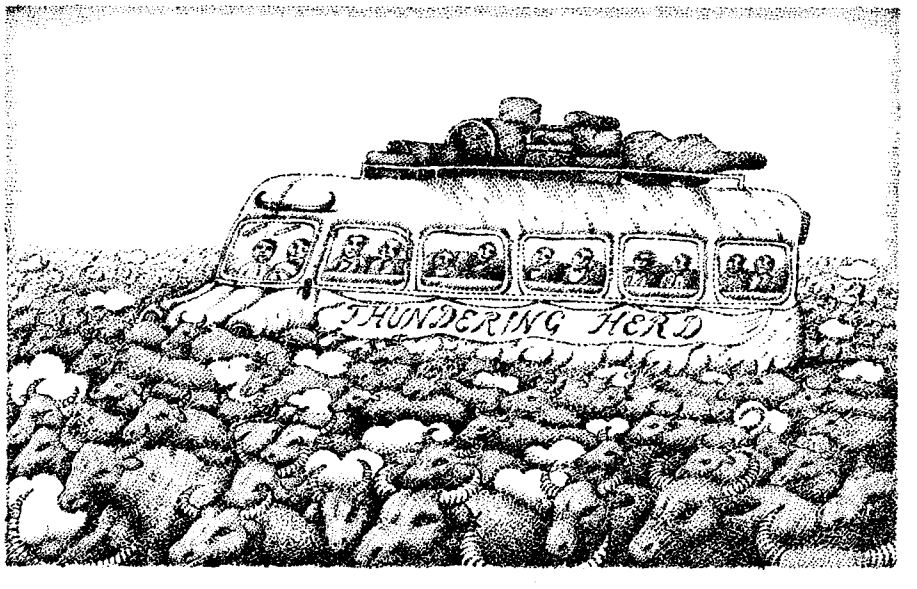
In 1981 he opened his own nightclub in the New Orleans Hyatt Regency Hotel, intending to establish a residence for himself and his men. A year later, when the club folded and he became a widower after forty-six years of marriage, he was on the move again, and he hasn't slowed down since. "I don't care what anybody says about the hardships of the road," he told me when I interviewed him in 1983. "As long as you're on the road, you have musical freedom. If you stay put long enough, you're going to wind up playing music somebody else wants you to play. And I'm too old and stubborn for that."

As Herman's golden anniversary as a bandleader approaches, plans are under way for a gala concert this summer at the Hollywood Bowl. It is to include a performance of Igor Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto*, the showpiece for jazz orchestra whose premiere the Herman Herd gave at Carnegie Hall in 1946. If all goes according to plan, the clarinetist Richard Stolzman and the trumpeter Wynton Marsalis will perform the demanding parts originally written for Herman and for Pete Candoli. There will be other honorary concerts and new works commissioned for Herman. He figures to be the subject of adulation all year long, and it is difficult to think of anyone in jazz more deserving of it.

IT IS ALSO DIFFICULT to explain to an audience unfamiliar with jazz exactly why Herman merits such adulation. What songs he has written and what instruments he plays are not the pertinent questions. Unlike Benny Goodman or Artie Shaw, Herman was never a virtuoso soloist, though (at least until embouchure problems caused by advancing age reduced his sonority to a shriek) he was a decent enough clarinetist and a better than decent alto and soprano saxophonist in a passionflower style reminiscent of Johnny Hodges. His singing, however endearing some of us might find it, is what is called an acquired taste. Herman is not a composer; the orchestra is not a canvas for him, the way it was for Duke Ellington. But a case can be made for him as a big-band *auteur* who elicits a trademark sound from countless different arrangers (much as Count Basie and Stan Kenton did).

Herman's genius lies elsewhere, and it is not easy to name. In interviews Herman frequently likens himself to a coach—a John Wooden or an Adolph Rupp turning out an unbroken succession of winning teams. It is a fitting comparison, because all of Herman's bands have been well drilled in the fundamentals and his best ensembles have been of championship caliber. But following the analogy through leads to the conclusion that the Herd has suffered a losing record these past few years, which brings up the question of whether the coach has lost his touch. It isn't as though Herman has failed to keep up with the times. No bandleader of his generation has been more receptive to moderate change, no long-established band (with the possible exception of the curiously underrated Lionel Hampton Orchestra) quicker than the Herd to absorb elements of hard bop, cool, and post–John Coltrane modality. Herman even survived a prolonged dalliance with fusion in the 1970s (unlike Maynard Ferguson, who never recovered once smitten). He takes pride in noting that the men now in his band, most of them recent graduates of college music programs, are approximately the same age as the men in his first outfit. "The younger musicians today are so much better equipped than when we were starting out, it isn't even funny," he told me. "We had to learn from each other."

A more detached observer might note that while it is true that the new recruits are better educated in music than their predecessors, they are green by comparison in ways that count more. A studied



ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER SIS

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facility in running chord changes is quite different from the ability to tell a meaningful story in a few choruses, and storytellers have been in short supply in recent editions of the Herd. The famous saxophone section that once sheltered Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Herbie Steward, and Serge Chaloff is no longer an incubator for star soloists. The new arrangements tend toward the formulaic, and the old favorites are tossed off in a perfunctory manner. "That's the way it was," Herman will sometimes say after the band honors a request for "Caldonia," "Woodchopper's Ball," "Four Brothers," or "Early Autumn." And you find yourself thinking, No, it must have been better than that.

Still, it is a pleasure to watch Herman in action. Despite the steady transfusion of new blood, it is clear that whatever vitality there is in the ranks emanates from the leader, who will turn seventy-three this May. Keeping a big band afloat for fifty years is a remarkable achievement, to be sure. But what is even more remarkable is that Herman has done it on his own terms—the Herd has always been primarily a jazz band, not a dance band, and its leader has never had much patience with nostalgia. In recent years Herman has come to be his band's patron as well as its conductor. It is obvious that he treasures the subtle section work of a big band as much as anyone in the audience, if not more. That's why it is so easy for his fans to identify with him.

THE CAPRICIOUSNESS OF American record companies is a recurring lament in jazz criticism, and it is necessary to raise it one more time in connection with Woody Herman. Many of his finest recordings are currently out of print in the United States, although some are obtainable from Europe and others will probably be reissued this year in order to capitalize on Herman's anniversary.

Still available domestically is *The Best of Woody Herman* (MCA 2-4077), a two-record compilation of the work of Herman's first band, a rough-and-tumble quasi-Dixieland outfit that was dubbed The Band That Plays the Blues and was a cooperative venture among Herman and four other members of the Isham Jones Orchestra. Although this set is valuable for including the original versions of "Woodchopper's Ball" and "Blue Flame" (Herman's signature theme), it contains far too many period items, such as "Who Dat Up Dere?" and "Big-Wig in the Wigwam."

The Herman bands that set the tone for all others to follow were those he led from 1945 to 1949—the First and Second Herds, as they were called. The Second Herd also came to be remembered as the Four Brothers band, in recognition of one of its hit recordings, an exhilarating flag-waver that showcased the blithe voicings of the unique saxophone section, which included three Lester Young–inspired tenors and a baritone, instead of the standard two altos, two tenors, and baritone. These bands sponsored a number of impetuous young soloists: the saxophonists Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Herbie Steward, Serge Chaloff, Flip Phillips, and John LaPorta; the trumpeters Sonny Berman, Red Rodney, Shorty Rogers, and Pete and Conte Candoli; and the trombonist Bill Harris.

Some of these players were early masters of bebop phraseology; others went on to play seminal roles in the formulation of West Coast cool. At various times the crack rhythm section included the pianists Ralph Burns and Jimmy Rowles, the vibraphonists Red Norvo, Margie Hyams, and Milt Jackson, the guitarists Billy Bauer and Chuck Wayne, the bassists Chubby Jackson and Oscar Pettiford, and the drummers Dave Tough and Don Lamond. The fertile arrangers were Neal Hefti, Rogers, and Burns; Burns's four-part "Summer Sequence" was arguably more successful than Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto* in combining classical tonalities and jazz rubato. "Summer Sequence," "Four Brothers," and such other landmarks of the period as "Apple Honey," "Northwest Passage," "The Good Earth," "Bijou," "Wild Root," "Everywhere," "Keen and Peachy," and "I've Got News for You" (with its orchestrated Charlie Parker riffs) were included in *The Thundering Herds*, a three-record box set that belongs in every jazz library but has long been unavailable domestically. It was recently reissued in France, however, as CBS 66378, and may be ordered from North Country Distributors, Redwood, New York 13679-9612. *The Three Herds* (Columbia Special Products JCL-592) and *Woody Herman's Greatest Hits* (Columbia PC-9291E) are more readily obtainable single albums containing some of the same material, though the latter, foolishly rechanneled for stereo, should be avoided.

The Herman Orchestra of the mid-1950s, which was admirable for its ensemble polish and its fine book of arrangements, recorded a number of albums for Capitol, all long out of print domestically, although last year French EMI issued a facsimile edition of *Road Band* (Pathé Marconi 1565511), with Burns's lovely Ellington evocation "I Remember Duke" and a vigorous reading of Horace Silver's "Opus De-Funk." It is available from Roundup Records, Box 154, North Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140.

Big bands were supposed to be inimical to sanctified hard bop, but the juggernaut that Herman led in the early 1960s, with Sal Nistico blowing up a storm in the tenor section, successfully transformed such classics of bebop as Silver's "Sister Sadie" and Charles Mingus's "Better Git It in Your Soul." In retrospect this was one of Herman's best bands, but unfortunately none of its albums are currently available. On *Giant Steps* (Fantasy F-9432), recorded in 1972, the Herd struggles manfully with material by Coltrane, Chick Corea, and Leon Russell. The best Herman big-band record of the present decade is *Live at the Concord Jazz Festival 1981* (Concord Jazz CJ-191), with cameos by the veteran tenor saxophonists Getz and Al Cohn. But the choice item in Herman's recent discography is *Four Others* (Concord Jazz CJ-180), a relaxed small-group session reuniting him with Herd tenor alumni Cohn, Phillips, Nistico, and Bill Perkins. Now that Ellington, Basie, and Stan Kenton are gone, Herman is the last of an extraordinary breed. The records give a sense of his amazing longevity and of his steadfast commitment to jazz over the decades. They show him at his best. □

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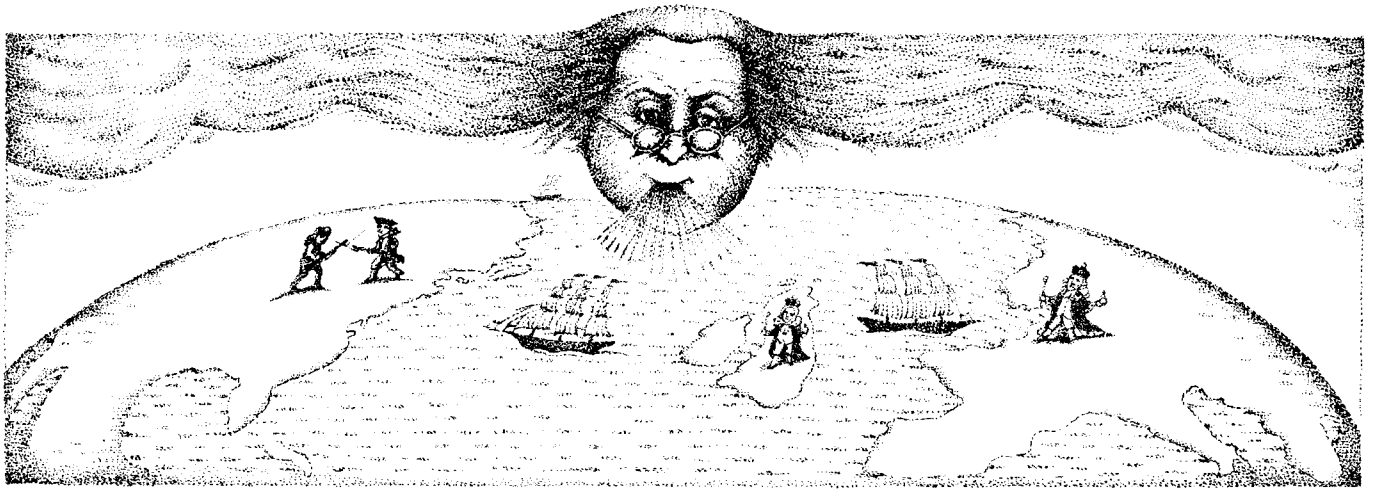

THE MAN WHO FOUND THE WAGONS

BY BENJAMIN DEMOTT

FRANKLIN OF PHILADELPHIA
by Esmond Wright.
Harvard University Press, $25.00.

MARK TWAIN THOUGHT him vain. Hawthorne and Melville called him money-obsessed. "I can't stand Benjamin," said D. H. Lawrence. These and other negative judgments by litterateurs over the years have hurt Franklin's name. Close to a half century ago Carl Van Doren produced a long, pugnaciously enthusiastic biography, and loyal specialists work tirelessly to this hour completing the multi-volume Yale edition of the *Papers of Benjamin Franklin*. But teams of specialists cannot win match-ups against D. H. Lawrence in his hit-man mode. Present-day university faculties number self-avowed Emersonians, Thoreauvians, and Melvilleites in their ranks, but in my lifetime as an academician I have never heard a colleague acknowledge a feeling for Franklin as a presence, a preceptor, or a guide to life.

Esmond Wright's *Franklin of Philadelphia* confronts literary mockers and abhorrers head on. The author, a professor of American history at London University, is convinced that Franklin is "the most modern-minded of all the Founding Fathers," "more engaging and even more understandable [today] than in the past," and his biography is persuasive on both points. More striking, though, is the book's success in suggesting the moral interest of Franklin's example. Partly because of his gifts and daring, partly because of the character of the place and age, this statesman-scientist-businessman was engaged almost ceaselessly in fabricating new ways of being in the world—in (as we say) shaping and exploring new selves. His awareness of himself as fabricator was intense, but it was also remarkably proportioned, indeed almost impersonal; in constant, purposeful touch with the claims of self, he nevertheless remained rock-certain that they counted for far less than the claims of society. Esmond Wright locates the roots of this certainty not primarily in Franklin's Puritan background but in inner resources—in Franklin's humor and detachment and firmly ironic sense of life, in his capacity for steadfastness without stiffness, in his scorn for lazy *aristos*, and above all in his joy in action and labor. We see an adaptability that delights simultaneously in itself and in service of a public cause, a variousness that has integrity at its core. And Wright's portrait of this nature at once clarifies the idea of public happiness and induces fresh speculation about the character of heroic virtue in the culture of democracy.

Large matters, obviously. They're not thrust at us unrelentingly; the biographer pays his dues, defining the complications of the provincial and international scenes in which the postmaster-become-minister-plenipotentiary played his roles, and providing enough technical information to enable amateurs to assess the originality and range of the scientific contributions. There are lively sketches of Franklin's boyhood and apprenticeship in printing and journalism in Cotton Mather's Boston, and of his ascent to early prosperity in Philadelphia ("at the age of twenty-four, [he] was the most active master printer and publisher in the most thriving city in North America"). Colonial urban and frontier chaos, the pleasures of Assembly and congressional politicking, of coffeehouse London and Paris and Passy salons—all are made vivid. So, too, are the satisfactions of Franklin's numberless moves as municipal activist—founding a club of artisan self-improvers, a city police force, a fire company, a fire-insurance company, a hospital, an Academy for the Education of Youth, the American Philosophical Society. Always the basic civic assumptions are kept in view, as in this summary of first principles:

> Become aware of what you need: if you really want it, then join others of like mind, as in the volunteer fire company, or pay for it; if funds are short, as they will be, then club together and raise a public subscription where the state's resources are puny; and when the state cannot or will not provide public resources, then "the people" must do it for themselves. Almost all Franklin's projects began as self-help, and as insurance. It was a short step then to campaigning for "causes." Because the city watch was poorly recruited, he began a seventeen-year campaign that in the end led to a law taxing property to finance a reliable city watch. A six-pence-per-month levy to have the streets swept led to a law, which Franklin drafted, for paving, lighting, and cleaning them. [He] reached democratic solutions not from any collectivist or uto-

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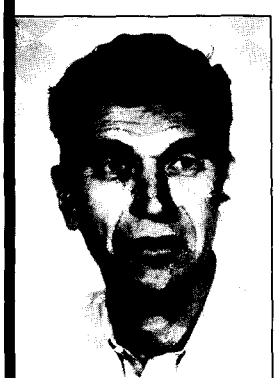

ROBERT COLES
One of the nation's best known and best-loved psychiatrists and an internationally recognized authority on children, Coles teaches at Harvard University. He has won numerous awards, including the Pulitzer Prize for his classic 5-volume series *Children of Crisis*.

Photo credit: William W. Anderson

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—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

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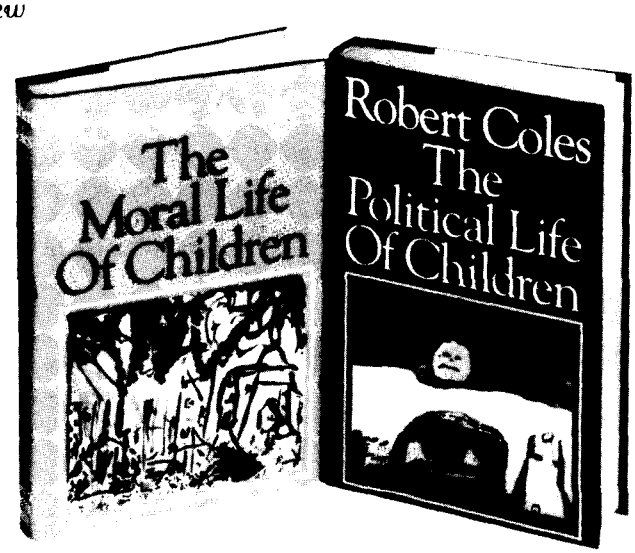
—*Washington Post Book World* (Front Page Review)



THE MORAL LIFE OF CHILDREN

THE POLITICAL LIFE OF CHILDREN
by Robert Coles

Available at bookstores

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
Distributed by Little, Brown and Company

Also available from the Atlantic Bookstore, page 132.

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April report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS

CLIFF WILLIS

Three years ago these pages carried **Alston Chase**'s "The Last Bears of Yellowstone." The response was immediate—and dismayed. Not only did readers of *The Atlantic* write our editor but they also wrote their congressmen and the secretary of the interior. The article prompted Senate hearings on Yellowstone's management of grizzly bears, and, in response, the Park Service reorganized its grizzly-bear-recovery effort.

That article was part of Alston Chase's book **Playing God in Yellowstone**, which we have just published. Tracing the breakdown of Yellowstone's ecological chain caused by well-intentioned but misguided management of America's first national park, the book has created even greater controversy than "The Last Bears of Yellowstone." Amos Eno, Audubon's director of wildlife programs, says, "We shudder with the morbid anticipation of reviewing [Chase's] upcoming book," though Cleveland Amory, of the Fund for Animals, hails it as "a truly readable, remarkable, and incisive look at the backsliding policies of America's most prestigious national park."

PLAYING GOD IN YELLOWSTONE: The Destruction of America's First National Park

by Alston Chase

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pian dogma but from a pragmatic, self-help orientation. . . . At the root was the conviction that the individual is only truly himself in a gregarious, not in a solitary, setting.

Nearly two thirds of this book centers on the hero's operations abroad. He was first a special agent charged with the task of persuading London to end the tax-exempt status of the proprietors of estates held under royal charter. (The huge landholdings of the absentee Penns, of Pennsylvania, Calverts, of Maryland, and others had to be protected; the costs of this protection were borne exclusively—and bitterly—by the colonials in residence, small farmers and merchants.) Later, in Paris, Franklin was a commissioner seeking loans and favor for his countrymen's revolution; still later he was a peace negotiator with Great Britain. Throughout he was a passionate patriot. He broke with his son, William, over the latter's Loyalism—and with a heat that overturns the Lawrentian caricature of him as a monster of prudence, a martyr for measure. The heat can be felt in a July, 1775, letter he wrote to a longtime English friend:

> You are a member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction—You have begun to burn our Towns, and murder our People.—Look upon your Hands! They are stained with the Blood of your Relations!

The biographer's command of historical realities is most impressive in the exposition of the views of Empire—Franklin's view and that of official Whitehall-and-Westminster—that were in unmistakable conflict long before any colonial of consequence had begun to imagine independence as destiny. The shrewdness of the psychological inquiry is most marked in the chapters on Franklin in Paris playing Newton and Rochefoucauld, imperturbable gallant and "symbol of republican simplicity and virtue," never flagging in the pursuit of his basic political and diplomatic mission, but sometimes disconcerting John and Abigail Adams. During dinner one night with Mme. Helvétius, a friend of Franklin's and the daughter of a count, Abigail saw troubling things. La Helvétius "called Doctor Franklin merely Franklin, kissed his cheeks and forehead when she greeted him, and . . . sometimes held his hand and sometimes carelessly threw her arms around his neck." Still worse, Abigail wrote, "after dinner she threw herself on a settee, where she showed more than her feet. She had a little lap-dog who was, next to the Doctor, her favorite. This she kissed, and when he wet the floor she wiped it up with her chemise." Abigail saw shocking indecorum; Franklin's eyes—the eyes of a quintessential Yankee become man of the world—probably saw earthy aplomb.

THERE ARE FLAWS in the book, inevitably. The author descends into cant at one point, proposing that surviving may have been Franklin's highest achievement:

> Today we have learned to appreciate—as few in previous generations did—that to survive is itself to conquer, that in a world of turmoil there can be—despite the homilies of *Poor Richard*—few constants even of the spirit, that in adaptation is strength, and that if at the end it is possible to say—preferably with a wink and a grin—*J'ai vécu*, then that itself is triumph.

Candor about the defects, mistakes, and occasional fatuity of his subject leads Professor Wright now and then to lose hold of his strong theme (the coexistence of opportunistic flexibility and genuinely unselfish resolve). Determination to avoid idolatry has its costs.

But it is a commendable determination, and, in any event, the book's balance and lack of illusion aren't the features of it that I like best. What's invaluable, finally, is the responsiveness to the hero's lifelong embrace of possibility. Franklin was suckered more than once by people of substance who created expectations in him that they had neither the intention nor the means of satisfying. But he could not be soured. When others approached him with their often not less than astonishing expectations, he made them welcome. General Braddock arrives in Virginia at the head of an army in need of hundreds of wagons and horses for the campaign to capture Fort Duquesne; officialdom waffles; no experienced provisioner, altogether without commission to cope, Franklin copes. The Pennsylvania Assembly needs a general—a leader who can take six hundred men out to the frontier, make soldiers of them, build stockades, secure defenses against the tribes; no general, no expert on discipline or the manual of arms or columns of supply, Franklin copes. Time and again he expressed relish of the situa-

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tions created when fearful need and outlandish hope caused others to assume the existence in him of talents beyond his own fantasy. Time and again, as readers, we *feel* that relish, because the biographer draws attention to it, appreciates its worth.

The terms now used in describing such relish, such a temperament (for instance, "He loved a challenge"), lack vivacity. At the phrase "Can do" we snicker. We assume that boosterism or mindlessness or obliviousness of real suffering or innocent piety about human goodness must accompany the belief that Something Can Be Done. But in Franklin's case no, and as his qualities come into ever clearer sight, we do not care that the language in which they are conventionally described is gray: the qualities are vibrant. Bring them to life in a narrative set in a society that was as open-textured and hospitable to sudden dazzlements as a solo by Thelonious Monk, and you have excitement. Let the hero of the stories be a figure "one part of [whom]," as Esmond Wright says of Franklin, "stay[s] always single, amused and sardonic," and you have exhilaration. I find it moving that a British scholar should read our Ben Franklin's life so animatedly and so well. □

POOR MOM

BY BARBARA EHRENREICH

WOMEN AND CHILDREN LAST:
The Plight of Poor Women
in Affluent America
by Ruth Sidel. Viking, $16.95.

THE FACT THAT the poor are always with us doesn't mean that their faces are familiar. The poor look different from year to year, and depending on how they look, they go in and out of fashion. When Michael Harrington and (thanks in part to Harrington) John F. Kennedy discovered the poor in 1962, they were a pitiable lot, usually represented as gaunt Appalachians in faded work clothes. Five years and a score of urban riots later, the poor had become a less congenial crowd, uniformly black and best known to the viewing public through a handful of telegenic, hypermacho spokesmen. By the time Ronald Reagan arrived to lead the right's war on "welfarism," the poor had been virtually condensed into a single, thoroughly repellent image: a young black male, apprenticing as a mugger, who had figured out how to buy vodka with food stamps.

But demography must sooner or later triumph over ideology. In the late 1970s the sociologist Diana Pearce noticed an interesting trend: the population that lived in poverty was disproportionately female, and becoming more so. Once shared more or less equally by the sexes (if not the races), poverty was becoming female territory, so that today two out of three adults in poverty are women, and the majority of poor families are headed by single mothers. Pearce termed the trend the "feminization of poverty," and for anyone willing to listen a new stereotype of the poor was obviously in order—not the menacing young black male or even the multiparous black matriarch annually fattening her welfare check by increasing her brood. A better representative, given the facts, would be a white woman (although the poor are disproportionately black and Hispanic, the majority are still white), with one or two children (70 percent of the women on welfare have no more than two), who has seen better times.

Coming as it did after the decade of "women's liberation"—just when the female yuppies thought it was safe to go back into the political neutrality of "post-feminism"—the feminization of poverty was greeted at first as a wonder. How could this have happened in the same decade that brought us Barbara Walters, Mary Cunningham, and Chris Evert Lloyd? In fact, women have made fabulous gains in law, medicine, and middle management, and not so fabulous, but still impressive, advances into engineering, mining, and the traditionally male blue-collar crafts. To some, like the San Antonio man who once called in to a radio talk show to demand of me, "What do you mean women are poor—they're taking over everything!", the feminization of poverty must have seemed a last, desperate bid for victim status by a group that had it all and now, perversely, wanted sympathy, too.

But if demography is destiny and economic law is almost as hard to evade, women have been on shaky ground for some time. First, there is the relatively unchanging economics of gender: most working women are not surgeons or CEOs but clerical workers, waitresses, nurses and nurses' aids, sales clerks, assembly-line operatives, and the like. In part because of occupational segregation and in part because of discrimination,

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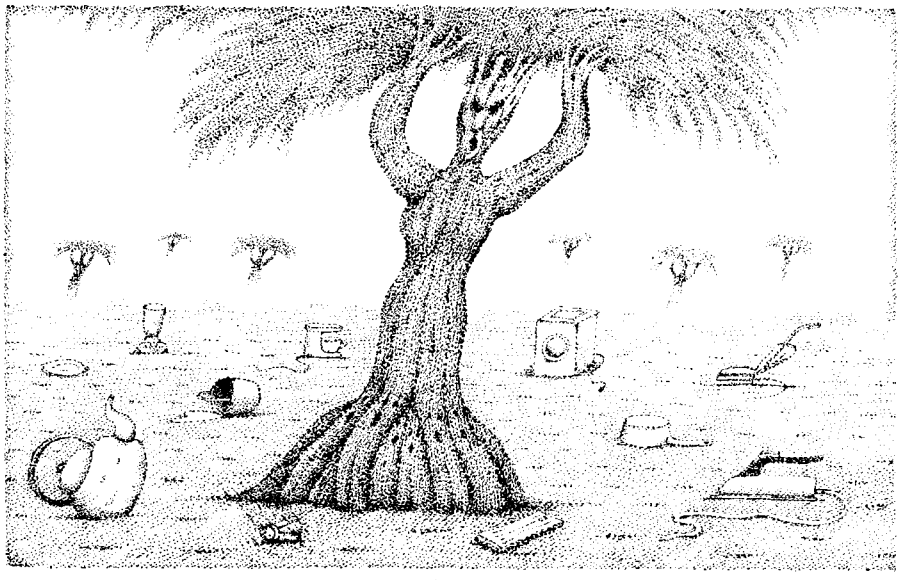
women earn only about three fifths of what men do, hour for hour. On top of this there has been a demographic upheaval: as a result of divorce, desertion, or failure to marry in the first place, rising numbers of women (the increase is most startling among black women) are single mothers, rearing and supporting children on their own. Give a woman a job that pays near the minimum wage, a couple of toddlers, and a husband or a boyfriend who has left no forwarding address, and you have another statistic in the feminization of poverty.

TO PUT WOMEN'S current dilemma in perspective, we need to recall that Americans have arranged their lives for almost a century on the basis of the informal and highly imperfect pact called the family-wage system. The idea, advanced by trade unionists and even by feminists near the turn of the century, was that a man should earn enough to support a family; his wife and kids shouldn't *have* to work. And for those women possessing husbands who actually earned a family wage, and who could be counted on to bring it home rather than squandering it on drink or like diversions, the family-wage system was not the worst possible arrangement. It has operated, in fact, like a vast private welfare system, in which men are paid on the expectation that they will disburse some of their earnings to the unemployed—the wives and children who might otherwise be paupers.



Unfortunately, the corollary of the idea that a man should earn enough to support an entire family has been that a woman doesn't need to earn enough to support even one person, such as herself. Women have been exploited as cheap labor, excluded from high-paying occupations, and discharged from jobs to make way for men (the fate of Rosie the Riveter), all with the rationalization that working women are "secondary earners," only helping out the real breadwinners. Now, whereas all the other features of the family-wage pact have unraveled, this particular corollary has stayed in place. Today a majority of men do not earn enough to support a family at a middle-class standard of consumption (most strikingly, young black men, almost half of whom are unemployed). Nor, as I have argued in *The Hearts of Men*, do most men any longer seem to regard marriage or fatherhood as a lifelong financial commitment; men divorce, desert, and default on their child-support payments. The result is that while the responsibility for breadwinning has devolved increasingly upon women, women's wages still reflect the cultural assumptions of the *Saturday Evening Post*, circa 1950. For the working wives of employed men, this is at best merely insulting. For single mothers—especially those who have little education or skills, who are over forty, or who suffer from the added handicap of racial prejudice—it is tragic.

RUTH SIDEL'S EXCELLENT and restrained report, *Women and Children Last*, puts the tragedy in human perspective and points toward some possible solutions. A sociologist who has written previously on health policy and child care, Sidel interviewed an impressive variety of women: black, white, Hispanic, Native American; women who were born poor; women who have lived in wealth; well-educated, even professional, women; optimistic women; and women who seemed overwhelmed by their problems. Most entered poverty through divorce or the failure of a liaison more casual than marriage, and the absent men seem to be depressingly similar, regardless of income or race: they drank, they beat their wives and children, they simply found someone else—and then they were gone.

Sadly for women facing family crises in the early eighties, the government was walking out on its responsibilities at the same time. The Reagan Administration's first wave of budget cutbacks focused precisely on those programs that poor women and their children rely on—Aid to Families with Dependent Children (which we loosely call welfare), Medicaid, housing subsidies, special nutrition programs for infants and pregnant women, and so forth. Sidel is at her best in documenting the effects of the cutbacks and the dreadful inadequacy that characterized the "safety net" even before it was savaged. AFDC, for example, which is the first resort of almost every woman plunging toward poverty, no matter how affluent her starting point, doesn't pay enough to lift a family *up to* the poverty line (now at $10,609 a year for a family of four), even when the cash value of food stamps is added in. As one of Sidel's informants says, it is simply not possible to survive on the $4,000 or so a year one is lucky to accrue in welfare benefits. Some women and their children go hungry or take to fillers like instant mashed potatoes. Most, I suspect, though Sidel doesn't emphasize the point, are driven to "cheat"—that is, to supplement their welfare checks with a low-wage job off the books.

Women on welfare are expected to redeem their self-respect by getting off the rolls as quickly as possible—an expectation reinforced by the pathetically low cash grants and the humiliating treatment recipients are subjected to. But on the whole we do little to ease the hard climb from poverty to economic self-sufficiency, and much to impede it. For example, some bizarre twentieth-century version of a sumptuary law forbids AFDC recipients to attend four-year colleges, thus blocking the most common route up to the middle class. Then there is the matter of child care: if you don't have it, you can't very well look for or train for a job, but, as Sidel

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CRITICAL ACCLAIM FOR *SOLDIERS IN HIDING*

Chance Encounter Led To World War II Novel

Gili Wiley

Richard Wiley

By HERBERT MITGANG

Richard Wiley's first novel, "Soldiers in Hiding," has been acclaimed for its realistic descriptions of World War II's Pacific Theater, although the author, a member of the postwar generation, was born just a few months before Japan surrendered.

Mr. Wiley, however, like the Japanese-American narrator of his novel, Teddy Maki, has lived and worked on several of the world's continents. He spent time with the Peace Corps in a small Korean fishing village, and later went to study Japanese in Tokyo, where he met his future wife, Gigi.

"And I also met someone else there who eventually would become the hero of my novel," said Mr. Wiley, who lives in Tacoma, Wash. "He was a Japanese-American, a musician, who ended up drafted into the Japanese Army. He had gone over there from Los Angeles before Pearl Harbor and couldn't get out. He spent the whole war in China, but nothing much happened to him. Afterward, he lost his American citizenship. That happened to at least a dozen Japanese-Americans, but he was the only one I knew. Met him in school in Tokyo — he was one of my teachers. I spent a lot of time with the guy, I liked him a lot. He was about 70 years old at the time and died four or five years ago.

'Fighting Own Countrymen'

"What happened to him, the divided life he was forced to endure, remained fixed in my head," he said. "The idea of a guy stranded abroad, fighting against his own countrymen. So when I got down to writing fiction, I thought of him again. Of course, the character patterned after him has more adventures. My character is sent to the Philippines, the scene of a lot of combat with guerrillas and Americans. He tries to disengage. Years afterward, he is haunted by the death of his friend, another American jazz musician in Japanese uniform. And he ends up a star on Japanese television."

After a few years of listening to Mr. Wiley tell his stories, his Philippine-born wife persuaded him to get started on a novel. He wrote three short stories in 1972, submitted them to the University of Iowa Writers Workshop, got accepted in 1974, and spent two years in Iowa City writing fiction. "I had a great time there, studying with writers like Vance Bourjaily and Leonard Michaels, and others passing through, including E. L. Doctorow and John Irving," he said. Afterward, he went to Lagos, Nigeria, as a school administrator for several years.

While "Soldiers in Hiding" is Mr. Wiley's first published work, it was the third novel he wrote. His first unpublished novel, set in Korea, was called "Festival for Three Thousand Maidens." "It was based on a time hundreds of years ago when the purity of Korean maidens was challenged after a Chinese invasion," he said. "The publishers that turned it down said it had a nice feeling of energy and some wonderful scenes."

Alaska Gold-Rush Tale

His second unpublished novel, "Fool's Gold," was about the Alaska gold rush. "My grandmother had run a general store there and had also sold baths — yes, baths — to the miners," he said. "It was turned down by 30 publishers. One editor accepted it for $1,200, I went out and bought the champagne, but then *his* editor in chief said no. Close, but no cigar."

Mr. Wiley started to write "Soldiers in Hiding" in 1978. He said he went down different roads, took wrong turns and polished it before it was finally accepted by Joyce Johnson at Atlantic Monthly Press. "Her editorial help was magnificent," he said. Mr. Wiley is now writing a novel tentatively called "Small Crimes of the Nineteen-Sixties," about Americans in Africa.

To reach Mr. Wiley by telephone, a curious reader must interrupt his wanderings around the schools of Tacoma. To support his fiction — and also because he believes in what he is doing as a teacher and administrator — Mr. Wiley works for a living.

His imposing job title is bilingual coordinator for the Tacoma Public Schools. That includes 45 schools, with 5 high schools, and a concentration on a dozen schools where bilingual education is a must for the refugee students who originally came from Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam to the State of Washington as a result of the Vietnam War's dislocations.

He is still on the job as a bilingual educator while writing his second — or is it his fourth? — novel.

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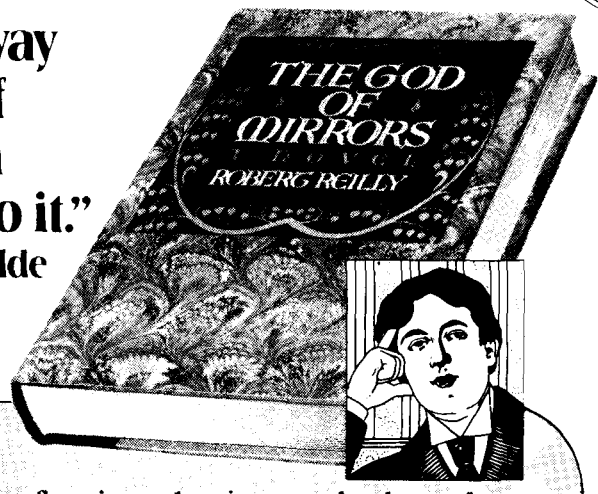
"The only way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it."
-Oscar Wilde



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"Writing with beguiling Wildean wit, Reilly fashions marvelous, pointed conversations...Fine curmudgeonly lowlife here, as well as hothouse portraits from London in the 1890s. This is zippy, compelling fare, executed with grace."—*Publishers Weekly*

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explains, affordable *quality* child care is almost an oxymoron in America. Finally there are the jobs themselves: the kind of entry-level jobs available to a teenage mother or to a mature woman who has spent the past twenty years as a homemaker do not offer such benefits as family health coverage and, like welfare, do not pay enough to lift a family *up to* the poverty level. A figure that should be emblazoned on the mind of anyone who has ever said or thought, even for one moment, "Why don't they just get off their butts and get a job?" is $6,968—the gross annual minimum wage, which is almost $4,000 short of the official poverty line for a family of four.

Sidel proposes a number of measures to improve the lives of America's impoverished women and their children. We need to achieve pay equity between stereotypically women's jobs and those that are traditionally male (consider the gap between a school clerical worker, at about $13,000 a year, and a grounds-maintenance worker, at more than $17,000, both employed by the same school district). Also, we need a variety of services—such as paid maternity leaves and high-quality, publicly subsidized child care—to help women reconcile parenthood and paid employment, plus family-planning services to help make parenthood itself a more controllable event. And, clearly, we need an adequate, dignified income-support program to replace AFDC. These are simply the decent, obvious kinds of programs that most industrialized countries have long since enacted, and that Americans could also have, Sidel believes, if we could get beyond the "glitter and glamour" of the consumer culture and the obsessive self-involvement of the currently affluent.

My only complaint about *Women and Children Last* is that it fails to pick up the polemical gauntlets cast down recently by the theorists of the right. The territory that Sidel covers is mined with highly charged assumptions, and a more combative soul would surely have tripped off some fireworks in the course of her exposition. For example, there is the neo-conservative notion that the American poor, or a major subset of them, are coming to constitute an unsalvageable underclass. In fact, as Sidel's case studies illustrate and her statistics bear out, there is tremendous movement in and out of poverty: in a given decade one out of four Americans enters

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the ranks of the officially poor, and at least half are able, with some help from the government, at least to scramble back beyond the poverty line. The image of the poor as a permanent underclass distracts us from recognizing the widespread economic vulnerability of women and children, and of the elderly and many blue-collar males, as well.

Then there is the more curious assumption, underlying Charles Murray's work, that AFDC actually causes unemployment among black males, and does so by removing their incentive to work. Sidel might have taken him on by pointing out that AFDC payments go overwhelmingly to single mothers and are of a magnitude insufficient for subsistence, much less for a life of slothful ease. Along the same lines, she might have highlighted the wealth of evidence that social-welfare benefits, even in more generous nations, do not seem to work as an incentive to childbearing. Finally, she might have torn into the shibboleth—which many liberals share with members of the right—that the solution to poverty is an honest day's work. Some jobs do cure poverty, but jobs that pay near the minimum wage are a continuation of poverty and an extension, in the private sector, of the seventeenth-century workhouse.

A more aggressive chronicler might also have gone after some of the men—and I do not mean ex-husbands—who are working to make women's economic prospects even dimmer than they already are. While the regulatory agencies doze on through the Reagan years, unpaid overtime and other illegal conditions are proliferating—in sleek-looking suburban industrial parks as well as in urban sweatshops. In addition, employers in a number of industries, including insurance and high-tech manufacturing, have been reviving the old "home work" system, which is appealing to women who cannot find child care as well as to bosses who would like to circumvent the minimum wage. More subtly, employers are using the new information technology to eliminate some women's jobs (telephone operators and bank tellers are among those facing extinction) and to "de-skill" others (office jobs are high on the list), which can then be made lower-paid. Then there is old-fashioned hard-knuckled union-busting, which is on the increase, thanks in part to the Republicans' exsanguination of the National Labor Relations Board.

Furthermore, as Sidel notes, the em-

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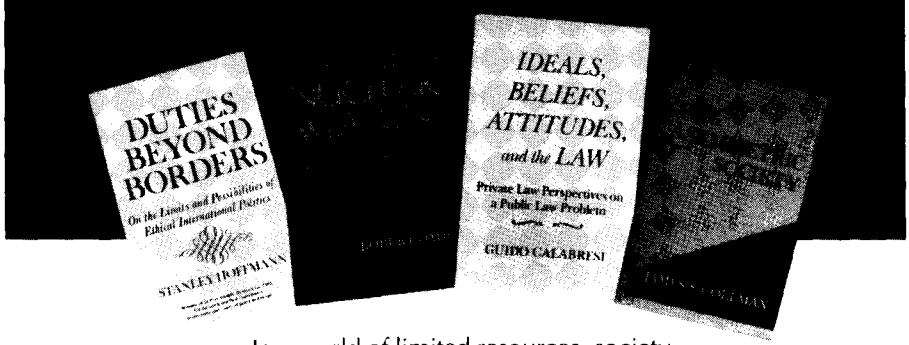

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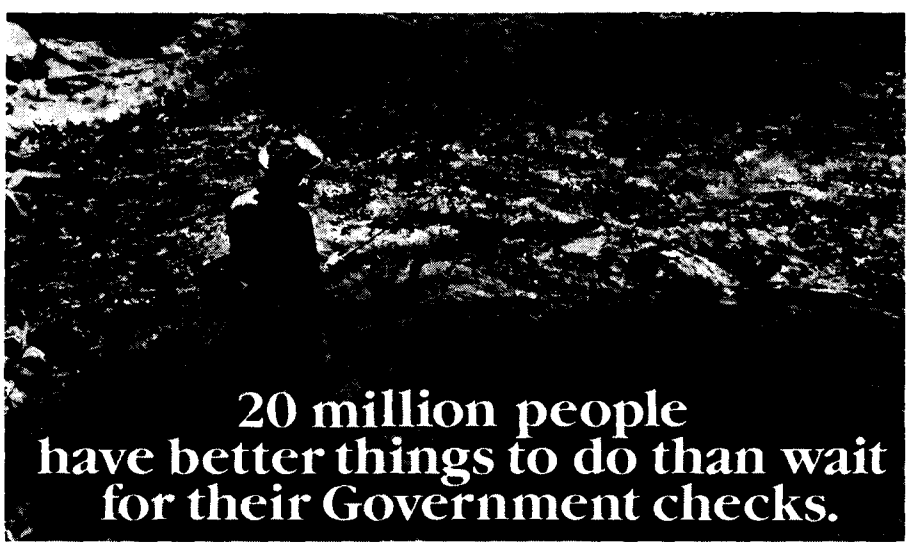

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ployers of low-wage labor will be among the first and the loudest to resist the kind of social-welfare measures she proposes. If women had a real alternative to junk jobs of the Burger King variety—and the bureaucratically managed destitution of AFDC is not that alternative—then wages would have to rise. In fact, however you try to attack the problem—through improved wages in the private sector or through expanded services from the public sector—the real obstacle is not so much the niggardly mood of the Me Generation as the organized greed of the employers of low-wage, usually female and/or minority labor. Dainty as "feminization of poverty" may sound, the name of this game is class struggle.

The strategic issue, it seems to me, is how to expand the constituency for reform as far as possible beyond just those who are poor at any given moment. Here is where the bad news about the feminization of poverty can be turned to good effect. No one—no woman, at least—can read Sidel's lucid and persuasive book without thinking: I have seen the poor, and they look just like me. □

BRIEF REVIEWS

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE *by Charles Johnson. Atheneum, $9.95.* Mr. Johnson's short stories differ in setting, subject matter, and even in style, but they are basically united. With a single exception, they derive from what one character describes as "the same primordial feeling of *thrownness* that every Negro experiences when hurled into a society that simultaneously supports . . . and annihilates him, because he can find reflections of himself nowhere in it. . . ." The author, who is black, plays brilliant variations on that provocative theme.

KIPLING'S INDIA *edited by Thomas Pinney. Schocken, $22.00.* The editor has tracked down "Uncollected Sketches 1884–1888." These are pieces that Kipling wrote (principally) for the *Civil and Military Gazette*, in Lahore. He had been hired by the paper in 1882, at the age of sixteen, and constituted 50 percent of the

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English staff. By 1884 he had become a fine all-purpose journalist, willing and able to attack anything from a volume of hilariously awful verse to Queen Victoria's jubilee. Attack, in truth, is what he did best, whether by undisguised vituperation or deadpan disrespect, and it is the streak of well-aimed malice that makes these reports from a vanished world still lively, interesting, and often very funny reading.

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE *by Alec Guinness. Knopf, $17.95.* Sir Alec Guinness has chosen to construct his autobiography in terms of subjects and people rather than by means of chronological progression. The system has its weakness, because a given reader may not care for a given topic, but it also has its strength, for every topic (except, oddly, actual theatrical performance) is treated with care, intelligence, and good taste. The section on the author's naval service in the Second World War is probably only half the story, but that half is a thoroughly amusing study of the earnest and bewildered civilian in uniform.

THE LIBERATION OF ONE *by Romual Spasowski. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $24.95.* Outraged by his government's imposition of martial law in 1981, Mr. Spasowski, Poland's ambassador to the United States, defected and sought political asylum here. His book is intended to explain why a man brought up as a devout Communist, with a long and successful career in the Polish diplomatic service behind him, took that drastic step, and it does so by combining personal and national history in a sad story of private disillusionment, official corruption, and international hypocrisy. It is a grim tale, but worth attention.

BREAK IN *by Dick Francis. Putnam, $17.95.* Mr. Francis allows only two motives for the villains who enliven his thrillers—money and insanity. The question in his latest fast-paced entertainment is which motive will be the winner when both are clearly at the post.

THE DIARIES OF SOPHIA TOLSTOY *translated by Cathy Porter. Random House, $35.00.* Count Leo Tolstoy was an inveterate diarist, and when he married, at age thirty-four, Sophia Behrs, aged eighteen, he encouraged her to pursue the practice. She did, realizing from the first that her impulse to write at length usually arose from boredom or exasperation. The cra-

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Answers to the March Puzzles

"PINWHEEL"

Solution notes follow the same order as clues in the puzzle, but correct numbers have been assigned.

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I	C	P	I	C	C	A	L	I	L	L	I	
C	H	I	C	O	U	D	I	V	A	O	N	
K	A	T	I	N	T	O	N	M	I	C	A	
E	S	C	A	P	E	P	E	O	N	A	T	
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dle-snatched bride proved to be a ferociously industrious and talented manager of Tolstoy's affairs. From a favorable angle, she was devotedly affectionate, passionately determined to defend the interests of her husband and children and eager to help them in every way possible. From a hostile angle, she was jealous, possessive, and meddlesome. From either angle, she had a hot temper and too much common sense to respect Tolstoy's increasingly crotchety and inconsistent moralizing. She professed a total lack of humor, but she wrote well and sometimes wittily, describing one visitor as "a thin dark idealist full of ecstasy and gloom." Sophia was, in short, a complicated woman married to an even more complicated genius, and her diaries, while admittedly biased toward complaint, present a fascinating double portrait and a valuable historical record.

THINKING BACK *by C. Vann Woodward. Louisiana State University Press, $12.95.* Professor Woodward, distinguished for a number of books on the American South, discusses "The Perils of Writing History," and his observations, all drawn from his own experience, should intrigue any student of history and alarm anyone proposing to write it. Choice of subject is merely the first hurdle. Yet to come are interpretation, contemporary academic fashion, the overlooked document, the deceptive statistic, and the historian's realization that he has inadvertently started in the middle instead of at the beginning. Professor Woodward describes all these pitfalls with a mixture of resignation and sly humor.

WINTER *by Donald Hall and Clifton C. Olds. Hood Museum of Art, Dartmouth College, distributed by the University Press of New England, $35.00 and $19.95.* A season of the year is hardly usual as the subject of an art exhibit, but it has produced at Dartmouth's new museum a most appealing display. There are evidently as many ways to depict snow and ice as there are artists to view them, and one can only wish, turning through this catalogue, that all the paintings could have been reproduced in color. Mr. Olds provides a history of the symbolic significance of winter scenes in the past, and Mr. Hall has written a charming essay in praise of New Hampshire's great cold. What he calls "photophiliacs" and "noctophobics" may cringe at it, but his fellow "arctophiles" will rejoice.

—*Phoebe-Lou Adams*

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ACROSTIC NO. 9

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of the clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the source of the quotation.

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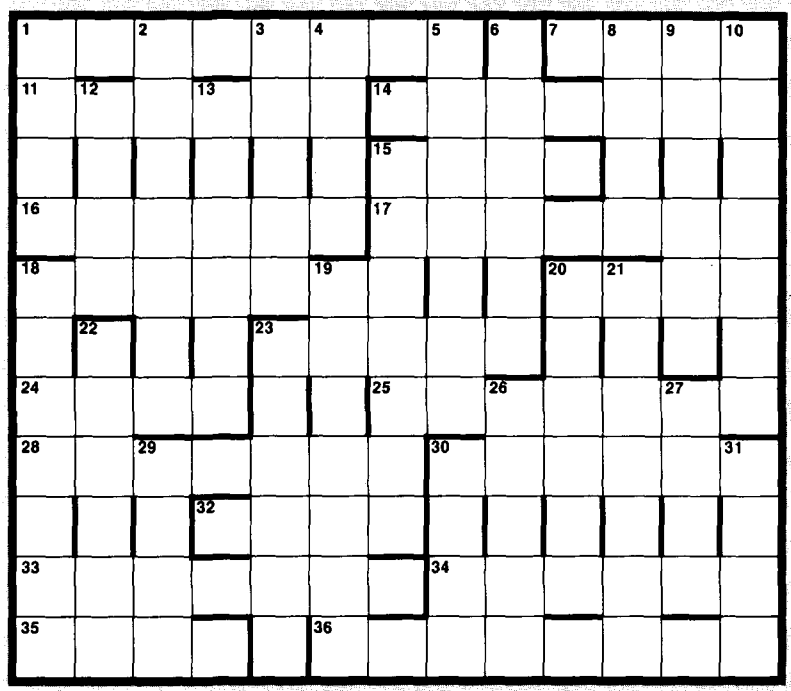
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

ANIMATED SPEECH

Each Across entry in this puzzle is an example of a 15-Down, and must therefore be altered slightly before entry in the diagram. Down answers are to be treated normally.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 132.

ACROSS

1. Obliquely do single cryptic (8)
7. Whip collection (4)
11. Noodle goes into the making of secret ingredient (6)
14. Leading lady takes drug orally (7)
15. Return to eat ravenously well (4)
16. Ruby muffed cue from shrink (6)
17. Spilling guts about story that's most unfair (7)
18. Fake before 10-Down? (7)
20. Sue and Pat leaving at meadow (4)
23. Unfortunately sharp, holding a note (5)
24. Released topless pipe (4)
25. Hawaii, elementally, consists of long and curving line (7)
28. Attendants brought back box containing the last letter of George Washington (7)
30. Tree left in secluded space (6)
32. Forbidding most of smut (4)
33. Westering sun engulfs brown trees (7)
34. Frisky otter taking a spin (6)
35. Lots of people twist (4)
36. Silver reflected minor illumination (8)

DOWN

1. Captain brought in to distribute marine craft (4)
2. Good shot in color framing English fruit drink (7)
3. Contract for $100 in grape juice (5)
4. Formerly ornate cone (4)
5. German money we raised for bric-a-brac (7)
6. Reciprocal speaking to consider (6) (*hyphenated*)
8. Shrewd and baffling questions voiced (4)
9. Performing exercises with weights (6)
10. Groups of five turn and step (7)
12. Wide cut that's a relief (4)
13. Given praise in honor of Indian doctor (6)
18. Sudden attack northward captures World War councils (7)
19. Inattentive biting must not start (7)
20. Midget piano playing a tune (6)
21. Blabbermouth and crank chew the fat up (7)
22. Rise and fall of bishop's domain was viewed in retrospect (6)
23. Lurch around each watercourse (6)
26. Watts keeping vow to sports fan's wife? (5)
27. Expert follower of ABC time? (4)
29. Special occasion for fruit (4)
30. White sow knocked bowls over (4)
31. Negative number in addition (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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